

Liberty

SEPT. 16, 1944

10c

**Book: A WALK IN
THE SUN**

A Classic of G.I.s in Action

**IS ARGENTINA
HEADING
TOWARD WAR?**





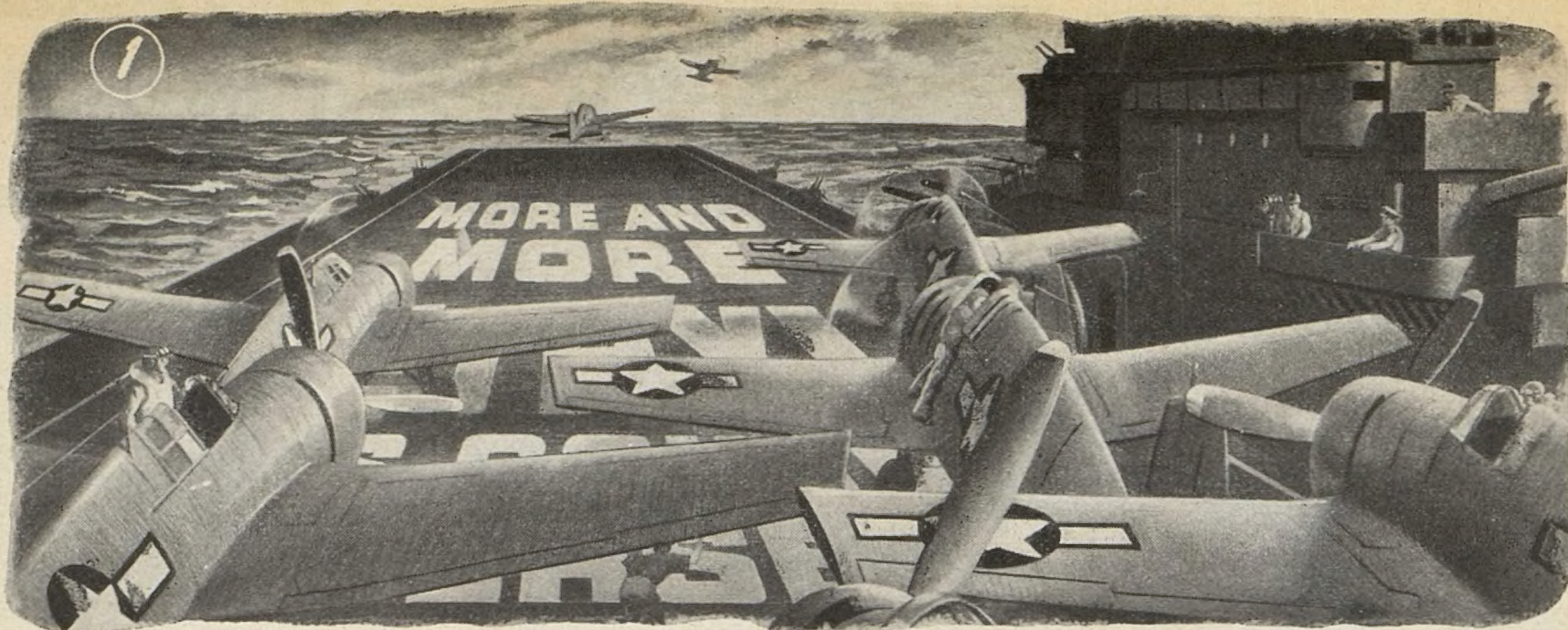
Starting right with—

DIXON

TICONDEROGA

A fine American pencil with a fine American name

PENCIL SALES DEPARTMENT 10 J9 JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY JERSEY CITY 3, NEW JERSEY



COPYRIGHT 1944, ETHYL CORPORATION

U. S. AIRCRAFT CARRIERS not only carry a bigger stock of gasoline than any service station ashore, but they also carry *better* gasoline.

Every drop of gasoline used by our fighting carrier planes is the highest octane fuel made by oil companies in America. All of them use Ethyl fluid to improve their aviation gasoline.

Since the Army and Navy must have millions of gallons of this 100 octane fuel, government agencies have had to place limits on the quantity and quality of gasoline for civilian use. But when the fighting is over you'll get far better gasoline than ever before.

**ETHYL
CORPORATION**

Chrysler Building
New York 17, N. Y.





TELESCOPE PRECISION achieves effortless smo-o-oth writing

A triumph of precision and design! That is the brilliant Wearever Zenith pen. Its workmanship has been compared to the precision with which an astronomer's telescope is blueprinted, machined, assembled. Look for it at your dealer . . . examine its 14-carat gold point...its exclusive "C-Flow" feed . . . observe its sleek beauty. Then feel the revelation of its easy, smo-o-oth writing. Zenith is the pen for you! Made by David Kahn, Inc. (Established 1896)

Wearever Zenith Pen and Pencil set in fine gift box **\$2.75**



©1944, David Kahn, Inc.

In This Week's Liberty

PAUL HUNTER, PUBLISHER

Edward Maher, Editor

Associates

Edward Hutchings, Jr., *Articles*

Kathryn Bourne, *Fiction*

Joseph Anthony, *Books*

Sid L. Hydeman, *Art*

Lee Pasquin, *Management*

Elizabeth Wilson, *Hollywood Rep.*

Helen W. Brown, *Washington Rep.*

Staff: Ruth Berman • Elsie Christie • Harry E. Dounce • Otto Kurth • Jerome Parker
William E. Rae • Eve Stanley • M. J. Tait • Daniel E. Wheeler • Elizabeth K. Wylie

★ ARTICLES

Meet the Supermen, <i>Erika Mann</i>	13
Is Argentina Heading Toward War? <i>Blair Bolles</i>	17
Whose Man Is Dewey? <i>Gretta Palmer</i>	20
G. I. Joe's Bill of Rights, <i>Old Sarge</i>	24
You Can't Do That in Utopia, <i>Fredda Dudley</i>	26
Eric in the Bear's Den, <i>Robert Magidoff</i>	34

★ FICTION

George and the Battle of the Beefsteaks, <i>Stanley Disney</i>	18
Absolute Pitch—Short Short, <i>Jerome Barry</i>	22
Sixty Seconds Is Forever, <i>Eleanore Kelly Sellars</i>	28
Johnny Himself, <i>Isabel Way and Ruby Thomson</i>	32

★ BOOK CONDENSATION

A Walk in the Sun—Harry Brown's fast-paced real novel of the invasion—abridged to a reading time of one evening.....	35
--	----

★ FEATURES

Vox Pop.....	6
On the Beam, <i>Wayne Parrish</i>	14
The Camera Eye—Pictures.....	30
Books in Review, <i>Joseph Anthony</i>	50
Crossword Puzzle.....	50
Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary (<i>Unabashed</i>).....	64
This Man's War, <i>Old Sarge</i>	75
Woman-Talk, <i>Margaret Fishback</i>	76
Liberty Goes to the Movies, <i>Eve Stanley</i>	78

★ EDITORIAL

Is Argentina Heading Toward War? <i>Paul Hunter</i>	82
---	----

Cover: *Back to School—With the Usual Enthusiasm*
Painted by *Vernon Grant*

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

PAUL HUNTER,
PRESIDENT

EDWARD MAHER,
VICE-PRESIDENT

HOMER ROCKWELL,
VICE-PRESIDENT

THOMAS W. KAVANAUGH,
SECRETARY AND TREASURER

NO LONGER CONNECTED WITH MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS OR THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

THE NAMES AND THE DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL CHARACTERS IN THE FICTION STORIES APPEARING IN LIBERTY ARE WHOLLY FICTITIOUS. IF THERE IS ANY RESEMBLANCE, IN NAME OR IN DESCRIPTION, TO ANY PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, IT IS PURELY A COINCIDENCE.

Contributors are advised to retain copies of their material, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and name and address, but we will not be responsible for any loss of such material.

Liberty, September 16, 1944, Vol. 21, No. 38. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price \$3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, \$4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries \$5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1944, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain, Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

LEW WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

LIBERTY

The Only Thing to Do with a Jealous Woman:

"LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN" says Ben Ames Williams



"I will never let you go," she said, and Harland knew that was a threat . . . how terrible he was to realize later.

WHAT shall be done with a beautiful woman, who is so insanely jealous that she cannot bear to share any part of a man's love with anyone else or any thing? "Leave Her to Heaven" is the answer of Ben Ames Williams in his new best-selling book of that title. It is yours **FREE** if you join the Guild now—but first read about this crafty woman.

Ellen Berent lived to conquer, and stopped at *nothing* to win victory after victory over men, women and even children. She was uncanny in her analysis of human actions and reactions, and used every fair or foul means to bend them to her will. She lied, cheated, and deceived, artfully and skillfully, to attain her ends.

While her own heart beat wildly at her daring, she played upon the heartstrings of others with masterful technique. Her eyes, her lips, her expression gave no hint of her falseness. Diabolically, she even cast suspicion on the innocent victims of her mad jealousy.

Seldom before has such a character been created. Seldom before has such a novel been written. You will be kept in impatient suspense until the very end. You will find yourself completely captivated by Ellen, by Harland, by Danny the crippled younger brother, loving, hating, comforting each as though they were part of your own life.



Free —AMERICA'S NEW BEST SELLER TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE LITERARY GUILD

"Leave Her to Heaven" is more than a great stirring novel—it is a powerful exposition of the Eighth Deadly Sin. "Will hypnotize you until you have turned the last page" says the New York Times. "Will hold you from start to finish, with your spine crawling like an inch worm and invisible hands massaging your scalp" says the Boston Sunday Post. "Wholly credible portrait of an amoral woman"—says the Chicago Sun. It is a story you will long remember and discuss—a story you will be thankful you did not miss. And now you *need not* miss it, for you may obtain a copy absolutely **FREE** with Literary Guild Membership.

LITERARY GUILD MEMBERSHIP COSTS NOTHING!

THE extraordinary savings which you make on new books alone make Literary Guild membership worth while. There are no dues or fees. You can add to your library many of the latest, most important books, both fiction and non-fiction, at a flat price of only \$2.00 each, regardless of the higher price (from \$2.50 to \$4.00) at which these new books are sold at retail in the publishers' editions.

Save 50% on New Books

There is no obligation on your part to accept a book every month after you have joined. Your sole obligation as a Guild subscriber is to accept, at \$2.00 each, four Guild selections in the course of a full year, and this means any four selected by you from the Guild list of more than a dozen best-seller selections. These selections are brand-new books, full-sized, cloth-bound new works by outstanding modern authors. Each month's selection is chosen by our Editorial Staff from proofs submitted by the publishers long in advance of their publication date. Every selection is printed at the same time as the publisher's edition which is on sale simultaneously at retail for not less than \$2.50 and often for as much as \$4.00.

The Guild manufactures for its subscribers such a large edition of the book chosen by the Editorial Staff that great savings in cost can be effected. The savings are passed on to subscribers in the form of lower prices, and in still another way: The Literary Guild gives each subscriber a **FREE Bonus Book** as soon as four Guild selections have

been purchased at only \$2.00 each. This **FREE** book is always a popular new title, selling at retail for \$2.50 to \$4.00. The cash savings, plus bonus books given during the year, save you at least 50% on the selections you decide to purchase.

Magazine "WINGS" Free

As a Guild member you receive **FREE** each month the famous Guild magazine, "Wings," which contains illustrated articles about the current selection and its author and includes a special contribution by the author. "Wings" is sent to subscribers one month in advance so that it describes the book selected for the following month. If you feel you do not want to examine the book, merely return the accompanying form, which notifies the Guild not to send it when the time comes. On the other hand, if the selection sounds interesting, you let it come automatically for your approval. "Wings" is also an invaluable guide to all important current reading, for each month it keeps you informed of new publications by reviewing about 30 other new books.

Send No Money — Just Mail Coupon

Guild service will start and your free copy of "Leave Her to Heaven" will be sent you immediately upon acceptance of your free membership. Guild membership is your answer to "What's good to read?" and your guarantee of purchasing only **NEW** best sellers of your choice at a saving of at least 50%.

Mail This Coupon

FREE: "LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN"

Literary Guild of America, Inc., Publishers,
Dept. 9L, Garden City, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a subscriber of the Literary Guild and send me "Leave Her to Heaven" absolutely **FREE**. I am also to receive free each month the Guild magazine, "Wings," and all other membership privileges. In consideration of this, I agree to purchase a minimum of four selections of my choice at only \$2.00 each (regardless of higher retail prices of the publisher's edition) within a year.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss

Please Print

Street and No.

City

Zone No.
(if any)

State

Occupation

If under 21,
Age please

Slightly higher in Canada; 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, INC., PUBLISHERS, GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK



Enric Madriguera



MUSIC OF LATIN AMERICA

NOW ON SONORA RECORDS

Here is that tantalizing tempo of the tropics as played by the master of them all—Enric Madriguera, the man who first brought Rumba music to America.

You'll listen with pure delight to the sultry rhythms of Madriguera's music. For SONORA has caught Madriguera at his best, presenting eight popular Latin American tunes with all the brilliant bell-like tone quality characteristic of SONORA Records.

Included in SONORA's sensational Madriguera Album are: Tru-Cu-Tu, Cansado (I'm Tired) and Chiu-Chiu (Rumbas), I'm Living from Kiss to Kiss (Beguine), Besame Mucho (Bolero), Llumbale (Guarracha), Os Quindis de Yawa and Cae-Cae (Sambas).

This is a SONORA Album of "Melodies That Will Live Forever"—a "must" for your record library.

MELODIES THAT WILL LIVE FOREVER

Sonora Records
Clear as a Bell

SONORA PRODUCTS, INC., CHICAGO, ILL.

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

OPEN LETTERS

FORT WETHERILL, R. I.—You have hit the nail right on the head in your Open Letter to Capt. Joe Patterson (August 5 Liberty). You speak the piece that tells what the real issue is between the New York News and the people.

There must not be another war. There must not be a giant armament movement on our part as if we were preparing for one. We must not stick our necks in the ground, nor play the isolationist game again.

Thanks for bringing up the issue of the little people and their fight for a peace that will not be a mere breathing spell between wars. Thanks for speaking out to



Captain Patterson in a way that may make him and the News understand there must be active co-operation among the nations, without fear and without suspicion, if there is to be a lasting peace.—Pvt. Bernard Apple.

CLARINDA, IOWA—Why write Joe Patterson letters? Why not write yourself one? Get out of the rut of sublime co-operation with an unloving world. Mr. Patterson in his argument for a good Navy and a good Army and a policy of letting the rest of the world take care of itself is nearer right than you are with your desire to sit at a peace table and get swapped out of your heritage.—Donald Craig.

RULE, TEX.—Never see a copy of the New York Daily News, but from your "Open Letter" I get the gist of what Captain Patterson is writing in his editorials.

No, Mr. Hunter, don't pin your hope on a World Court or League of Nations or any other title you want to call it. It cannot be done at this time. It is all right to have your World Court and let the boys meet and palaver all they want to, but the millennium is not here yet and the best we can do is encourage the friendship of nations, work out fair practices of international commerce, treat the smaller nations with the same fairness as the larger ones, but at all times be prepared to look any nation in the face and say, "Go to hell," and be able to back it up.—Jas. E. Lindsey.

LISTEN, YOUNGSTER

HAMILTON FIELD, CALIF.—The younger readers of Liberty seem to be taking it upon themselves to discuss the pros and cons of a fourth term for President Roosevelt. I hope that the younger generations take more interest in governmental affairs than their parents have been doing. However, a letter (July 29 Vox Pop) sub-

mitted by an S. A. Reid, age seventeen made me wonder.

"Dangerous for people of my age to defy tradition" was the wording that your youthful reader used to score a fourth Presidential term, and a "socialistic trend in the world." I don't think that tradition is of any use if it obstructs progress, and it appears more dangerous if even the young people are conservative and reactionary.

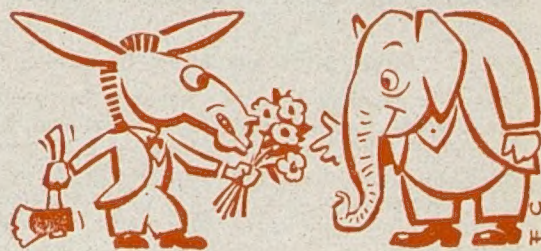
The President will be elected by the masses (those who aren't disfranchised by "white supremacy" poll taxes or a cigar from a district political boss). And tradition will be judged at the polls.

Socialistic trends are a sign of progress; Tom Paine was considered radical in his day, just as Christ was in his. We can't afford to label new ideas as socialistic, radical, etc., because we may later be judged according to how we stood on those ideas. Let us accept all new thoughts and theories gladly so that we may examine them for their worth. Nowadays the convention orators make sure to nail planks about world organizations for peace into their platforms. Do you young people recall an idea called "collective security" back in the days of the overthrow of the Spanish Republic? That idea was both radical (after all it was advocated by Litvinoff of Russia) and against the traditions of isolationism established by Washington (when isolationism was necessary and practical), and so it was discarded.

Too bad it was discovered again today, a little too late to save all the fellows that lost their lives. I hope, S. A. Reid, that you reconsider your dangerous fear of new ideas, those that you label, and stop bowing down to tradition. It's unhealthy for people of your age. Take my advice. I'm 19.—Cpl. Edwin Hanft.

TAKE IT EASY

DOWNERS GROVE, ILL.—We the people are proud of our two-party political system. It is as it should be. But now that the campaign is about to start let us hope that the Democrats will be tolerant and considerate

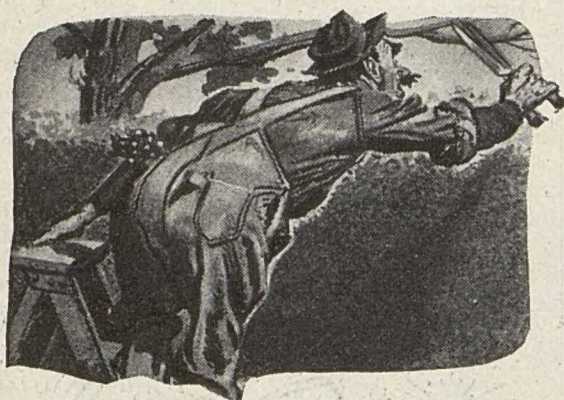


of the Republicans. If they are not, it might result in the birth of another political party even more dangerous to the welfare of our country than the present Republican Party.—Carl E. Anderson.

UNDERCOVER JOB

TULSA, OKLA.—There is some surprising and apparently widespread propaganda going on among the armed forces of this country to the general effect that as soon as this war is over we will have to fight Russia. The expression of these ideas is so

HOW TO LOSE MONEY IN A HURRY



1 Bill Watson had an experience you wouldn't want! It was with an old fellow who did odd jobs—like cutting grass, trimming shrubbery and digging flower beds.

2 Then it happened. Apparently, there was an unnoticed loose step on the stepladder. Anyway, the gardener tumbled from the ladder while trimming the top of a hedge.

3 Bill did everything a good citizen would do. Took the old man to the hospital, paid all the doctors' and nurses' bills. He thought that was the end of the matter.

\$10 a Year Would Have Saved Bill's Worries

YES... for only \$10 a year, Bill could have protected himself against that loss—just as you, too, can protect yourself and your family up to \$10,000 against damage suit claims which might cause you to lose your home or your savings.

Why take chances? Ask any insurance Agent or Broker to tell you about North America's New \$10,000 Comprehensive Personal Liability Policy—the biggest \$10 worth of protection you can buy. He will also tell you, without obligation, how to protect what you have against:

1. Damage to your home, your car, or other personal property.

2. Claims for injuries to other persons or damage to their property.

3. Loss of income through personal accidents—on land, in the air, or at sea.

Call in your local Agent or Broker. Talk with him about North America protection. He charges you nothing for advice, nothing for his time. Yet, he may save you money and trouble.

* * *

Insurance Company of North America, founded 1792, oldest stock fire and marine insurance company in the country, heads the group of North America Companies which write practically all types of Fire, Marine, Automobile, and Casualty Insurance through your own Agent or Broker. North America Agents are listed in local Classified Telephone Directories.



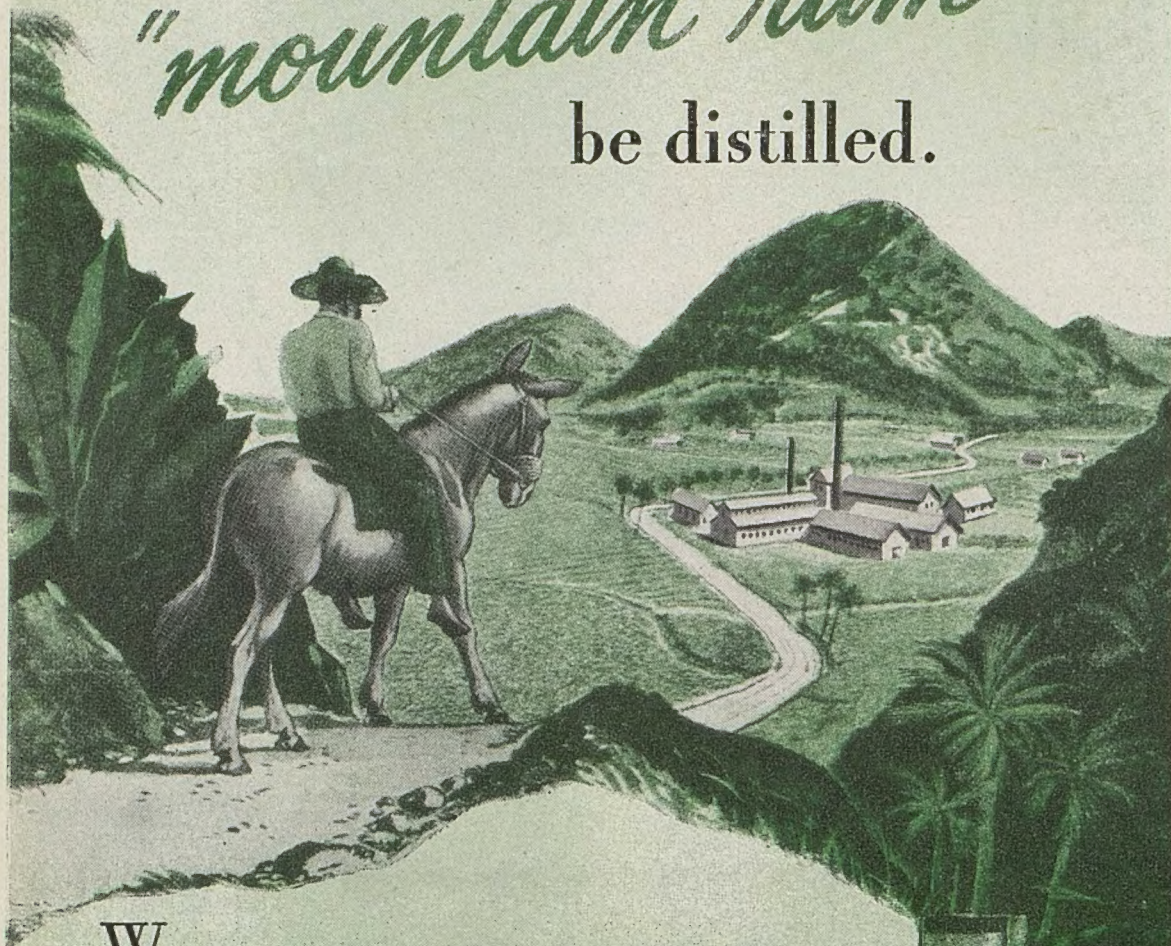
4 It wasn't. Somebody told the old man he had a suit for damages... he collected... and plenty. Bill had to mortgage his home and sacrifice most of his lifetime savings to pay that judgment. You've guessed it. *Bill didn't have that kind of insurance.*



INSURANCE COMPANY OF
NORTH AMERICA
COMPANIES

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA • INDEMNITY INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA • CENTRAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF BALTIMORE
THE ALLIANCE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA • NATIONAL SECURITY INSURANCE COMPANY • PHILADELPHIA FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY

Only in the mountains of
Puerto Rico could this different
"mountain rum"
be distilled.



Weather is part of the secret of Ron Merito's finer flavor...for in the remote Puerto Rican mountain valley from which this rum comes, the conditions of sun, air, soil and water are *ideal* for rum distilling. If you haven't yet tasted a cuba libre, daiquiri or rum collins made with Ron Merito, you have a delightful surprise awaiting you—and prepare for compliments from your guests, too! There's a delicious difference in *any* rum drink made with this Puerto Rican rum that's mountain-distilled.



Ron
MERITO
THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM

Available Gold Label & White Label. 86 Proof. Write for recipe booklet. National Distillers Prod. Corp., Dept. S13, P. O. Box 12, Wall St. Sta., N. Y.

widespread that they could only result from a very general and very effective propaganda campaign.

It is hardly conceivable that this could be American propaganda, but it is typical old-time European propaganda. Just possibly it might emanate from some of our allies who want to be the big shot in Europe at the expense of both enemies and friends. There is nothing more irritating than to be played for a chump, and we have certainly been chumped for many years and in many ways by some of our European friends.

It would be a relief to many Americans for some organ of publicity to get on the line concerning such things as this anti-Russia propaganda in our armed forces.—Johnson D. Hill.

BOSTON, MASS.—Correct me if I'm wrong but isn't it a magazine's primary aim to boost circulation? You do this by attempting to please a majority of your readers, don't you? You are open to suggestions, that I know. Then how about the type of crossword puzzle that the majority of puzzle fans would rather have.

A little contest would settle the works! Make a deadline on pros and cons on the Shane method and let the majority rule. Little Abner would probably say of Shane's puzzles, "It ain't amooosin', it's confoosin'."

Let's have no more Shane-anegins—Ensign Joe Tocco, U. S. M. S.

BEEF

TULSA, OKLA.—I wish to refer to "Brickbats for Mama's Boy" by Lew Stoner, in Liberty's Vox Pop of August 5.

It seems that Mr. Lew "Jack of All Trades" Stoner has been everywhere but in the armed service, although his sixty-three years would make him just about right for World War I. If he had any knowledge of the service whatever he should know better than to state that the



non-beefers outnumbered the beefers 500 to 1. His figures should be reversed.

Stoner mentions the fact that the miners, steel workers, and railroad men don't beef. They get all caught up on theirs before they get into the service.

Anyway, the right to beef is one of the things that this war is being fought for. So—let 'em beef and keep 'em happy.—Kirk Fuller.

BATTLE OF THE MOTHERS

BALTIMORE, MD.—I wish to compliment Russell Whelan and Thomas M. Johnson for the article, The Menace of the "Mothers" (July 29 Liberty). If that does not wake up people in this country to what is going on then nothing will. It was really one of the most interesting articles that I have ever seen Liberty print. Keep up the good work.—Milton Berger, S/1c.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The article Menace of the "Mothers" published in your magazine is really interesting. If all the reading matter in this paper is as authentic as this one your reading matter is an insult to any one's intelligence.

It is not my intention at this time to go

If You're One of the Millions Who Are Worrying About
WAR MARRIAGES

HERE'S THE PICTURE THAT KNOWS ALL THE ANSWERS!



TENDER
LOVABLE



GAY

SERIOUS



LAUGHABLE



Will he be sorry we married
 in haste?
 Will his heart still be in
 the sky?
 Will we be strangers when
 we meet again?

Columbia Pictures
 presents

LEE BOWMAN **JEAN ARTHUR** CHARLES COBURN

in *Irving Cummings'*

The IMPATIENT YEARS

A NEW STAR
 Remember the name—
 Lee Bowman. He belongs
 up on top and this picture
 puts him there! Now
 watch him go places!

with Edgar Buchanan • Charley Grapewin • Jane Darwell
 Original Screen Play by **VIRGINIA VAN UPP**
 Associate Producer
 Produced and Directed by **IRVING CUMMINGS**



into detail but I say this now to you this article is a deliberate attempt to dishonor Christian mothers of sons fighting and dying in this global war.

I say the article is a distortion of facts and contemptible lies.

We are not so gullible to think anything but that money talks, yet it is a long road that has no turning.—Mrs. Lillian Parks, Secy. National Blue Star Mothers of America.

FLINT, MICH.—First of all, I want to tell you that I am the woman whose picture appears first in line at the head of the article called The Menace of the "Mothers."

I guess the old saying "Every knock is a boost" still holds good, for never were we able to get our local papers (controlled) to give us the publicity we deserved or wanted, and now such magazines as yours is advertising for us.

It is to laugh, how you have put us out in the front. You sure have done a wonderful job. Thanks SO MUCH.—Katherine M. Sutter, Loyal American Mothers, Cor. Secy.

ON YOUR MARK, GIRLS!

LEBANON, TENN.—About that swooning sensation of the nation, Frank Sinatra. Vox Pop, I want to tell you something. Without bragging, I've got a lot better swooning voice than he has. I surely hope you will print this, because I want to tell the nation that I'm going to head for the Major Bowes Hour and then run Frank Sinatra out of business. Just watch and see then how all those women and girls will be running after me. I'll be the sensation of the country.—Louis Peeler, Castle Heights Military Academy.

BULLSEYE

LANGLEY, WASH.—Your new picture feature The Camera Eye is a splendid idea. I like the newsreel in movies as well as any movie, and such a page as you've started is another sort of news reel!—Mrs. Wm. Steele.

BEVERLY HILLS, CAL.—May I congratulate you on your new feature The Camera Eye? Not only because I am a camera fan but



also because it is such an interesting spread. Maybe you can make it as kind of a contest and publish snapshots the readers send in—or is this too much added work?

Each picture was a honey. Keep it up and more folks will say as I do: "Liberty is my favorite story and picture magazine."—Fanny Schielein.

Liberty will be glad to buy any pictures which make the grade for The Camera Eye. No contributions can be returned unless accompanied by correct postage.—Vox Pop Editor.

TO H— WITH CIVILIANS

CLEVELAND, OHIO—I've been a reader of Liberty for several years and don't have time any more for Shane's Puzzles. (My defense job and home keep me busy.) My husband is overseas, and I say let the civilian be d—. Put that puzzle where our boys want it.—M. N. Smith.



THE CORPSE CAME C. O. D.

By Jimmy Starr

Liberty's Book Condensation

A beguiling movie star, a murder, and a newspaperman who never let his heart interfere with his headlines are the ingredients of this Hollywood thriller written by Jimmy Starr, famous newspaper columnist who knows his Hollywood all too well.

HE DIDN'T WANT THE JOB

By Marquis W. Childs

A profile of Harry S. Truman, the man who survived the crash of the Pendergast empire to become the Democratic Vice-Presidential nominee—against his wishes.

WHAT ABOUT THE POSTWAR AUTOMOBILE?

By Alfred P. Sloan, Jr.

Chairman of General Motors

Now that you've seen all the "artists' conceptions" of that postwar car, let a top-flight automotive executive tell you what it's really going to be like.

OUR SCHOOLS TRY CHILD GUIDANCE

By Ruth McCoy Harris

Modern schools are proving that a little understanding goes a lot further than a rap on the knuckles in helping children who somehow don't seem to get along.

GETTING OUT THE G. I. VOTE

By Leslie S. Pearl

The United States is using ballots as well as bullets in its fight to preserve democracy. Here's what the Army and Navy are doing to see that G. I. Joe gets his vote.

THOUSAND-MILE EYES

By Sidney Shalett

It's the job of the Navy's search planes to keep tabs on where the Japs are and what they're doing. Here's an account of these daredevil spies in the skies.

ROLL ME OVER EASY

A Short Story

By Norbert Davis

She was a poor but honest working girl and she got the surprise of her life when she found herself picking up a man who didn't belong to her. Or was it vice versa?

Royalton CROWN

For Men who Really Know Pipes

TRANSPARENT MOUTHPIECE

CONDENSING CHAMBER
traps and holds bitter juices and sediment

UNBREAKABLE JOINT

MOUTHPIECE TUBE
prevents backflow of moisture

BOWL GUARD
keeps shank and bowl dry

CHAMBER GUARD
bars tobacco fragments from bit

Patented

Every Safeguard Against Pipe Gripe

Your first puff will tell you that Royalton Crown is the most satisfying pipe any man could own. Patented features guard the smoke-stream all the way from bowl to bit. Each performs its special function, contributing to the complete guarantee of mellow, cooler smoking in an ever-clean ever-dry pipe.

\$1.50

Selected Briar

HENRY LEONARD & THOMAS, INC., OZONE PARK, N. Y.



"I'd rather be with them— than waiting for them"

I'll admit there's a funny lump in my throat . . .

But here I am, with my overseas pack. Climbing up the side of the biggest boat I've ever seen—and *glad of it*.

Glad I said "good-by" to civilian life months ago—and went into the WAC. Glad I went through all the training,

and on to active duty.

For, as a Wac, I'm *really* working for victory. Sharing the hard part of war. And the glory that will come.

I'd rather be *with* them . . . in the Army . . .

Than waiting back home—thinking up things to make the time go by—

listening to the news—wondering when it'll all be over.

Yes, I'm in the Army and on my way—and I'm glad to the bottom of my heart!

For complete information about the Women's Army Corps, go to your nearest U.S. Army Recruiting Station. Or mail the coupon below.

Good soldiers...

THE **WAC**
WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS

WOMEN AGED 20 TO 50—MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

THE ADJUTANT GENERAL
U. S. Army Recruiting and Induction Section
4415 Munitions Building, Washington 25, D. C.

L. B. 9-44

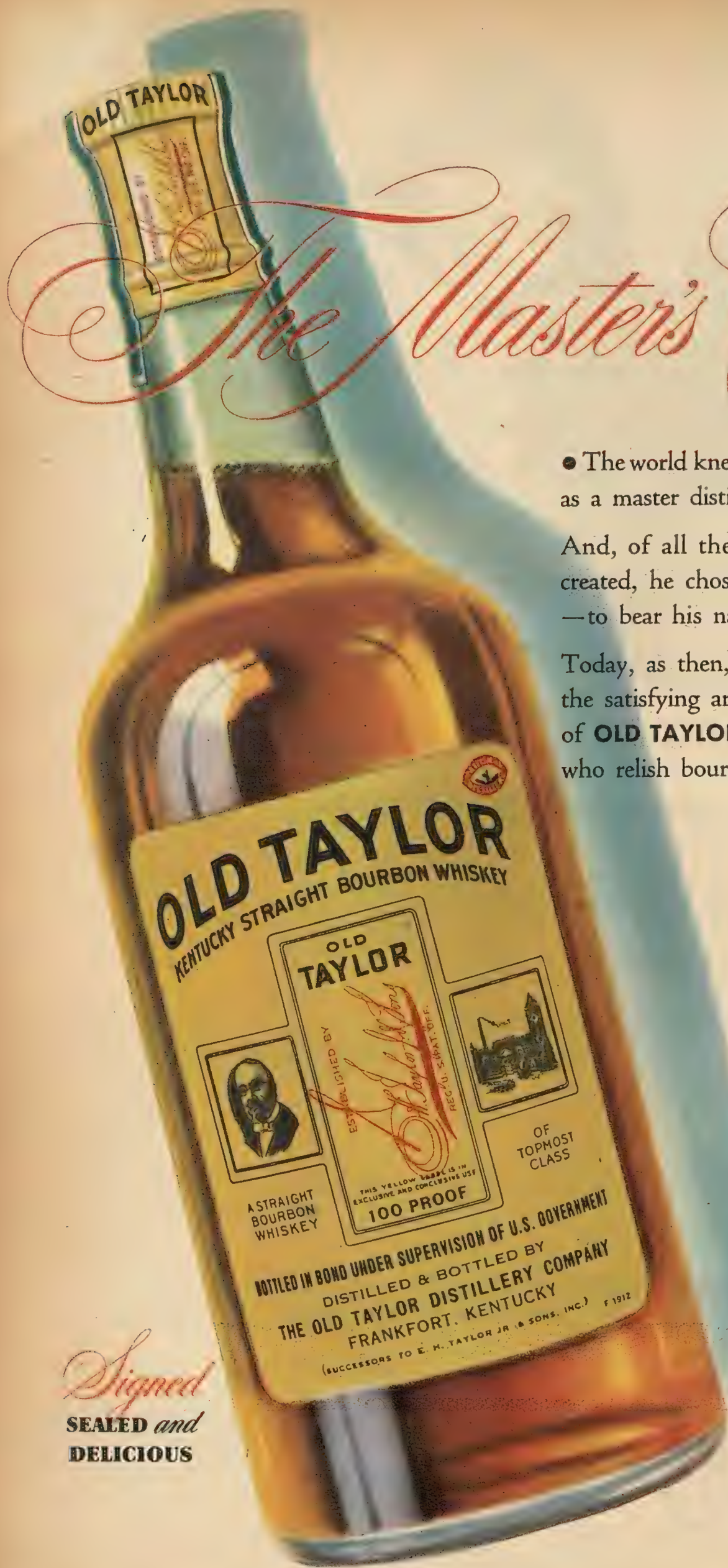
Please send me, without any obligation on my part, the new illustrated booklet about the Wacs...telling about the jobs they do, how they live, their training, pay, etc.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ PHONE NO. _____



Signed
**SEALED and
DELICIOUS**

The Master's Choice

● The world knew the late Col. E. H. Taylor, Jr. as a master distiller of rare genius.

And, of all the many excellent whiskies he created, he chose one — a matchless bourbon — to bear his name.

Today, as then, the gloriously mellow flavor, the satisfying aroma, and the brilliant sparkle of **OLD TAYLOR** make it the choice of those who relish bourbon at its best.



This fine old distillery is today the home of **OLD TAYLOR** whiskey—and has been since 1887. Not a single drop of any other whiskey has ever come from this distillery.

National Distillers Products Corporation
New York

Hitler told them they were Supermen. Some still believe it. Some never did. Some don't know what to believe.

PHOTO FROM INTERNATIONAL



The starch in Nazi arrogance is beginning to wilt as the Allies turn on the heat. Here is what captive Supermen in Normandy have to say for themselves now

MEET THE SUPERMEN

BY ERIKA MANN

London, by Cable.

ALL is not well with the morale of the German Army. Recent developments have caused it to deteriorate. Not long after D Day I talked with dozens of Nazi prisoners, and they were stubborn and cagily arrogant. Today the picture is different, owing to our persistent advances in the west and to the Russian breakthrough. The repercussions of the plot against Hitler also have had their effect. Recently taken German prisoners seem depressed and disheartened. Some have turned against their Führer. All are talkative, and even incorrigible Nazis find it difficult to keep up a front of confidence.

I've just returned from an extensive tour of the American front in Normandy. One Superman I saw there was Private Franz, wounded and in an American evacuation hospital. He said he was seventeen, but he couldn't have been more than fifteen. His father was a streetcar conductor in Dresden, but he was truly one of Hitler's children and had never known anything but Nazism.

"How do you feel?" a nurse asked him.

"Never mind," he said. "I'm finished."

"No, you're not. In a few days you'll be well enough to be evacuated to England."

He shrugged. "Everything's finished."

Did he mean that Germany was beaten? "She will be," he said. "It won't be long now." But what about his Nazi convictions? What about the superiority of the German race? "But we aren't—we just aren't superior!" he cried distressedly.

Staff Sergeant Karl, from Halberstadt, was thirty-six and worked on the hospital premises. He wore civvies and a black cap that made him look like a Frenchman.

"I'm a deserter," he said. "I've been in this war from the start, and I'm sick of it. That's why I quit. Some of my pals had done it, so I got going, too."

How had he managed to get his clothes? "Our cook," he said, "was French, and she bought them for me with her own money. I'd promised to take her along."

Hadn't they told him he'd get killed? "Sure!" he laughed. "But I'm no dope—not any more. I've been listening to the BBC. Some of us older ones have been. Go talk to Heinrich—only, don't let the other prisoners hear you."

Heinrich was an architect. He, too, was a deserter. But while Karl had deserted just to save his own skin, Heinrich was foggily idealistic. He said he was thirty-seven and had been with the Nazis eleven years. On the way from the Russian to the western front, he had visited Berlin, his native city. "They'd just killed my brother," he said. "The People's Court convicted him of high treason. He and about 75,000 others were rounded up from all over Germany early this year. By April 50,000 of them had been killed."

What for?

"A plot—a plot to overthrow the Nazi regime. My father told me about it when I was in Berlin. They had worked out a new constitution when the Gestapo stepped in. The leaders were all middle-class democrats, and they were all killed. The chief surgeon of the Robert Koch Hospital in Berlin was one of them."

He said he had found Berlin half gone even in March. "Still," he continued, "the people's morale was fairly high—higher, I'd say, than it is at the front. The Germans believe the lies they're told until they are faced with irrefutable proof to the contrary. At the front, we've got just that sort of proof."

Why, then, weren't there more desertions? "Because," he replied, "nearly all the men still believe the Allies are in the habit of murdering their prisoners."

Anton was a Luftwaffe private—seven-

teen, skinny and pimply-faced. When told that it appeared that the Russians were about to enter East Prussia, he grinned and said, "They can't. The East Wall is impregnable." But hadn't the Germans been told that the Atlantic Wall was impregnable, too? Yes, but *that* was propaganda. "The East Wall," he screamed, "is absolutely impregnable! The Russians will never get to East Prussia—never!"

August, a bearded metalworker from Solingen, lay in the big operating tent a few miles behind the battle lines. He had been badly injured. Although he was forty-two, he was only a private. He had been drafted into the armed Gestapo only two months before.

"They're short of men," he said. "I'd never fired a shot before I got to the front. When they realized I hadn't had any training, they sent me out on reconnaissance three and four times a day. We were surrounded, our regiment, and I begged my officer not to send me out again—I was bound to get killed. He wouldn't listen. He told me to go, but he thought I was going to desert, because when I'd gone a few steps, he fired. They left me lying where I fell."

On a near-by stretcher was a youth of seventeen named Detlev who had grown up a model Nazi in Godesberg. When the Americans came upon him, lying wounded, he was convinced that he was going to be tortured. Now he was being saved, and he raved at the deceit of his officers. But when he learned that he was to be sent to England, he was terrified. He would be saved here only to be killed by the flying bombs! Nothing we said could shake his faith in what he had been told—that the flying bomb was visiting mass death on the British.

After all I had heard, I was convinced that the enemy will continue to fight until Germany proper is invaded, perhaps longer. Although the average German soldier is disheartened, he has not changed heart, and he is likely to go on fighting desperately because surrender, he believes, means death, mutiny means death, and defeat, he fears, may mean death both for himself and for his nation.

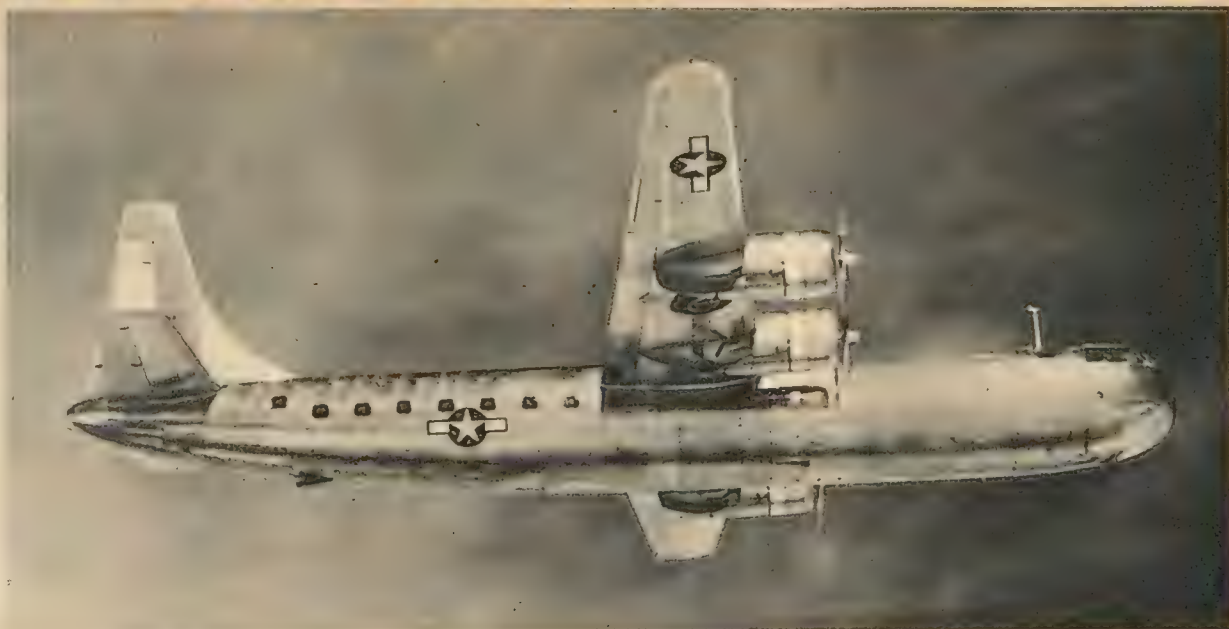
THE END

*Sweet
or Dry.*

its



ON THE BEAM BY WAYNE PARRISH



Consolidated Vultee's Model 39 plane for postwar use is designed to carry from 48 to 52 passengers, and has a cruising speed of 230 miles an hour.

Inclusive Weight— Determining Factor

The big Boeing 314 flying boat was built to carry 72 passengers on relatively short hops, but on over-ocean flights gasoline must replace some of the passenger weight. The longer the flight, the fewer the passengers. When your On the Beam editor crossed the Atlantic in one of these flying boats operated by British Overseas Airways, there were only eight passengers and a crew of eleven on board because the flight was nonstop for twenty and one half hours between Bermuda and Lisbon. Counting fuel reserves for several hours of flying in the event the Lisbon terminal was closed in by weather, this flight required an enormous amount of fuel.

Pan American uses these same flying boats and calls them Clippers. On July 5 one of its Clippers established a new record for an Atlantic crossing. Between Africa and Natal, Brazil, it carried 51 passengers and more than 500 pounds of cargo, six more passengers than had been carried across at one time before. For 1,870 miles, this was quite a load—the distance from New York City to Salt Lake City, Utah. Twenty-five of the passengers boarded the plane at Lisbon; the remainder, including two children, at an African west coast port. Commanding the 42-ton Clipper was Captain Frederick K. Schader of Stamford, Connecticut, with a crew of ten.

Important to remember is that the number of seats in an airplane has only indirect relation to the load carried. It is the weight of the cargo (whether this be passengers, mail, or actual cargo) that is the determining factor. And this cargo weight must include fuel. Weight is a highly important factor in commercial operations and is calculated closely. First comes the fuel necessary for the journey, with allowances for flying to alternate airports if the weather at the scheduled terminal is bad. The remainder of the load is taken up with passengers and cargo.

The Saga of The Mudcat

Here is a story of a last trip, typical of many in wartime. The planes which don't come back cannot be forgotten in the midst of cheers for those that do return.

The crew of The Mudcat, a B-24 Liberator of the 15th Air Force, based in

Italy, had made many flights over enemy territory. The crew became close friends, their friendship having been consolidated under fire. They determined that when their tour of combat duty was completed, they would have a real celebration together. The ten men made up a pool of \$116 for the big blowout.

But war is grim. They made plans to have the money given to the Red Cross if they failed to return.

Recently the \$116 was delivered to the Red Cross in the Mediterranean theater. The Mudcat did not return from a bombing mission over Yugoslavia on May 6.

All fighter and bomber pilots and crews make a stated number of missions before completing their tour of duty. Always on that last mission there is the chance that the goal will not be completed. The prayers are always more fervent on that last flight. If plane and pilot return, there are rest and peace ahead. But some planes and pilots never quite make that last flight successfully. The Mudcat was one of the unluckies.

A Soaring Record

A new record for utilization of aircraft has been hung up for all to see by Western Air Lines, which is flying between Great Falls, Montana, and Fairbanks, Alaska, for the Army's Air Transport Command. A C-47 Skytrain, No. 8493 to be exact, averaged 15.9 hours in the air per day for two recent successive months. L. D. Carlson, superintendent of Western's military cargo division, said the record could not have been conceived as recently as three years ago. Out of the approximately 1,440 hours in a two-month period, this Douglas cargo plane was in the air about 960 hours. That's flyin'.

Planes for Sale

Surplus airplanes are being placed on the market these days. But don't get confused as to what's available. The first batch of planes placed on sale by the government were single-engined planes of a wide variety of types, used principally for primary training by the Civilian Pilot Training Program. More recently the Army has classed as surplus several thousands of its training planes plus some odds and ends of combat types that are not suitable for operation.

No useful combat plane is considered surplus, and it is very doubtful if the time

comes when any combat planes will be sold except for salvage purposes. They simply aren't suitable for private owners. Some will be sold to foreign governments. Our Army and Navy will keep a supply themselves. The obsolete models will be salvaged for instruments, engines, and any other parts that can be utilized somehow.

So far as the public is concerned, it has its choice right now of trainers—or more trainers. Some 2,500 have been sold through the regional offices of the Civil Aeronautics Administration, mostly to local operators for charter work or training. Of the total 11,450 planes "available," at least 50 per cent can be classified as "junk." War workers needn't have any fear that the government is disposing of any worthy planes; the need for our best bombers and fighters is as great as ever.

A Well-earned Rest

Air Group 30 of the Navy has returned to this country for rest and reassignment after five productive months of fighting in the Pacific. The record is impressive.

At a loss in combat of three pilots killed and five wounded, the group destroyed or damaged 219 Japanese aircraft and 51 ships in the five months. Under command of Lieutenant Commander James G. Silney, U. S. N., of Chicago, Illinois, the air group fought over the South and Central Pacific, participating in nine carrier air assaults, beginning with the invasion of the Gilbert Islands last November. They flew Hellcats, which the Japs are discovering are very effective and deadly fighters.

Soil Stabilizer

As everyone knows, it will be impossible to have paved runways on every landing field in the world. Soil runways are excellent under perfect conditions, but plane wheels dig far into the mud during rainy seasons.

The Hercules Powder Company has developed "stabinol," a chemical which makes soil waterproof. It is so effective, in fact, that planes kick up dust during or after a rainstorm. Especially in jungle territory this soil stabilizer would seem to hold great promise. It's a combination of a specially treated resin and other chemicals in the form of a dry powder suitable for easy mixing with soil.

Military Postman

Under contract to the Canadian government, Trans-Canada Air Lines has become a military postman for the Atlantic hop. Using five Lancaster bombers, all but one built in Canada, TCA has made 96 crossings of the Atlantic and has carried 50,000,000 letters to and from the forces overseas.

Although no fare-paying passengers are carried on the thrice-weekly service, government officials occasionally are carried, as well as freight, parts, and equipment of importance to the war effort.

Two Aerial Records of Note

The Naval Air Transport Service recently moved the two heaviest single items ever transported by air. Between the United States and the Canal Zone it carried main turbine engine rotors, each weighing more than 10,000 pounds, in four-engined Douglas Skymasters.

Major Henry T. Myers of Tifton, Georgia, recently flew a Douglas C-54 Army plane from London to Washington in exactly eighteen hours nonstop. The 3,800-mile flight was believed to have been the longest on record for an Army transport.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1944



After the war you can fly to thousands of towns and resorts in your Piper Cub . . . with utmost safety and economy. Your pleasure trips will be full of fun—your business trips fast and enjoyable. Then every wide-awake community will have landing facilities.



Farsighted mayors are planning inexpensive landing facilities today—for you—for their sons and daughters upon their return from Service—for the town's own welfare.



Business in towns and cities with peacetime landing facilities for light planes will prosper. People will flock in their Piper Cubs to the places that are ready.

GET THIS FREE BOOKLET NOW!

Your community should plan one or more inexpensive landing areas today! A new booklet, "What Your Town Needs for the Coming Air Age," illustrates and describes landing facilities. For your free copy, write Piper Aircraft Corporation, Dept. LB94W, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

PIPER *Cub*
Points the Way to Wings for All Americans

GET YOUR AVIATION BOOKLET, TOO—"Piper Cub . . . In War and In Peace." Full color, 32 pages. Covers history of light plane, Piper Cub planes, coming air age, how to fly. Enclose 10c in stamps or coin for postage-handling. Write Piper Aircraft Corporation, Department LB94, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.



"LET 'ER GO!"

Over the telephone he directs the firing of big guns on one of the fronts. This is a vast war and communications are vital.

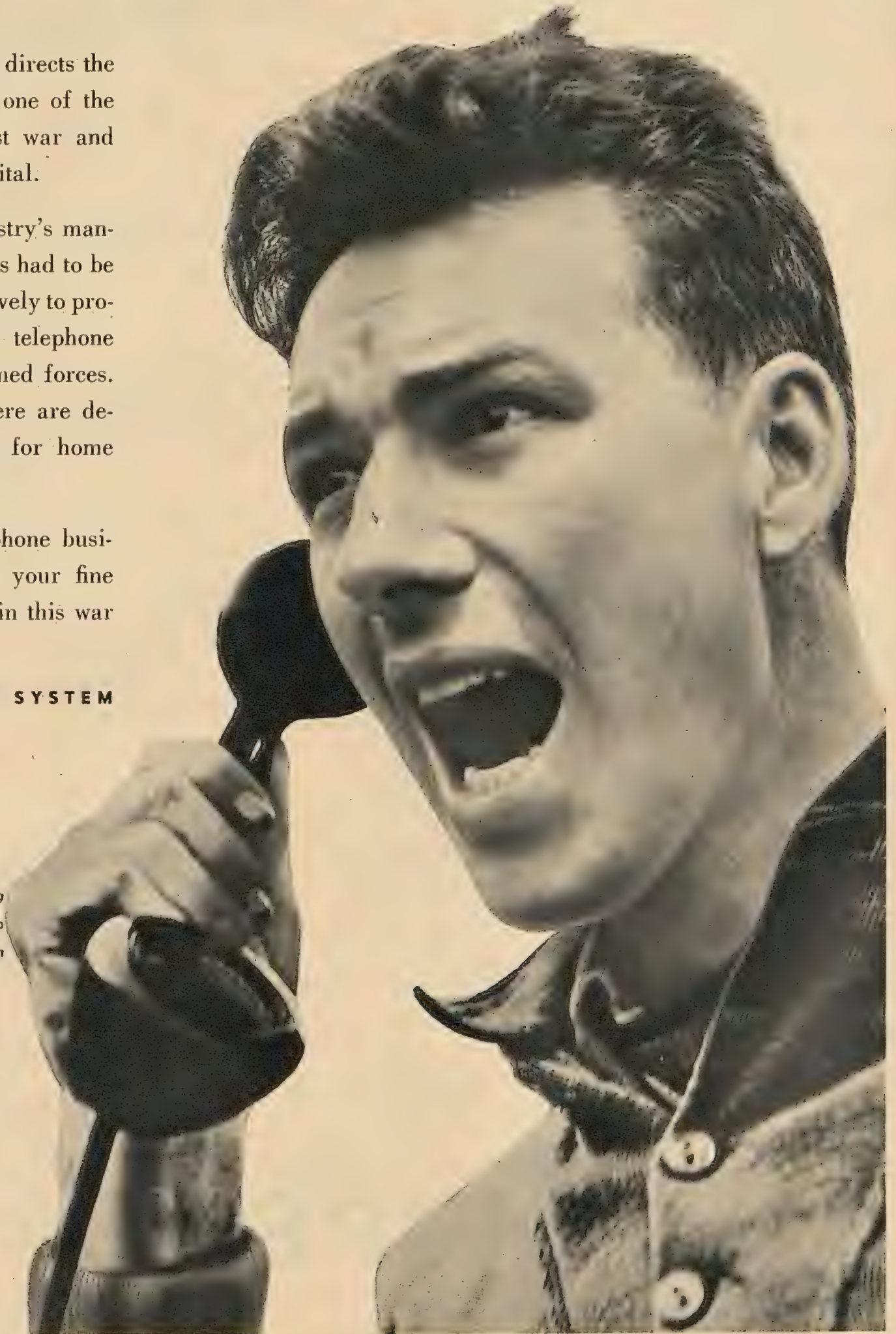
So the telephone industry's manufacturing capacity has had to be devoted almost exclusively to producing electronic and telephone equipment for our armed forces. That explains why there are delays in filling orders for home telephones.

All of us in the telephone business are grateful for your fine spirit of co-operation in this war emergency.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Please help to keep the Long Distance circuits clear from 7 to 10 each night for the service men and women.



The big guns start booming when the section chief of a cannon company gives the order to "fire"



PHOTO FROM INTERNATIONAL

In a photograph all too reminiscent of Nazidom, Colonel Perón of Argentina poses with his supporters.

IS ARGENTINA HEADING TOWARD WAR?

BY BLAIR BOLLES

Events in Argentina seem to be repeating the pattern set by Hitler's Germany. Here's a résumé of the situation and what we are doing to meet this new menace

IT was still dark, but officers at Argentina's great Army post of Campo del Mayo were saddling their horses. Soon after three o'clock on the morning of June 4, 1943, they rode off toward Buenos Aires. In that busy capital of the land of the gaucho a few shots were fired, some blood was spilled, and a president hurried away to save his skin.

By afternoon the officers from Campo del Mayo had brought off a revolution. Also they had created for the United States one of the worst diplomatic headaches in our country's history. Today the White House and State Department are pondering serious questions about Argentina, which always has had the best Army in South America.

Will the bellicose swaggering of the Argentine government embroil the New World in a war in the wake of the conflict that rages in Europe and Asia and across the Pacific? War "south of the border" would menace the security of the United States and jeopardize all the plan-

ning for peace which is going on today in Washington and London.

Are the militaristic revolutionaries in Argentina the South American successors to the German Nazis, the Italian Fascists, and the Japanese generals? War Minister Juan Domingo Perón, a ski trooper from the Andes, who is the brains of the government, has written books extolling the totalitarian systems developed by Benito Mussolini and Adolf Hitler.

While leaders of many governments in the New World hesitate to speak aloud their thoughts about the Argentine government, privately most of them look on it as an embryo fascism. When the International Labor Office held a world conference in Philadelphia in April, the delegates were hostile toward the Argentine emissaries. And an outspoken protest against the government came from the American Federation of Labor this summer when labor leader Juan Antonio Solari was jailed in Buenos Aires.

"This routine of imprisoning labor leaders and progressive thinkers follows the same pattern and technique used by Hitler to shackle and then destroy labor unions and democracy in Germany." Those are the strong words which George Meany, secretary-treasurer of the American Federation of Labor, uses about the Solari case.

The diplomats did not try to curb Hitler until it was too late. Blind diplomats did not recognize him as a menace. Optimistic diplomats thought he would be bought off. Wishful-thinking diplomats thought the Germans themselves would toss him out. Nor did the diplomats try to curb Japan

until it was too late. Some pressure applied in time might have averted this war, or made it much less of a conflict than it is.

Are we now going to sit back as we did during the rise of Hitler and Japan and let Argentina grow increasingly dangerous? In what direction is Argentina headed? How is the United States government trying to cope with the problem which Argentina raises?

Militarism has become the guiding spirit of Argentina. Every phase of life is being fitted to suit the ideas of jingo officers. Since the June 4 revolution, three generals have been president and Perón, the most likely next president, is a colonel more powerful than any general. The labor movements, the press, education, industry, economy, even motherhood—all are being made over in the militaristic mold.

Whom would the Argentines fight? In May the War Ministry in Buenos Aires decided to create a new Army division, the Seventh, and to post it along the borders of Paraguay and Brazil. More than a century ago Buenos Aires was the headquarters of a Spanish captain general who once ruled over not only Argentina but Uruguay, Paraguay, Bolivia, and a part of southern Brazil. Nostalgic Argentines from time to time have wished for a return to that expansive territorial arrangement. Then Perón's ski troops could assault only Chile.

If the Argentines do not intend to fight, their government is wasting time and money in a dangerous game. During the past six months Argentina has begun to
(Continued on page 74)

GEORGE AND

ALL this I am going to tell you starts on an evening so peaceful you would think the war fifty thousand miles away instead of maybe just fifty. George and I are loafing around after chow, with the rest of the "Canopeners," which, as is well known, is the best tank-destroyer outfit in the business. There is a rich smell of spring in the air, and the only reason you would know there is a war on is that overhead you can hear first one plane and then two, and then a whole flock from a near-by field as they climb before starting off with a load of bombs.

As the noise from the planes fades, there comes through the stillness a faint baa, from a flock of sheep headed homeward.

George sits up and looks at the sheep. "Baa, you dang animated mutton chops, baa!" he says, disgusted. "I ate your pappy for supper and your mammy for lunch, and all your ancestors yesterday and last week. And I'll probably be having you for breakfast. Baa!"

As you can see, George is not crazy about mutton. For that matter, neither are the rest of us, since we been having it most every day the last few weeks. It's on account of the shipping difficulties, George says. And he goes on to explain, like he has got to draw us a picture, that it is easier to feed us mutton, which is raised locally, than beef, which isn't.

"That's O. K. by me," Montana says lazy-like. "If they cain't ship beef to me, they cain jest ship me to the beef."

This gets us all to talking about the big steaks we used to eat, and about hamburgers and barbecues, till I get such a hankering for beef I feel like I would kiss a cow if one comes by. And I guess the rest feel the same way, from how they talk. This talk is making me so hungry I am glad when Sergeant Bork breaks in.

"Any you G. I.s wanta go visitin'?"

"What we visiting?" George asks cautiously. "A ditch that's got to be dug?"

"Naw," the sarge answers. "Captain Roberts is calling on the English tank outfit we scrimmage against tomorrow. He's taking the truck, and says if any o' you Joes want to ride in the back, O. K."

Well, George and me figure what we got to lose? So we climb in the back with a couple of dozen other G. I.s. The sarge goes too. And on the way he gives us the low-down. We been out in the hills, training, for a few weeks, and this English armored outfit, the Royal Something or Other, comes out to maneuver against us. We'll get practice against tanks while they get experience against tank destroyers.

These English Joes are first-rate. They show us their tanks and ask about our tank destroyers. And we explain our t. d.s are a lot like tanks, only lighter and faster, and they carry a cannon that will knock a tank a-looping. Naturally, this gets up an argument who can lick the other. The English Joes say since they have heavier armor they can outslug us. And, of course, we all point out politely that since we are faster we can outmaneuver them and get two or three t. d.s bearing on each tank if necessary.

This goes on till George gets mad.

"If you boys think you are so hot," he says, "have you any money to say you win the maneuvers tomorrow?"

We hit the dirt. And not a second too soon. This is the real thing.

THE BATTLE OF THE BEEFSTEAKS

BY STANLEY DISNEY

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

These English Joes shake their heads. "I'm afraid not," one answers. "We don't get the tin you chaps do. Besides, most of us are family men, and that takes what money we get."

This is sort of embarrassing. And one of them changes the subject and asks how we like the country.

"O. K.," George answers politely. "Only I have eaten so much mutton the last month, I feel like a tub of tallow. Don't they ever feed you steaks up here?"

"We're just as tired of mutton as you," the other laughs. "I was talking to cooky this morning, and he says the depot is getting a shipment of beef next week. Maybe enough for two or three days a week. And since you Yanks draw rations from the same depot, you'll probably get the same."

"Two or three days is better than none. Still, it's not enough," George replies, sour. Then for a long time he is silent, like he is planning. "Say!" he says with enthusiasm. "I know what we can bet on the maneuvers tomorrow. Your outfit's about the same size

to the tank outfit and how we will enjoy all that beef, when the sarge suddenly blows his whistle.

"Shut up, you gabbling old women!" he bellows. He whirls on George. "Just when it looks like we're going to get some beef, you fix it so we got to put it up on a fool bet or look like poor sports."

"Why, sarge," George protests, "you don't think there's any chance of our losing to them pushovers?"

Sergeant Bork looks at us all, disgusted.

"Yes, I do," he says bitterly. "You're a cinch to lose, unless you smarten up a lot before tomorrow. You're well trained, but you're too careless. You aren't hittin' the dirt fast enough. And you aren't takin' enough trouble in camouflaging your stuff. You're still playing at war, while those fellows are working at it. That outfit you called pushovers just charged the whole German Army at Dunkirk, that's all." He glares at George. "And listen, Private McKeller," the sarge continues. "If I got to eat mutton all next week on account of that bet, you'll be on K. P., helping to fix it."

The English captain is right about one thing. When the men learn they are scrimmaging for beef, they pitch in like never before. Everyone gives his equipment a last check. And without being told.

But the sarge is right too. We put out a bunch of scouts. But I guess they don't take cover right, for the English Joes knock them off one by one till we are practically blind. And then at dusk they pick off one of our t. d.s which is on recon and which lets a hay wagon approach without paying much attention. Only, it

But he kept scrapping. He tied torches to the horns of a herd of cattle and drove them up the mountain. And the Romans thought he was marching his army up, and rushed around to head him off, leaving the road open for him to march out of the trap.

"Tonight is the pay-off," he continues. "And I don't want any one of you showing a needless light. So everyone with a flashlight, excepting the officers, will put it in the rear of my jeep. That way you won't be tempted."

The captain establishes a command post a couple of miles from the remaining t. d.s. And, since he wants to maintain radio silence, he has us set up a field telephone. And George and me are put with a couple others to guard the c. p.

"Well," I whisper to George, as we lie there in the darkness, "it looks like we're in for a mutton diet next week."

"Don't mention it," George answers. And he sure is discouraged. "If that's not bad enough, I'll be helping cook the mutton too. Why was I ever born?"

I do not try to answer this. We lie there in the dark, listening for a while to the planes as they take off and climb overhead.

Suddenly George goes "Hsst!" I hsst back. And he whispers for me to slip back and tell the captain that someone is approaching. And he wants me to bring reinforcements so we can capture the party.

In England, Pvt. George, the daffy G. I., continues to display his genius for snarling things up with betting and beefing, but, as usual, he ends up with the jack pot

as ours. So why don't we bet our beef against yours?"

These English Joes look at George amazed.

"How could we do that?" one asks.

George has all the angles figured out.

"Simple," he says in an easy voice. "Maybe we can't bet official. But we are both out in the country, a long way from the depot. We can have our mess sergeants go for rations at the same time. And who's going to know if, on the way back, they stop, and the loser hands over his beef to the winner? And the winner would give his mutton to the loser. Of course," he says, like it is an afterthought, "maybe we better clear with our C. O.s before making the bet final."

I don't ever see a gang catch on faster than these English Joes. They get to talking fast and enthusiastic among themselves. I am surprised at the way they seem to figure they are a cinch to win. And I wish they knew our reputation better.

Just then the English C. O. comes by with our Captain Roberts. One of the English Joes salutes his captain, and says right out that we come over offering to bet our beef against theirs on the maneuvers, and please can they accept the bet, sir.

Well, this takes some explaining, but when he gets the drift, this English C. O. turns to Captain Roberts.

"Jove, that's a sporting idea of yours, captain," he says. "It'll make the men pitch in and work with more vim."

Captain Roberts doesn't look so pleased. But he gives his consent to the bet. I guess he figures he can't get out of it gracefully. And on the way back we all get to thinking about the bet and saying what we will do



"Surrender or I'll fire!" George yells all of a sudden. A white head peers out.

turns out the wagon is really a tank all covered with hay and with a team of horses hitched to it but, of course, not pulling it.

Captain Roberts calls us together after chow. He looks at us for a long time.

"Men," he says at last, "if we were really in a battle, half of you would be casualties now." We stir uneasily. "I didn't want to take that bet," he continues, "because I don't like mutton, and because I knew you would be careless at first."

"However," he says, and he sticks out his jaw, "we aren't licked till the last man is ruled out. Everyone can make mistakes and still come out on top. Hannibal, the greatest general that ever lived, made a mistake once. He let himself be trapped between a mountain and a lake, with a Roman army in front and another behind.

Captain Roberts is real interested. He calls in the other scouts and sends us to back up George. And he crawls there himself. We all fan out. Sure enough, I can hear something coming through the brush.

"Surrender or I'll fire!" George yells all of a sudden.

We all point toward the bushes. A white head slowly peers out.

"Baa," it says slowly.

It is most shocking to hear how George talks to that sheep. The rest of us roll over, laughing. But not for long. There is a rush in the dark. And the English scouts who used the sheep to make us give away our position swarm all over us.

I am not particularly proud of what happens next. If it is a real fight, and (Continued on page 56)

WHOSE MAN IS DEWEY?

What turned the Republican nomination race into a one-man parade for Dewey? Who's behind him—the bosses, Wall Street, labor, the Old Guard? Here's an analysis of Dewey's rise

BY GRETTA PALMER

THE forty-odd million voters who will go to the polls in November might, in theory, choose as President any male, native-born American over thirty-five years of age. In practice, they will find the choice considerably narrowed. Only two men will be seriously contending for the honor, and one of these will be a forty-two-year-old lawyer with a mere thirteen years of experience in politics—a man, moreover, who did not avow a desire for office until after the delegates in the Republican Convention had drafted him as their overwhelming choice.

How come that Thomas E. Dewey stands in a position from which he may become one of the three commanding figures of the international scene? How did this New York governor achieve an overwhelming lead as the man best fitted to catch the torch from President Roosevelt's grasp? What forces pushed the district attorney of six years ago to a position where his place in future history books is already assured?

Whose man is this man Dewey?

First of all, he is not the politicians' man. He was nominated, in a hot Chicago June, by a convention unique in the history of our country. The Republican delegates assembled went through a few perfunctory squabbles behind the scenes, and then nominated, on the first ballot, a man who, from all appearances, had done nothing to win their advocacy—a man who was not even there! When the balloting opened on June 27, Governor Dewey had made no open bid for the honor, had addressed no mass audiences, had gone on no speaking tours. It is probable that less than a quarter of the delegates in Chicago had ever shaken his hand. Yet when the first roll call was over, all of them, except just one irreconcilable MacArthur supporter, gave Thomas E. Dewey their votes.

Whose man is Dewey, then? He is not the candidate of "the interests." After the 1940 convention had nominated Wendell Willkie, the country for months was treated to hints of behind-the-scenes manipulations. "Wall Street" was said to have bombarded the Philadelphia delegates with artfully aimed telegrams urging Willkie as the man who could win. One of the country's highest-priced publicity men was said to have staged the prairie fire that swept Mr. Willkie to power. True or false, there were stories of carefully staged dinner

parties and of meetings at which the country's leading financiers indicated that Mr. Willkie would be very acceptable to them. But in Chicago in 1944 no such rumors of Wall Street pressure were heard. The financiers and business men at the convention dined nightly at the Pump Room or the Blackstone, neglected and alone.

Is Dewey the Old Guard's man—the choice of Republican leaders left over from the Hoover administration days? His first act as a nominee disproves this charge. The Old Guard was eager for reliable Harrison E. Spangler to continue as permanent party chairman. But, two days after reaching Chicago, Mr. Dewey wrested the job for Herbert Brownell, Jr., who managed his gubernatorial campaign but is hardly known nationally.

The Republican nominee, I am convinced, is no man's candidate. If anything, he is Fortune's favorite child. It was Destiny that beckoned him with a long, thin finger to risk the pleasant prestige of New York's governorship for a campaign whose outcome may well be determined by world events over which neither candidate has the slightest control. If he has any faint touch of faith in the occult, Thomas E. Dewey must feel that other-

worldly forces have already played a large part in his career. Perhaps he hopes that they will hardly be such spoilsports as to abandon him now.

Consider the events which have helped him to reach his present pinnacle. If Douglas MacArthur had not announced that he would not be a candidate, it is possible that the general would have been the choice of a large group of enthusiastic delegates. If Wendell Willkie had not received so thumping a defeat in the Wisconsin primary, on which he had pinned his hopes, it is very likely that he would have gone to Chicago, and with a large following of hard-fighting delegates. If Lieutenant Commander Harold Stassen had given his supporters encouragement, they surely would have fought a vigorous fight to bring him to the fore. If Governor John W. Bricker, at the last minute of the eleventh hour, had not withdrawn his name and made the seconding speech for Mr. Dewey, it is conceivable that the Bricker forces might eventually have carried the day.

Did Mr. Dewey or his campaign managers induce these possible rivals to withdraw? It was the apparent hopelessness of the fight that made Mr. Willkie pull out.

Personal and patriotic considerations deterred the general and the lieutenant commander from running. Those who know him trace Governor Bricker's withdrawal to a sincere belief that unity in the party was of greater moment than his own long-shot chance at first place on the ticket after a bitter fight on the floor.

So Governor Dewey found himself in the nomination race alone. There was to be no exciting photo finish. There was not even to be a second contender to make him puff and sweat for the prize. All that was required of him was to stroll in solitary comfort up to the finish line to receive the horseshoe of roses. He won the Republican nomination by the greatest default in political history.

The Governor of New York has, to a degree which puzzles the seasoned politicians, caught the imagination of the national public. Mr. Dewey is vastly more popular with the voters at large than he was with many of the delegates who supposedly represented them in Chicago. This is a known fact.

It is a known fact only because of the existence of popular polls. If this race had been run in the '20s, Dewey's unseen strength



Dewey talks with Herbert Hoover and John D. M. Hamilton. Is he taking advice or giving it?



PHOTOS FROM PRESS ASSOCIATION.

In conformance with custom, Dewey appointed his own man, Herbert Brownell, Jr. (right), as party chairman.

might never have been guessed by the professional politicians until election day. Indeed, missing any sign of it, they might have passed over the present nominee for someone else, with no inkling of the extraordinary pulling power that Mr. Dewey seems to exert on the public imagination. But since we live in an age of Gallup polls, we know that a month before the convention 65 per cent of the Republicans wanted Thomas Dewey. Ever since the Mackinac Island meeting of governors, the polls have shown him by far the strongest candidate the Republican Party could run.

Why is this? At Mackinac Mr. Dewey made a statement—issued before the official joint statement of the conclave—and in this he went far toward endorsing a permanent alliance between this country and our present allies. Such a statement might have spelled political suicide in the Middle West to another candidate. Indeed, many sage political students feel that Mr. Willkie's extreme internationalism is the thing that destroyed his candidacy. Yet Mr. Dewey, after an internationalist speech, picked up strength in the polls. Why?

PERHAPS there is an explanation in the simple fact that he took a chance. The other governors were apparently playing a cautious game, weighing their words most delicately. Before they were ready to speak at all, Mr. Dewey said, in essence, "Well, you boys can go on debating, if you like, but my mind's made up now. Here's what I think, anyway. . . ."

So Governor Dewey at Mackinac shot the roll. He stuck out his neck. He drew

to fill. And the American public usually admires a man who isn't overcautious. We like the bravado of the candidate who says, "Double or nothing." At Mackinac Mr. Dewey—Destiny's Darling—parlayed his popularity and won.

From that point on, there was no stopping him. The political seers, who can read the coming weather of opinion as a farmer foretells a day of sun or storm, knew that Dewey's day would be bright. Here was a man who had already shown an extraordinary ability to win votes in his own state. In 1937, running for district attorney of New York County, he rolled up a larger majority than Fiorella LaGuardia, then a tremendously popular mayor running for re-election on the same ticket. In 1938, when Dewey tried for the governorship at thirty-six years of age, the Democrats won only after desperately cajoling Herbert Lehman into running, against his will. And four years later Dewey, again running for governor, did win against the Democrats in New York State.

Last spring the Republican Party leaders were well aware that, with Dewey carrying New York for President, victory would be more than possible in November. And now, in addition to this overwhelming home state power, he was showing an unbeatable popularity among the voters in the rest of the country. All that the Dewey managers had to say in recent months was, "Look at the polls." Looking at the polls, it was easy to see that the American public—as much of it as would consider voting Republican—wanted Thomas E. Dewey for its man.

And then—but only then—the political leaders of the various states fell into line. It is widely believed that the die was finally cast for Mr. Dewey when the powerful Joseph Pew of Pennsylvania decided to back him, some ten days before the Chicago convention. With Pennsylvania on the band wagon, the Illinois powers began to look for an axle-end to hoist themselves aboard. After the convention opened, California, seeing the parade about to begin, joined in too. By the Monday before the balloting—with two days more of caucuses and smoke-filled-room activity still to go—there was little doubt in anybody's mind that Thomas E. Dewey would win, and on the first ballot. Dewey supporters even began to sniff after the possibility of a nomination by acclamation.

BUT rebellion among some Midwestern states was still a possibility until the very end. There was a plot under way to throw the convention open to other candidates by having Wisconsin place General MacArthur's name in nomination; then, according to some political wiseacres, the Illinois delegation would have had to vote for him, since he had won in the Illinois primary.

Such an upset might have led the excited delegates to a different choice. Perhaps they would have forgotten their pledges to support New York's governor, and would throw their strength to Governor Bricker, Senator Robert Taft, or Lieutenant Commander Stassen. Perhaps, if such a situation had been allowed to arise, the tug of

(Continued on page 65)

ABSOLUTE PITCH

Death faced Pete Hedrick and his only counter-weapon was a piano. It was lucky for him his pals had absolute pitch—or thought they had



BY JEROME BARRY

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

PERSONALLY, I am sorry for what happened to Pete Hedrick, even if he had it coming to him. He was a ribber of the worst type, but at the very end he did something that I will always like him for.

Most of the band was in Pete's room that night. After we finished the last show at the Club Lajoie, we were having a little jam session to see Jack Favor off to the Army. When our chops were just about beat, we played eight more choruses of Twelfth Street Rag, and then Jack sang My Ideal for a so-long, and I said, "John-o, get a couple hours shut-eye before you start off to do squads east for Uncle Whiskers. Let's you and me go in and pull down the Murphy beds." Jack and I shared a one-room apartment next to Pete's.

Right then Pete looked up from the piano. His eyes were dreamy but sour. He hit one of the keys a lick and said to Jack Favor, "What's that note, Fab?"

Of all the times to start his ribbing again, just when the kid was going into uniform! Jack's face got red. In that one little sentence Pete was rubbing him hard on his two sore spots.

I tried to break it up. I said, "Pete, I hear Marv Egan is looking for you with a gun."

"I heard that already tonight from seventeen different sources, Mac. Seems like everybody loves to tell me." Pete hit the key again. "Fab, you think you've got absolute pitch. Name the note."

"It was coming to you, with all the kidding you do, Pete," I said. "You kept riding Egan about that sore ear, so he figures you're the one turned him in for putting stuff into it to make it run and keep him out of the draft."

"That Egan's a wack, Mac," Pete said. "I didn't squeal on the rat. I didn't know he was putting stuff in his ear."

"I know you didn't. But the fact remains he's a wack. And he's gunning for you."

Pete brushed it off. He said, "That's just talk. Listen, Fab. You and your absolute pitch! I bet you can't come within a half-tone of guessing what this note is."

Jack Favor said, "It's D sharp, Hedrick. And don't call me Fab."

Pete put his forehead down on the music rack and squealed laughing. "Look what he calls D sharp! He's a tone and a half flat!"

Jack was so mad that when he tried to answer he stuttered.

I was still doing my best to head off the trouble. "Pete, you better do something about that Egan. What's the good of spending four hundred smackers with Doc Farrell for new bridgework if a wack puts a rod against the back of your head and blows out the bridge?"

"I'll bust your bridgework for you, Hedrick," Jack stuttered.

Pete got off the piano stool. "Try it, you creeping canary."

I didn't want Jack to swing on him. I could have told him about Pete, but he

wouldn't have understood. He was young. Pete wasn't. They wouldn't take Pete in any of the services; so here he was, beating the ivories for a living every night. Then every day he'd huddle over this battered old piano in his room, making up songs. He'd composed hundreds of tunes, and the few that had been published were turkeys. All the time he was feeling older and more useless and maybe a little desperate, seeing the young ones coming up and pushing him back, back, back—the young ones who were going to be successes. He tried to build himself up again in his own mind by finding out their weaknesses and ribbing them crazy.

Jack Favor was easy meat for that. He'd been born Giovanni Fabriani, over on York Street in Brooklyn. All he had was a homely, scrawny sort of good looks and a fair second-tenor voice. Give him the breaks and he could be another Sinatra, because already when he closed his eyes and made with the mike, the young girls were beginning to squeal. Maybe when he came back after the war he'd get top billing and have the Philharmonic play an accompaniment to My Ideal for him, with sub-debs fainting in the aisles. But when Pete Hedrick called him by his kid nickname, "Fab," it reminded him that he was only Johnny Fabriani, the tough little jerk from down near the Navy Yard. I don't think he was ashamed of coming up from there. He was mad because Pete kept on expecting him to be ashamed of it.

The only other thing that made him frothing was to have Pete ridicule him for claiming to have absolute pitch. Well, a lot of musicians and singers think they have. Hit any note, any time, and they'll swear they can name it right on the nose. Mostly they're guessing, and when they guess sour, they alibi. Is that wrong? Listen. Even a singer has to have something to be proud of, if it's only absolute pitch. So Jack Favor claimed he had it, and Pete loved to make a bum out of him by getting him to guess wrong.

So now I got between them and ducked swings until some of the boys could stop packing the instruments and help quiet them.

"I stood plenty from you, Hedrick," Jack Favor said. "I promised myself more than once that I'd slap your ears off before I went in the Army."

"You try it and you won't reach no Army, Fab," Pete said.

"My name is Favor now," Jack told him. "I warned you plenty times I don't like that Fab stuff. You pull it one more time—just one more time—and I'll fix you. I'll fix you good."

If you'd seen his black blazing eyes and pale scrawny face, you'd believe him.

Pete said, "Yeah?" and grinned.

The other boys went home, and I got Jack into our room. He sat on the edge of the bed, talking under his breath. I



We were having a little jam session to see Jack Favor off to the Army.



Pete stared into the mirror over the piano. Behind him, Marv Egan had halted just inside the window and was raising a pistol.

wanted to say, "Kid, forget about poor old Pete. He don't hate you personally. You've got something ahead of you. You represent what he'll never have again—and that's what he hates to think about."

Just as I began to try to say it to him, the piano in the next room suddenly started up. It was Pete's touch; you couldn't mistake it. Just the sort of boogie-woogie he was always beating out, with improvised melodies skittering around all over the treble, and a strong ground bass down in the left hand, and a single strain over and over. This time it was just three notes in an upward progression, the same three notes pounded out again and again.

Jack snarled, "What's he think he is? Boogie-woogie at this time o' morning. Does he want to keep us awake just out of meanness?" Then all of a sudden he jumped up, listening hard. "Mac, catch that bass! Those three notes. Know what they are?"

He went for the door with his black hair flying and his teeth showing. I followed him along the hall and in at the unlocked door of Pete's room.

The light was still on, and I caught a glimpse of Pete's face, deathly white and sweating, as he stared into the mirror over the piano. Behind him, Marv Egan had halted just inside the window from the fire escape and was raising a pistol.

"Scram!" I yelled at Egan, giving him the first lie that popped into my head. "The house is full of cops looking for you!"

He stood undecided for a second; then

he jumped for the window, and a moment afterward he screamed. Later it came out that he slipped and broke a leg, so a cop picked him up anyway.

But Jack never even looked at Egan or the gun. He hauled Pete off the piano stool and shoved him against the wall.

"I gave you one more time," he said, and he swung a right from down where pants cuffs used to be. It caved in two hundred dollars' worth of Doc Farrell's bridgework. Pete started to fall over, but Jack let him have the left, and there went the other two hundred dollars' worth.

"You had to be smart," Jack shouted at him. "You were going to ride me ragged all night with that lousy piano. Kidding me with a boogie beat. F sharp, A, B. Making at me with the keys—F, A, B, F, A, B, F, A, B. Fab, Fab, Fab. I told you what I'd give you, and now you got it. Are you satisfied?"

PETE got up off the floor where he'd slumped down, and he looked at Jack, and for a second I didn't know what he was going to say. Then a funny, kind sort of light came into his eyes, and he mumbled, "Kid, it was the only way I could get a message to you. You saved my life. I'm a damn lucky lug that you got absolute pitch."

He stuck out his hand, and after we explained everything to Jack, the kid quieted down and cried for a second and shook hands with Pete and promised to bring back Hirohito's spectacles for a souvenir.

I stayed behind to talk to Pete alone. "Nice going, Petey," I said. "You could have ridden the kid worse than ever, but you didn't."

He was looking groggy and shaky as he took stock of the wreckage of Doc Farrell's engineering. "What do you mean, Mac?"

"I can reconstruct the scene. You looked in the mirror and saw Egan. You knew you didn't dare to run or he'd plug you right away. You had a desperate, panicky inspiration. There was a thousand-to-one chance that you might get a message to us. You tried to put it across in a boogie-woogie bass."

"Sure, sure, sure," he mumbled.

"You could get in three of the letters," I said. "E, G, A—E, G, A. You were sweating and cursing because it's too bad there ain't an N in the scale."

"Look here, Mac—"

"I'll never tell Jack," I said. "He was a whole tone sharp. Instead of E, G, A, he took it for F, A, B. You could be riding the hide off him for that."

He grabbed me by the bosom of the shirt. "Mac, that kid saved my life. If you ever tell him how dumb he was—"

"I won't," I said.

"You better not. How did you know, anyway?"

"How did I know?" I said. "Why, I've got absolute pitch."

Well, as I said before, I'll always like Pete a little better from now on—but did he have any reason to start screaming and throwing things at me?

THE END

G. I. JOE'S BILL OF RIGHTS

BY OLD SARGE

Liberty's expert on matters G. I. explains what's coming to the servicemen and servicewomen in the way of benefits, and how they will work out

I'VE just finished reconnoitering the Veterans' Administration program for carrying out provisions of the new law known as the "G. I. Bill of Rights," and I want to report that the setup looks good for our millions of servicemen and servicewomen in World War II. I wish I had had something like this bill to study when I was riding a boat home from the last war.

The road back this time, when the boys finish the job in Berlin and Tokyo, is going to be free of a lot of the uncertainties and worries my crowd faced. My hat's off to Congress for doing a thorough and far-sighted job, and for doing it while the war is still on. Today's servicemen owe thanks also to the veterans' organizations and other groups for their informed suggestions and assistance to the legislators.

The Bill of Rights is a sort of reverse landing craft for G. I. Joe. It will help ferry him from the Army, Navy, Marines, or Coast Guard to a firm beachhead in civilian life. If he's repulsed in early landing efforts on the industrial front, it will afford unemployment benefits to tide him over for another try. It will help him complete his education, or help him start buying a home, farm, or business. And it will proffer the same aid to G. I. Jane.

Here are the bill's outstanding benefits:

(1) Free education or training, with a subsistence allowance of \$50 a month, plus \$25 additional for veterans with dependents, for periods ranging from one year to a possible full four-year college course, according to length of service.

(2) A government guaranty of up to fifty per cent, but not more than \$2,000, on loans for buying or building homes or for purchasing farms and farm equipment or business property.

(3) Unemployment allowances of \$20 a week for up to fifty-two weeks; maximum total, \$1,040.

(4) A guaranteed income of not less than \$100 a month to self-employed veterans with deficits in their earned income below that figure, payable, according to length of service, up to a total of \$1,040.

(5) A Veterans' Placement Service Board to help steer former servicemen to jobs.

(6) Additional safeguards for veterans' rights to compensation, pensions, and hospitalization.

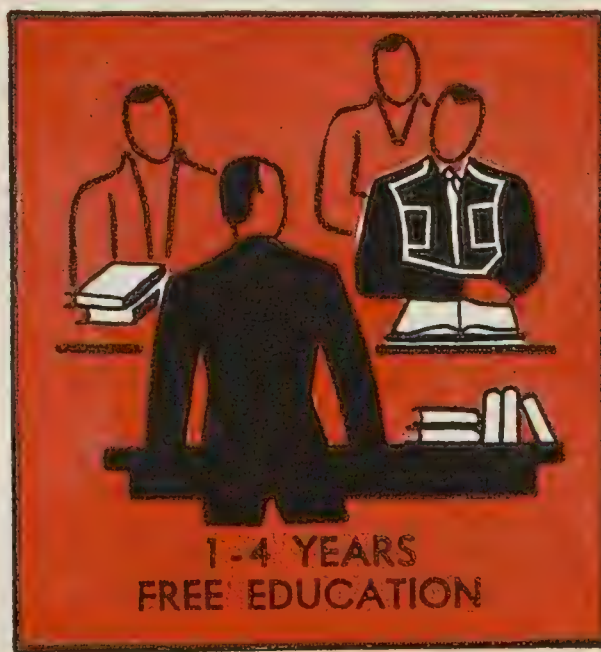
(7) Authorization for the Veterans' Administration to spend up to \$500,000,000 for additional hospital facilities; priorities to that department on personnel, equipment, and supplies, second only to those of the War and Navy Departments.

The LCBR (Landing Craft Bill of

Rights) draws up alongside the serviceman even before he gets his discharge. Let's consider the man about to be discharged for wounds or other disability, since most discharges will be of this nature until victory makes it possible to release able-bodied men en masse.

A medical board already has studied his case and decided upon discharge. Now comes someone to advise the serviceman of his rights. The bill states:

"No person shall be discharged or released from active duty in the armed forces until his certificate of discharge or release from active duty, and final pay,



or a substantial portion thereof, are ready for delivery to him or to his next of kin or legal representative; and no person shall be discharged or released from active service on account of disability until and unless he has executed a claim for compensation, pension or hospitalization, to be filed with the Veterans' Administration, or has signed a statement that he has had explained to him the right to file such claim."

Perhaps our veteran doesn't feel up to making a decision about a claim just now, or maybe he doesn't want to sign anything until he has taken counsel with relatives or the family lawyer. Well, there's protection for the nonsigner. The bill continues: "This section shall not preclude immediate transfer to a veterans' facility for necessary hospital care, nor preclude the discharge of any person who refuses to sign such claim or statement . . . refusal or failure to file a claim shall be without prejudice to any right the veteran may subsequently assert."

One of the duties of the hospital personnel officer is to interview veterans before discharge and inform them of their rights. The Veterans' Administration also has representatives in many Army and Navy installations to adjudicate disability claims and to give aid and advice to men about to be released.

In addition, the Bill of Rights states that, upon due certification by the Administrator of Veterans' Affairs, paid full-time accredited representatives of the recognized veterans' organizations may work

in places where men are discharged, to assist in claims and rehabilitation activities.

So, from one or all of the above sources, the veteran learns what is coming to him. Chances are that he will fill out his application right there for a disability pension, if he's entitled to one, and also perhaps for conversion of his service insurance to a type of policy designed to protect him as a civilian. If he's heading back to school, he may apply at once for educational benefits. But if he's undecided, he isn't pressed. He's told he can file papers at the nearest veterans' facility after he returns home. There are fifty-eight offices of the Veterans' Administration in the United States now, and more will be added as needed. The veteran may also obtain assistance in filing claims from his local chapter of the American Red Cross or from one of the veterans' posts.

Formerly, before discharge, a man had to tell a medical board whether any trouble leading to his disability existed before his induction or enlistment or was aggravated by his service. Ailing, homesick lads sometimes feared that an honest "No" would subject them to lengthy hospitalization. To speed their exit from the service they'd answer "Yes"—thus prejudicing their right to make future claims.

But now the Bill of Rights states:

"No person in the armed forces shall be required to sign a statement of any nature relating to the origin, incurrence, or aggravation of any disease or injury he may have, and any such statement against his own interest signed at any time shall be null and void and of no force and effect."

One of the bright spots in the bill is the chapter on education of discharged veterans. Uncle Sam will return the boys and girls to their classrooms, if they want to go, and many thousands will be able to complete their education free. Men and women who were in active military or naval service between September 16, 1940, and the end of the war, and who served ninety days or more or were discharged or released because of a service-incurred injury or disability, will be eligible. Their discharge or release must have been "under conditions other than dishonorable,"



and their education or training must have been "impeded, delayed, interrupted or interfered with" by reason of their entrance into military service.

To save argument over interpretation, the legislators wrote into the bill a proviso that any person who was not over twenty-five years of age when he entered the service shall be deemed to have had his education or training "impeded, delayed, interrupted or interfered with." Those over that age must prove actual impediment, delay or interruption.

These boys and girls are entitled, first, to one year at an approved educational or training institution, or the equivalent in continuous part-time study. After satisfactorily completing the first year, they become entitled to an additional period or periods which may equal but not exceed their total time in active service between September 16, 1940, and the war's end.

In other words, if an ex-soldier with three years' service satisfactorily completes his first year at school, he then has three more years before him, if he needs that long. One who served six months would rate that first year plus six months. Total education or training provided cannot exceed four years.

The Administrator of Veterans' Affairs (Brigadier General Frank T. Hines) is directed to pay on behalf of each veteran the customary tuition charges and laboratory, library, and other fees, plus the cost of books and other supplies, up to \$500 for the school year.

The veteran will be paid \$50 a month for his subsistence while he is in school. If he has a wife, he will get \$25 a month more. But tops for dependents, whether one or a dozen, is that \$25. A veteran who

the service course was a continuation of his civilian course and was pursued to completion, the time so spent is deducted from the period of his eligibility for educational benefits. Time spent as a cadet or midshipman at one of the service academies is also deducted.

Thousands of this war's fighters will want to trade the old "shelter half" for a home of their own, or will want to buy a business, a farm, or new equipment for a farm already owned.

Here the Bill of Rights loan provision will come in handy. Uncle Sam stands ready to place his guarantee up to \$2,000 on loans to qualified applicants, with the stipulation that the guarantee is not to exceed 50 per cent of the loan or loans sought. This means he'll guarantee the maximum \$2,000 on a loan amounting



tion of the war, whichever is the later date, but in no event more than five years after the termination of the war."

Interest on original loans may not exceed four per cent and payments may not extend beyond twenty years. No security for guaranty of a loan is required, except the Administrator's right to precedence over lien rights of the holder of the obligation. Uncle Sam doesn't lend the money himself; it must be obtained from banks or other private loan organizations.

Jobs, of course, are going to be the first concern of the bulk of our returning men. Hundreds of thousands will go back to their old jobs, preserved for them by law. But for many there's no such haven waiting. To aid them, the Bill of Rights has set up the Veterans' Placement Service Board, headed by the Administrator of Veterans' Affairs. It has representatives assigned to every state.

Working in liaison with the United States Employment Service, the War Manpower Commission, and other agencies, the state representative is charged with supervising the registration of veterans in local employment offices, keeping in touch with employers, and assisting in every possible way to advance the employment of veterans. Nonetheless, a great deal of unemployment will be unavoidable during the period of postwar readjustment.

HERE'S where the Bill of Rights' unemployment benefits will play a big role. The jobless ex-serviceman is assured \$20 a week for a minimum of twenty-four weeks, provided he served ninety days and received a discharge other than dishonorable, or was released sooner because of injury incurred in service in line of duty.

The veteran is further entitled to four weeks of allowances for each calendar month, or fraction of a month, beyond his first ninety days of service. This means a veteran with six months' service will be entitled to twenty-four weeks' allowances for his first ninety days, plus twelve weeks for the next three months' service, and so on. There's an overall limit of fifty-two payments, or \$1,040 per man.

The veteran must stop drawing allowances if he finds a regular job or if he gets part-time employment any week with wages of \$23 or more for the week. If he seeks an allowance to make up a deficit in part-time earnings, the amount allowed will be only enough to give him a total of \$23 for the week. A man who loses his job can apply for a resumption of his allowance, within the limit of fifty-two payments.

A claimant is disqualified from receiving an allowance if he leaves work voluntarily, without good cause, or is suspended
(Continued on page 73)



is single may draw \$25 for a dependent mother or other relative.

The veteran may choose his own course at any approved educational or training institution. But he must meet the school's prescribed standards of conduct and progress. If he does not, the Veterans' Administration may discontinue his course at any time.

Any eligible veteran, regardless of his age and whether or not his education was interrupted by a draft board, may elect to take a refresher or retraining course for up to one year, or the equivalent in part-time study. Such a course can't be extended beyond one year.

Any course must be started not later than two years after the date of the serviceman's discharge or two years after the end of the war, whichever is later.

If a serviceman was a student in the Army Specialized Training Program or the Navy College Training Program, and if

to \$4,000 or more, but will guarantee no more than half of any loan less than \$4,000.

Before approving a loan, Veterans' Administration officials must establish that the price the veteran proposes to pay for a home or for construction of one is reasonable and that the proposed mortgage terms bear a proper relation to his income. If it's a farm or business, they must verify that the price is reasonable and that the veteran's ability and experience give reasonable likelihood of success. That applies whether it's a filling station for Joe or a beauty shop for Jane.

The ambitious veteran will not be denied a chance to go into business because of inexperience, however. If he's willing to study he can obtain assistance. At the Army's request, the Department of Commerce has begun preparing books on how to operate a score of different kinds of small business. The books will be ready for distribution several months before general discharges begin, allowing time for study and selection. The Army's educational program, the Veterans' Administration counseling service, and the Department of Commerce will join forces in advising him how to get a start.

Uncle Sam's money isn't going to be risked blindly. Any outstanding loan liability under this act must be paid off before the veteran gets any part of his World War II bonus—provided, of course, that Congress passes a bonus measure after the war. Any veteran whose discharge was not dishonorable and who served actively for at least ninety days, or who was released in less time because of service-incurred injury or disability, is eligible for the loan. "Any such veteran may apply within two years after separation from the military or naval forces," says the bill, "or two years after termina-

YOU CAN'T DO THAT IN UTOPIA

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

The movie censors yell bloody murder unless you kill a man just so in Hollywood. They also keep a watchful eye on beds, baboons, and the body beautiful

YOU may believe that Hollywood is built upon the star system, or upon the reaction of male and female genes and chromosomes, or upon some obscure political ideology. In any case, you are quite wrong. Hollywood rests upon the unpredictable violence of an earthquake. Not an earthquake recorded by seismographs, but by tremors recorded at the box office; not a natural earthquake, arising from a disturbance of the center of the earth, but a man-made earthquake, arising from varied human biases and called, in the aggregate result, censorship.

To judge from some of the correspondence received in Hollywood, one would think that the motion-picture industry actually set out to infuriate its customers. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Studios spend millions of dollars each year in an effort to please everyone. Although the Hays office is given a great deal of recognition for the work it does, an even greater burden of censorship is borne by each individual studio.

Every major producing company main-

changes he felt should be made would be included before this script went to the Hays office for production O. K.

The title of a screen play is naturally the first point to be considered. Although the titles *The Devil and Miss Jones*, and *The Devil and Daniel Webster* (both pictures made by RKO) were passed by the studio and Hays office censors, they ran into censorship troubles in two states. In one state no picture can be shown on Sun-

eraman who made a series of Betty, to be the most daring of a lot of two dozen. "The rest are O. K.," he is reported to have said, "and we'll get them by. But this is a honey, and I fear for its life." Yet that pose was the only one to be given official sanction, and promptly delighted twelve million men in the armed forces. All other exposures were censored.

The *Last of the Mohicans* was an innocent pioneer story entirely lacking sexual overtones. It was, in fact, cops and robbers with feathers. United Artists, who made the picture, were so certain that its still shots were innocuous that they waited until the picture was finished before delivering the entire batch for review. Ordinarily they would send each day's stills out for O. K.

After due deliberation, the Hays office sent back its report: the Indians, clothed in copper paint, feathers, loincloths and moccasins, revealed the aboriginal navel. In each photograph where such a phenomenon was visible, the censor said the offending depression must be retouched and made to disappear.

Once all still photographs are passed and the film is finished, the completed product is viewed first by the studio censor. If he feels that it is free of censorable dialogue and situations, it goes to the Hays office, where it is again reviewed and usually passed for the North American market. However, before any picture can be distributed internationally, it must be certified by the U. S. Board of Review.

But the problems of censorship don't end at this point. Any picture having anything to do with the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps must also be passed by Hollywood representatives of the armed forces as well as by the Washington boards. Even so, there are occasional lapses such as that seen in *See Here, Private Hargrove*. When Private Hargrove innocently purloined a general's topcoat, the general was shown wearing the lapel insignia of the field artillery. General officers do not wear such identification.

Naturally enough, most of the native censorship headaches are inspired by what is considered "moral" in various sections of the country by various groups. For instance, there is a Hays office edict that no man and woman, no matter how aged or how long married, may be shown in bed or arising from it unless fully clothed. This has resulted in such anachronisms as that in *Madame Curie*. Twin beds were unknown to her generation in France, yet a very telling scene in the picture showed Madame Curie and her husband occupying old-fashioned mahogany twin beds.

In *The Song of Bernadette* the little French girl's parents were shown arising, fully clothed, from their shared cot. The scene was shot in simple obedience to the Hays office edict. But the zenith of respectability was achieved in *Tarzan's tree-top home*. You may have noticed that Tarzan sleeps on a rude woven cot at one side of the aerie, and that Jane sleeps on a twin cot on the opposite side.

Tarzan devotees will also be surprised to know that the filming of *Cheeta* has always offered a censorship woe in the make-up department. There is a myth that Nature, while completing her creation of the original baboon, grew exasperated



The censor pretends double beds don't exist, or that people occupy them fully clothed.

tains a man in charge of an entire censorship department. He is the liaison officer between the studio and the Hays office. He is the delicate barometer of good taste and the slow progress of public opinion. If he should hear, for instance, that some director on his lot was ambitious to screen a story dealing with the experiences of Biblical Lot, he would instantly dispatch an inter-departmental memorandum to the director, carefully itemizing each of the censorable aspects of the story.

If, after conference, the studio writers felt that they would be able to circumvent most of the objectionable features, a preliminary script would be prepared. That, too, would be sent to the studio censor for comment. Ordinarily his suggestions would be observed and any

day if the word "devil" appears on the marquee. In the other state the devil can't be given his due on any day of the week; he can't be mentioned in a title at all.

Once a script, title and all, has passed both the studio censor and the Hays office, the picture is started. During the shooting process, all still photographs taken on the set must pass through the hands of both the studio censor and the Hays office. This ruling has produced some interesting results.

You have undoubtedly seen the most famous of all pin-up pictures of Betty Grable—that pose in which the Grable contours are clasped by a brief swim suit and viewed from the posterior elevation. The Grable face, smiling over one shoulder, tops this architectural masterpiece. This picture was considered, by the cam-

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WILDE

by the animal's tricks and soundly spanked him. From that day to this, the baboon's posterior has remained a shocking pink. Students of both fantasy and nature accept this fact calmly, a luxury denied the motion-picture industry. It becomes the duty of the make-up men on Tarzan pictures to paint, at frequent intervals, Cheeta's fundament with a mixture resembling mascara. Thus none of nature's normal, vivid coloring is apparent to the camera.

Any picture in which an animal appears is likely to pose problems. For incidental atmosphere in Frenchman's Creek, Paramount imported from Minneapolis—at considerable expense and trouble—a pair of beautiful King Charles spaniels. Their presence in the picture was not important to the plot; it was simply one of the gestures which a conscientious director likes to make toward authenticity.

When the Hays office saw the rushes of the Technicolor scenes in which the spaniels occasionally received a head-pat from some member of the human cast, a quick conference was held. The dogs, it was decided, were too obviously masculine. Most of their scenes had to be deleted.

About sudden death, the Hays office has at least two definite edicts: (1) a murderer and his victim may not be shown in the same frame—that is, the same camera line of vision; and (2) a murderer must always be brought to justice.

The average picture-goer is likely to contend that these rules are not observed; that he has actually seen murder done on the screen. Yet a careful second scrutiny of any picture, with the rule in mind, will show that a series of brilliant subterfuges has been used. In *The Lodger*—a super-horror epic—the faces of the victims were shown with the camera closing in to simulate the action of the murderer.

In *The Cat People*, the struggle between Tom Conway, as the psychiatrist, and

The sunburst on a baboon's south end presents quite a technicolor problem.



They even tell you how to act in Sweden. It's against the rules to laugh out loud.

Simone Simon, who presumably had turned into a black panther, was depicted by shadows on the wall—a device frequently used. If you will watch any murder scene carefully, you will notice that first the murderer is shown; then the camera sweeps to the victim. If a gun is discharged, the weapon is shown, then the effect of its action. Paramount perfected a new device in *Double Indemnity*: Fred MacMurray shot his wife, but the scene was filmed with MacMurray's back to the camera, his wife entirely obscured in his arms when the shot was fired.

THE second ukase, that one who kills must always be brought to justice, caused one of the bitterest of all Hollywood morality controversies. Those who saw *Watch on the Rhine* on the stage will remember that circumstances forced Paul Lukas to decide in cold blood that the man threatening to expose him was as much an enemy soldier as if he were wearing a uniform and carrying a bayonet; so Lukas decided to execute him. This was strong thinking, and an indication of the explicit morality allowed the stage. In the picture version, the enemy agent could not be killed in cold blood; he had to menace the life of Paul Lukas with a visible weapon, so that Lukas' pulling the trigger was tantamount to self-preservation in simple terms. Furthermore, the picture's fadeout had to indicate that Lukas was returning to almost certain death. In other words, Hollywood morality allowed him to kill for himself, but not for love or service to country—a strange ambiguity in time of war.

Censorship also concerns itself with such small and particular problems as the name of a town in which a picture is presumably laid. Civic pride is such in America that only huge cities like New York, Chicago, and San Francisco can be selected as background for a story about the underprivileged. Were a smaller town selected, the local chamber of commerce and five or six community-betterment clubs would promptly hurl denials at the studio making the picture.

Names of characters in pictures have

been known to give studios prolonged headaches in court. Nowadays, character names for picture villains are very carefully checked before use. In *Paramount's Double Indemnity* the name of the murderer was changed five times before a satisfactory surname was found: Dietrickson. The story is laid in Los Angeles, and researchers determined that, in the period covered in the picture, there was no family named Dietrickson living within the city limits.

Several pictures ago, Cary Grant was called upon to speak disparagingly of a character who actually never appeared in the picture at all. The director had to have a name that could be bandied about without inspiring a court case. "I'll just say, 'That guy, Archie Leach, is probably responsible for this. He's a four-star stinker and should be jailed for life,'" suggested Cary. His suggestion was O. K.'d as a safe one, because Cary Grant was born Archie Leach.

Street scenes in fictitious American towns are notable for the fact that the names of shop owners are usually borrowed from prop men, grips, electricians, or other studio workers on regular pay. Even the names on tombstones in horror pictures are loaned for the occasion by studio employees—very much alive.

IMPORTANT as pleasing the sensibilities of North American patrons is to the motion-picture industry, the task is nothing as compared with the responsibility of observing the hundreds of taboos imposed by the foreign market. Abroad, as at home, censorship flourishes. In Sweden, no attempt is ever made to alter romantic scenes. No embrace, however explicit of passion, is considered indecent, and no indication of extreme interest between man and woman is ever deleted. The Swedes are convinced that sex is here to stay. On the other hand, a Swedish censor will cut as many scenes of violence as possible. The scene in *Assignment in Brittany* in which Jean Pierre Aumont stabs Peter Lorre with a hypodermic needle was eliminated from the Norse

(Continued on page 72)





She looked through the lighted windows. Winnie, crossing the room, stopped again at the other table.

SIXTY SECONDS IS FOREVER

BY ELEANORE KELLY SELLARS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

YES," replied Susan, but there was no conviction in her voice. She wondered if Middie would keep on insisting that she, Susan, should go out with other men if she realized how much worse that made the loneliness. Even now, while Middie talked, Susan's heart had taken that familiar downward plunge when a young Air Corps major, leaning against the bar, had turned toward her. There was something in the lift of the head, in the broad shoulder line that brought Clyde to mind. It was things like that which Middie, who had never been married, could not understand.

"You think now that you can live to yourself," Middie continued, "but eventually you're sure to have some kind of a crack-up. An occasional date with another man wouldn't be disloyal to Clyde."

"But I don't have any fun," Susan protested. "It just makes the loneliness worse. Anyhow, all the men we know are gone."

"But a lot of men we don't know are here, nice men, whose wives and sweethearts are some place else. You could have dinner with one of them once in a while, and when this war is over you wouldn't be an automaton. And that, Susan, is what you're going to be if you keep yourself shut away much longer." Middie looked across the large cocktail lounge to the circular bar in the center of the room. "Take that young major, for instance," she said.

So Susan looked at the major again. The bar against which he was leaning was on a turntable which gave the effect of a small and very, very slow merry-go-round. He was standing with his back against the bar, one elbow braced on its polished surface,

one heel hooked over the brass rail. His head was thrown back so that it tilted up his jaw, emphasizing its strong, clean lines. His eyes were intensely blue against the brown of his face and they were bright with the reflection of the lights as the merry-go-round revolved. Strength was in his face as well as humor, and there was, now, a certain sardonic indulgence in his glance as it followed the dapper, wavering figure of a middle-aged civilian who was urging the men in uniform to drink up at his expense. "I can afford to buy your drinks," he was insisting. "Every man who wears the uniform of my country is my guest, and nobody had better say I'm a Fascist." He appealed to the bartender. "Propaganda, isn't it, saying that a man who buys a drink for our fighting men is a friend of the enemy? Nobody hates Hitler

more than I do." He tapped the young major on the arm. "Do you know that? Nobody hates Hitler more than I do."

"I'm sure of that, sir," agreed the major. He slid his elbow off the bar and turned around, and as he did so his eyes crossed Susan's. They smiled at each other, sharing the incident. She noticed that he didn't actually look like Clyde. In fact, when she looked straight at him, there was no resemblance whatsoever.

"Attractive, isn't he?" asked Middie.

"I suppose," said Susan, "that he's wondering if there's much point to fighting and dying for someone like that."

"No," said Middie. "He's wondering how he can get acquainted with you. He's no doubt just back from overseas. He has that look of not being a part of things yet."

So, for the third time, Susan looked at him. The bar had revolved enough so that he was on the opposite side facing them. He smiled at her and there was nothing she could do but smile back. Middie was right; he did have that look of a man caught between two parts of his life with, for the moment, no sense of belonging.

"We'd better get the check," said Middie, "or I'll miss my train. What're you going to do this evening?"

"Nothing," said Susan. "Or I might go to a movie."

By the time the waiter had brought the check, the merry-go-round had made another half revolution and the young major was again standing with his elbow propped against the bar, his heel hooked over the rail, watching Susan. It was not an intrusive stare. He was merely looking at her as if it were pleasant to do so. When he saw the waiter lay their check on the table, he picked up his glass with a sudden gesture of decision and started toward them.

The man who hated Hitler caught up with him as he was about to step off the merry-go-round. "You're a young fellow to be a major," he said.

The officer lifted one shoulder in a little shrug. "Always lots of vacancies at the top of my profession," he said.

"You can bet," pursued the civilian obviously, "that I envy you boys. You're having experiences we old duffers will never have. But I'm no softy, mind you. I've kept in condition."

"I can see that," agreed the major courteously.

The man swayed a little and braced himself against the railing. "I just hope you'll be as fit as I am when you're my age."

THE major's expression didn't change. "I just hope I'll be alive when I'm your age," he said, and stepped down from the merry-go-round. By the time he reached their table they had risen. "I'm sorry you're leaving," he said. "I've been trying to get up enough courage to ask you both to have dinner with me." Then he added, "I flew into Boston just a few hours ago."

"England?" asked Middie.

"Africa and the Middle East."

Middie slid the change into her bag and snapped it shut with the air of one who has suddenly made up her mind. "I'm afraid dinner's out for me," she said. "I'm taking a train at Back Bay Station in about fifteen minutes, but if you'd like to walk over and help my sister Susan see me off, you might be able to sell her your idea."

At Durgin Park's, while Major Winfield McGill ate what was, they were convinced, the largest lobster in the world and Susan trailed along with a smaller one, they traded personal histories. "And so," he concluded, "I wired Doris as soon as I arrived, saying that I'd be here for several weeks, but that, since I'd have only week-ends free, there wouldn't be time for me to join her on the West Coast."

"Then she'll come here?"

"Of course," he said. "We'll probably be married here next week. Do you want to come and represent my family?"

"I'd love to," replied Susan. "There are lots of quite romantic old churches around Boston. We'll have to find an especially nice one for you."

"And now," said the major, picking up his nutcracker and attacking one of the lobster's claws, "what about you? I suppose your husband's in the service."

"Yes," said Susan.

"Army or Navy?"

"Navy. He was Naval Reserve and went in the early part of '41."

"Have you seen much of him since then?"

"No." Susan forced her voice to steadiness. "He had one leave a little more than two years ago and I haven't seen him since then."

The major was watching her, baffled by her laconic replies. "Where is he now?" he asked.

"South Pacific. Do you know," she said, "that when I first used to come to this restaurant, there were no small tables as there are now? There were only long trestle tables for twenty people or so. It had more atmosphere in those days." There was an instant's silence and then she added, "I must remember to show you Faneuil Hall as we leave here. Then we can walk over to the Common."

"In the snow?"

"I like walking in the snow," said Susan.

"And I like girls who like walking in the snow," said the major.

After a long, happy walk through the snow-hushed streets, Susan stopped at Boylston Street and said to him, "You can put me on a bus at this corner."

"What do you mean, I can put you on a bus? I'm taking you home."

"I'm one of those obnoxious girls who lives her life by rules. When I pick up a man, which I rarely do, please note, I take myself home on a bus. It saves confusion."

"What kind of confusion?"

She knew he was amused. She was amused herself. "In the man's mind."

"But my mind isn't confused. It's clear as crystal."

"And I'm looking into it," she laughed, "and therefore going home alone."

He was standing between her and the street light. The snow had formed white ridges on his shoulders and rimmed the peak of his cap. His face was shadowed, but she could tell from the line of his cheek against the white-flaked darkness that he was smiling. She felt warm and comforted and at ease. It was good to have someone who was understanding, whose mind reached out and caught the spirit as well as the words.

"Which bus do we take?" he asked. "You see, I have to take you home, not only because I also have rules, and one of them is that I always take my girl home, but because I am going to kiss you good night."

"Can you do it more efficiently at the other end of a long bus ride?"

"Oh, definitely."

"It's a very long ride."

"Really?"

"And dull," she said. "You'll get sleepy."

A girl whose husband is gone but not forgotten finds that memories are both sweet and bitter, but living with them not nearly so satisfactory as learning to live again

"You can waken me when we arrive."

"I'll be perfectly safe going home alone. I live just two doors from the corner where the bus stops."

"My dear young lady, if you think that you are going to get out of giving me that kiss, you don't know McGill. Remember, this is my first night back home. I decided to kiss you good night while I was still on that merry-go-round."

"Whether I wanted you to or not?"

He laughed outright at that and she laughed too. She hadn't laughed spontaneously, irrepressibly, for months. A long time to be always lost and lonely inside. She looked past his shoulder for a bus. "I may be out of practice," she told him. "I haven't been kissed for a very long time."

His tone met her sudden seriousness. "And I haven't kissed anyone for a very long time. However," he too looked down the street and then turned back to her. "kissing is like swimming, in that once you know how, you never forget."

The bus came toward them, spraying hard-packed snow from its wheels. She stepped ahead of him and he put his two hands on her arm, steadying her against him as they waited for it to come to a stop. "When we get there, you can't come in, because it's too late," she said. "There will be about sixty seconds from the time we ring the bell until Lina opens the door."

"Honey, aviators are trained to utilize seconds."

TO Susan, it seemed that each of the three days of that week-end had its own particular mood. Through Friday night ran a thread of adventure, the excitement of getting acquainted and of this being his first night back home.

On Saturday there was a sense of comradeship. They became good friends and companions that day. Their sight-seeing trip, with Susan acting as guide, ended at Lexington, and on the way back home the major said, "Boston was a particularly good city for me to come to at this time. When we get so embroiled in fighting this war, we begin to see ourselves as a generation that has been singled out for punishment. All the places that we visited today have made me realize how much other generations have suffered too."

"The best thing about history," said Susan, "is that it gives one a sense of continuity. We're not alone in this struggle for our ideals. It's gone on before and it will continue in the future."

Yes, Saturday was a nice day. A comradely day.

But Sunday was something very special.

To begin with, Susan and the major had a long ride together in the country. Susan's uncle had phoned her the night before and said, "Susan, how about driving some supplies out to the farm in the station wagon for me tomorrow? We're all down with colds over here."

"May I take somebody with me?"

"Certainly. I wouldn't want you to go alone."

"Where and when do I pick up the car?" asked Susan happily.

The next morning she arrived at the major's hotel a few minutes before she had agreed to meet him, and had scarcely seated herself in the lobby when he walked out of the elevator, a telegram in his hand. He did not look about him, but went directly to the Western Union counter, where he smoothed out the telegram and reread it slowly. Then he pulled a pad toward him and began to write. Susan had the strange feeling that she was really seeing him for the first time—the way he walked, quickly and with purpose; the way he carried himself, erect but easy; the way he settled his

(Continued on page 67)

The Camera Eye



Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



LITTLE ENEMY—The promise of a world in which hate is forgotten can be read in the faces of these American fighting men as they care for a wounded Jap child aboard a coast-guard-manned assault transport off Saipan.



DEAD PIGEON—A Jap dive bomber falls to the guns of a Navy Catalina patrol plane off Truk. The frantic efforts of the rear gunner to bail out were futile. He was still aboard when the ship hit the water and exploded.



DAYWALKER—A bear takes advantage of a lull in traffic to shuffle across the Alcan Highway, giving the photographer an excuse for this picture.



MINE EXPLODER—This curious device is a flail tank, developed to clear path through mine fields in the days of the Normandy beachhead.





FIGHTING FRENCHMAN—F. D. R. and his daughter, Anna Boettiger, look on while Cordell Hull, Henry Morgenthau, and Gen. Chas. De Gaulle get acquainted during the latter's recent visit. ↑



MONTY AND KIDS—The world over, girls young and old admire uniforms. These Normandy farm children seem overcome by Gen. Montgomery, to whom they have just presented a bouquet. ↑



TRUMAN AND "SECRETARY"—His wife assists Vice-Presidential nominee Harry S. Truman, and very businesslike she looks, too, awaiting his dictation. She really earns that government salary. ↑



GRIM GUN PRACTICE—Four years ago the English were doing this, but now it's the Nazis who are preparing German civilians for a last-ditch defense as the Allied armies roll ever nearer. ↑

PLANNING THE ATTACK—En route to a U. S. port after the battle of the Eastern Philippines, Navy carrier pilots get briefed on shore objectives. Being long away the boys need brushing-up. ↓

ZOOT SWIM SUITS—This is not a chorus line, but an Australian beach patrol and lifesaving unit at Sydney. Competition between such teams draws huge crowds and provides spectacular shows. ↓





Johnny's fingers gripped Chris's hard for a minute, and he looked at teacher. He said, "I'll be seein' you."

JOHNNY HIMSELF

BY ISABEL WAY and RUBY THOMSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN COLLINS

INDIAN summer was a warm haze over the valley. It made the alfalfa stubble spread gold over the dozing fields, and the dust of the trail rose thin, like midsummer dust, from the feet of the ponies that carried the school children homeward.

Chris stood on the schoolhouse steps, pounding blackboard erasers together, and through the flying chalk he watched the others go. Usually he rode a piece with them, just for the fun of it. Then he'd gallop back to the cabin where he lived with Miss Rose-Ellen, the teacher. Angie, his shaggy gray dog, would run barking beside him.

Angie sat just outside the chalk cloud now, watching him, like she wanted to know why the other kids had gone without them. Angie was smart enough to wonder about things like that. She was smart

Sometimes the courage and strength of a boy are beyond understanding. Death lurked in the high snow, and in Chris's code neither man nor beast could be left to starve

enough that only this morning Al Jernigan had offered fifty dollars for her.

Chris pounded the erasers harder as he thought of Al Jernigan who owned the big sheep ranch at the upper end of the valley. A great tub of lard Al was, hefty

enough to swayback any horse he sat. Daring to act like Angie was a sheep dog, just because her mother was. Talking about valuable sheep-dog stock, when Angie had been with cow folks since she was six months old!

"And you!" Chris scolded Angie. "Waggin' your tail when you smelled the wool on him! After what he said about my brother!"

Angie put her head down, shamed, until Chris said, "Good ol' Angie."

"Chris!" That was Miss Rose-Ellen, from the school door. "Chris, don't worry over what Al Jernigan said about Johnny. Al says things he doesn't mean when he's crossed. You know Johnny'll come back."

"Yes'm," but Chris didn't look at her. He liked her. Maybe she wasn't pretty like Letty Quayle, the daughter of Pete Quayle who owned the P-Q outfit that Johnny worked for, but Miss Rose-Ellen

was nice. She had soft dark hair and gray eyes and a warm smile.

Chris didn't look at her because he'd see something in her eyes that was like he felt inside when Jernigan said, this morning, "What makes you think your brother'll ever come back? What does a guy like him want to be saddled with a 'leven-year-old kid for? Especially when he's sweet on the boss's daughter?"

Chris had first seen that look in teacher's eyes the morning the P-Q outfit began its long trek northward. The cattle and horses had gone the day before, but on this morning the wagons of household plunder and tools and Letty Quayle's trunks all pulled out, and Chris and teacher had got up at daylight to watch the procession go by. Angie, too.

Johnny had trotted his horse ahead to them. Johnny himself, with his blue eyes shining, and his fair curly hair showing sun streaks when he took off his hat. Johnny, who'd been all the family Chris could ever remember—or need.

He'd punched Chris in the ribs and joshed him a bit, but when it came to thanking teacher for taking Chris in while he was away, then Johnny had gone all tongue-tied. And while he was still at it, the outfit caught up with him, and Letty Quayle was there, a picture on her sorrel horse, for her yellow hair was frizzed and she was trigged out like she was going to a dance instead of hitting the long trail.

She frowned, and after a while she said, "John-ny!" in that soft voice of hers. And Johnny's fingers gripped Chris's hard for a minute, and he looked at teacher. To both he said, "I'll be seein' you—in about three months!" Then he fell into place beside Letty.

Angie started after—for she'd been Johnny's dog till then—and when Johnny sent her back, she made whining noises and her eyes looked awful. Miss Rose-Ellen didn't make any sound, but her eyes looked something like Angie's.

She put her hand on Chris's shoulder now. "Johnny'll come back, Chris. He promised."

"Nothin' Jernigan says counts!" Chris jerked out, as he finished the erasers. "Sayin' a cow poke's got no right to a dog like Angie. Jernigan ain't goin' to have her!" His voice went shrill. "Not even for a hundred dollars—"

Chris stopped, blinking in the chalk dust. He didn't like to think about money. He knew that the cash Johnny had left for his keep was gone long ago, what with the three months stretching to six, and with Chris growing out of his clothes like he had.

Not that teacher cared. She said that since school had started and she'd be getting paid each month, they'd make out fine. But she'd only get twenty dollars each time, and the bill at the general store must be pretty high. And there was his Sunday shoes getting so tight he wouldn't be able to wear them . . .

He looked at Angie, then away, quick.

Miss Rose-Ellen said, "Better give your pony a run before supper, don't you think?"

"Sure!" And he lit out for the corral, Angie bounding along. When he came riding back past the steps, teacher was picking up the erasers he'd forgotten to take inside. He waved at her, and she smiled back.

She sure was good to him. All the same, no girl could take the place of Johnny. Johnny himself.

CHRIS came to the trail forks and stopped. Usually he turned back here, because the east fork led to the cabin where he and Johnny had batched it on the P-Q. And the north fork led to Jernigan's ranch—and sheep.

Chris hated sheep. If they hadn't crowded in here, then Pete Quayle wouldn't have got the idea of moving north to more open range. And Johnny wouldn't have gone along to help.

Chris was turning back, when Angie gave a little bark, started toward a rider coming on a mule. Chris frowned, for only sheepherders rode mules hereabouts. Then he saw who it was and waved.

It was Mario—a shepherd, all right, and one of Al Jernigan's, but somehow you couldn't hold it against him. Johnny had liked Mario. Three years ago, when Johnny had found a dog in a coyote trap, he'd taken the animal across his saddle and set out to find the owner. And the dog's owner was Mario.

"That Mex sure was thankful," Johnny said afterward. "It was like I'd brought a lost young 'un home."

The dog that Johnny saved should have been with Mario now. "Hey!" Chris exclaimed. "Where's Chiquita?"

Mario was looking down at the friendly Angie. Now he smiled, showing white teeth in a sad-eyed saddle-brown face. "Chiquita I leave weeth those sheeps," he said. "She like one good herder! An' thees Angelita"—he reached down, scratched Angie's ears, the way she liked—"she be smart, too, like the mama."

Something stung Chris's eyes. He was remembering the night Mario brought the half-grown pup. "Eet ees Angelita—for you, señor!" he told Johnny, "because you have save my Chiquita!"

Johnny hadn't known what to say at first, because dogs like this were worth a lot, and Mario had so little, so Johnny just sat on his heels and scratched the puppy's ears while he thought it out, and realized that you can't throw a man's gift back into his face.

Mario went on now: "Thees Angelita plenty smart. When she leetle pup, she go weeth *mamacita* like she work already one, two year, maybe."

Chris wanted to say, "Well, she's no sheep dog now!" but he held his tongue.

Mario straightened in the saddle and Chris saw the swollen bandaged hand. "What's the matter, Mario?"

"The hand—she get cut on tin can," Mario explained. "An' the good herb she no grow so high in thees mountain. So Mario coom down." He shrugged, smiled. "Señor Jernigan, he sen' me to doc, but thees herb she better!" and he patted a dirty poke tied to the saddle horn. Then, "I go hurry now to those ewe. Señor

Jernigan, he go south tomorrow to buy more sheeps, because Mario take such good care!" He kicked the mule to a start.

CHRIS was glad that Jernigan was out of the valley for a few days. That gave him time to think. Mostly, though, all he could think of was how much fifty dollars would do. Nearly every day something gave out in their larder—the bacon, the sugar, Miss Rose-Ellen's tea. She kept reminding him that she'd get her first month's pay Friday, but he knew how far that would go.

Seemed as if Chris couldn't get interested in anything that week, and seemed as if Angie sensed why, too. She kept close to his heels. Sometimes she'd whimper, like she wanted to talk. At night she kept licking his hand.

Friday morning a boisterous wind was lashing the poplars and sending the gravel scudding and hissing along the ground. Clouds scurried in the sky.

"Indian summer's gone!" Miss Rose-Ellen said with a catch to her voice. "If this northeaster keeps up, snow will block the mountain trails." She looked toward the north, toward the gap Johnny had gone through.

"Yes'm," Chris said, and jammed his fists into his pockets. If Johnny didn't come through the gap soon, he couldn't till spring, not unless he went a long, long way around.

THE northeaster grew with the day. Chris's eyes kept lifting from his lesson books to that gap. Snow was around the peak above. It would creep lower and lower, until the trail gap would be filled.

It was raw cold next morning and Miss Rose-Ellen had to ride out in it. For her pay hadn't come, and she was going to the school board to see what had held it up.

"I'll get it, Chris!" she said, but there was worry in her gray eyes as she buttoned her mackinaw. Pulling on her mittens she said, "Sure you don't want to go along, Chris?"

He shook his head. If he went with her, he'd have to dress up and she'd see how he limped in his Sunday shoes. So he stayed at the cabin. He watched the clouds about the peak fall lower. By ten, the whiteness of the peak extended down as far as the high basin where Mario minded Jernigan's ewes.

"Reckon he brung them ewes down,"
(Continued on page 52)



Chris was scared when he saw Mario, alive, but a skeleton of a man.



RADIOPHOTO FROM SOVPHOTO

ERIC IN THE BEAR'S DEN

Eric Johnston took a lot of impressions out of Russia and left a lot behind him. Here's a report on the visit from a Russian viewpoint

BY ROBERT MAGIDOFF

Moscow by Press Wireless.
RUSSIA'S oldest theater, the famous Academic Maly Theater of Moscow, is now rehearsing a play with a very unacademic title: Mr. Perkins's Mission to the Land of the Bolsheviks. The play, by Alexander Aidar, was written before anyone here had any inkling of Eric Johnston's plans to visit Russia. However, the fictitious Mr. Perkins and the very real Mr. Johnston, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, have many things in common. Both were brought to the land of the Soviets by the desire to find out whether their capitalist country can have normal large-scale trade relations with Communist Russia after the war.

Perkins, like Johnston, undertook a thorough study of the Soviet Union's economic system and social relationships in order to find the answer for himself and for business executives in the United States. Both Americans came into contact with dozens of Russians, high-ranking officers and executives as well as the men in the street. Of course Johnston, who spent two and a half hours in spirited and blunt conversation with Marshal Stalin, was much luckier than the fictitious Perkins, who could only dream of seeing the Soviet leader.

The elaborate investigation brought both Americans to the same convictions: that America and Russia can and should maintain the closest relations during and after the war. And both left Russia with ad-

miration for the Red Army, for the sincerity and steadfastness of the Russian people, for the country's achievements under the Soviet system, and for the solid foundation on which the Soviet family rests.

Here resemblance between the real and the fictitious American ends. Johnston is an incomparably subtler and richer individual than Perkins, whose trip to Russia was primarily a liberal education for Mr. Perkins himself. Johnston's visit here was a liberal education for the Russians in American psychology and business methods. Johnston had something to say and to offer to the millions of Russians who read his utterances, from Stalin down. This fact raised Johnston's visit to the status of one of the most successful and significant goodwill missions in the history of Russian-American relations. It is no exaggeration to say that in its probable effects it is second only to that great mission of the hundreds of United States fliers at American bases somewhere in the U. S. S. R.

When I speak of the success of the Johnston mission I have in mind least of all his personal charm, to which the Russians responded with gusto. Nor do I think of his eloquence in preaching here and in the United States the necessity for collaboration now as well as after the war. Johnston had a ready smile and a genial word for everybody he met here. But even more effective than these words and his smile were the tough public speeches he made and his

Eric Johnston really got around among the Russians. A powwow with officials of an auto plant.

straight-from-the-shoulder remarks in personal encounters. He spoke with almost brutal frankness and directness, mincing no words, resorting to no circumlocutions to cushion the shock.

The great significance of Johnston's mission is that there was no shock. In his unofficial and unconventional capacity as a private American—just a business man, however important and however honored as the guest of the Soviet's biggest business executive, Commissar for Foreign Trade Anastase Mikoyan—Johnston was able to say things to the Russians that no official American could dream of saying, and in words that must have sent shivers down the spine of the State Department.

Here is a sample of his forthrightness. "You yourselves," he told the Russians, "can see the gulf between us. Let's not deny it. Let's begin by stressing it. The economic ideology and practice of my country are different from yours. You are state-minded and collective-minded. We are most private-minded and individual-minded; and, gentlemen, make no mistake, we are determined to remain so and even to become more so."

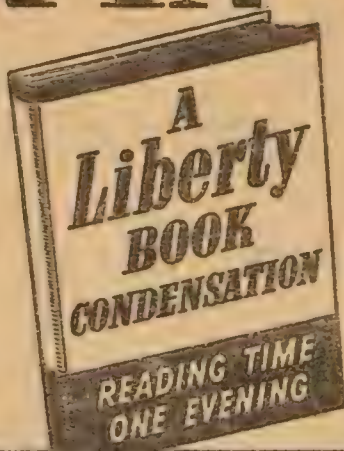
Johnston spoke these words at a dinner given in his honor by Mikoyan, his host in Russia. Mikoyan is one of the most dynamic and influential personalities in the Soviet Union. He is a swarthy Armenian of about fifty, without a streak of gray in his shock of glossy black hair. He is solidly built and lantern-jawed. Like Stalin, he hails from the rugged Caucasian country, and he was prominent in the first Soviet set-up in Baku in the early days of the Bolshevik revolution. By a hair's breadth he escaped sharing the fate of the twenty-six Baku commissars during the British intervention, but the experience did not impair his vision or sense of humor.

He is one of Stalin's closest associates and is a member of the most authoritative body in Russia—the Politburo. He is commissar for Foreign Trade and general boss over the Russians' vast food industry. As
(Continued on page 62)

A WALK IN THE SUN

BY HARRY BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY
FREDERICK CHAPMAN



The word "invasion" will have new meanings for you after you have read this fast-paced, compellingly real novel. Told with inspired simplicity, it's the story of a typical group of American dough-boys and their tense journey to a danger-studded spot on a military map.



THE lieutenant had been wounded while they were still on the water. He was a slight dark man named Rand, rather silly, and if he hadn't been doing something silly at the time, he might never have been wounded. He had taken out his glasses and was leaning against the side of the landing barge, trying to focus on some firing off to the left. Not that he could see anything. That was the silly part of it. The firing was some miles off, the barge was still about twenty-four hundred yards from shore, and the night, or rather early morning, was dark.

Lieutenant Rand was new to the company, replacing Lieutenant Grimes, who had been picked off by a sniper in Sicily. This landing operation was the first action he had ever seen.

One of the shore batteries moved its fire aimlessly over the sea in the direction of the barges. When one shell burst very near the barge, the men took it without ran-

cor. They knew that the shells were not aimed at them. A man can always tell when a shell is seeking him. It doesn't whine; it snarls.

Lieutenant Rand had his glasses to his eyes when the shell struck. He was aware of a great mushrooming whiteness in front of him, and then someone pinched his left cheek very hard. Lieutenant Rand said, "Oh," and slid slowly down to a sitting position.

Sergeant Porter felt a steady pressure on the calf of one leg. When he looked to find out what it was, he could dimly make out the lieutenant sitting on the floor of the barge, his hands hanging down at his sides.

"Anything the matter, sir?" he asked.

"Oh," Lieutenant Rand said. "Oh. Oh." The words were more a surprised grunt than anything else.

Sergeant Porter called, "Pete, hey, Pete."

Staff Sergeant Halverson came over. "What's the matter?"

"Shell splinter got the lieutenant." They bent over Rand, their helmets almost touching. Under cover, Halverson switched on his light. Lieutenant Rand's left cheek and eye were covered with blood.

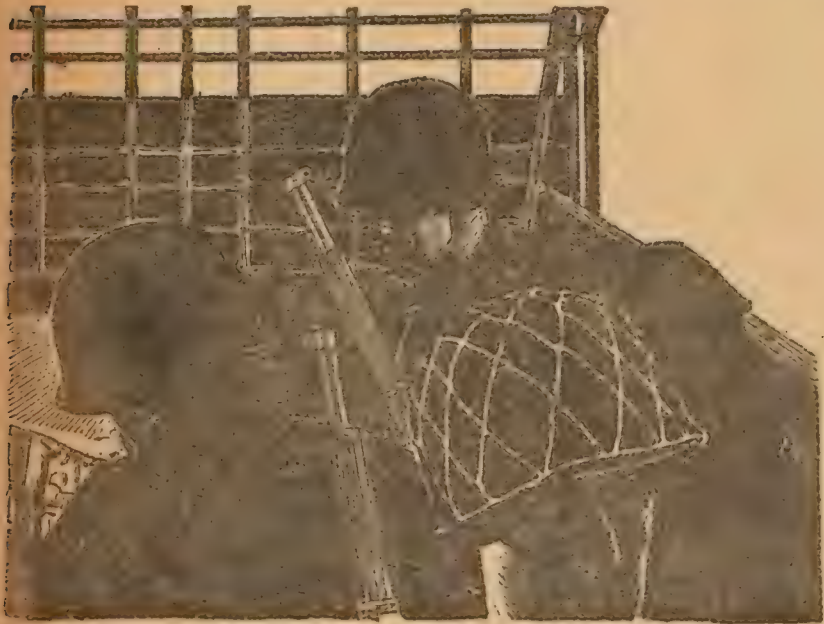
Staff Sergeant Halverson switched off the flashlight. "Go get that first-aid man—what's his name?—McWilliams. He might as well start earning his money."

Porter picked his way among the men toward the stern. There was a silent cluster of cramped figures in the stern. "Where's McWilliams?" Porter said.

One of the figures rose to his feet and broke with the darkness. "Here I am, sergeant," McWilliams said. "You want me?"

"The lieutenant's hurt up front," Porter said. "Sergeant Halverson said for you to go up."

"What's the matter with the lieutenant, sergeant?" a



man asked. "Old rockin' chair get him?" Porter recognized the voice as that of Rivera, the machine gunner.

"Damn shell got him," he said.

"That's a Purple Heart, sure as hell," Rivera said. "How'd you like to have a Purple Heart, Jakie?"

"Depends where I got the Purple Heart," Private Friedman said. "In the leg, O. K. In the guts, no."

"It blew the hell out of the side of his head," Sergeant Porter said.

"In the head, no," Private Friedman said. "I don't want a Purple Heart in the head."

"Is Sergeant Halverson in command now, sergeant?" Rivera asked.

"He knows what to do," Porter said. Halverson had been in command before, after they lost Lieutenant Grimes. Porter did not like Halverson. He was afraid of him. Halverson was cold and competent, and Porter distrusted coldness and competence. Even in a war, he felt, the human element should enter in. There was enough coldness and competence in the machines, the tanks, and the planes. Sergeant Porter was afraid of tanks in the same way he was afraid of Sergeant Halverson. Sergeant Porter was not a good soldier, not because he was afraid, but because he was afraid of the wrong things. He worked his way back toward the bow of the barge.

"You going to take over?" Sergeant Porter asked Halverson.

"I've got to see the captain," Halverson said. "As soon as we land I've got to see him. That is, if I can find him. I can't take over without seeing him."

Porter tried to make out Halverson's expression, but all he could see was shadows.

"Do you know what to do?" he asked.

"There's a house," Halverson said. "A farm. Three or four houses, as a matter of fact. That's where we're going. There's a road from the beach leads right past it."

"How far?"

"A hell of a way. Six miles."

The whole barge knew that the lieutenant had been wounded, but no one seemed terribly interested. It was not that they didn't care. It was simply that most of them

had seen a lot of death, and death, unless it was of a really special variety, was not something that a man got up and moved around to investigate. After all, he was lucky. It was quick in and quick out for Lieutenant Rand.

"What did the lieutenant do before he got in the Army?" Private Archimbeau asked. Not that he really cared. He just wanted to make conversation.

"He was a civilian," Private Trasker said. "A lousy civilian."

"You kill me," Private Archimbeau said.

"He was a business man," said Private Cousins. "He worked in an office."

"I worked in an office," Private Trasker said. "But I wasn't no business man."

"You kill me," said Private Archimbeau. "He'll be a business man in 1958, when we're fighting the Battle of Tibet. They'll put him on a nice hospital ship and give him a couple of medals and take him home. Then he'll go back to business while we fight the Battle of Tibet."

"Maybe he'll die," Private Cousins said.

"Nobody dies," said Private Trasker.

The lieutenant's wound worried Corporal Tyne. It put the responsibility on Halverson again. But Halverson would be all right. He knew his way around. He had done a nice job in Sicily, keeping his eyes open, doing the right thing, never getting out of line. Corporal Tyne admired Halverson; he didn't like him, but he admired him. For what he did, he was a good man.

"You should have seen his face." It was Sergeant Porter.

"I've seen faces before," Tyne said. He studied Sergeant Porter's figure, looming before him. Porter was a good three inches taller than he was, and heavier. Sergeant Porter's eyes always looked just a little frightened, but he was a beautiful drill sergeant.

"I don't like it," Sergeant Porter said. "We don't know where we're going. Halverson only has a vague idea of where we're going. Some farmhouse, that's all he knows. He doesn't know what's there or why. Probably the beach is mined."

"There shouldn't be any mines up here," Tyne said. "It should be like getting out of bed."

"He's got to see the captain before he takes over. No one knows where the captain is. He might be in any damned barge on the ocean. I'm nervous, Bill."

"So am I. So's everybody." Corporal Tyne looked at the illuminated dial on his watch. "Nearly time," he remarked.

THE lieutenant had stopped trying to talk; his head had sunk down. "Stay with him, Mac," Staff Sergeant Halverson said. "You can pick us up later. When it gets light you'll see a road running from the beach. We'll be up that road."

Sergeant Halverson looked at his watch. Nearly time. He started to work his way toward the stern of the boat. "Hoist tail," he said, over and over again. The men began to get to their feet. A few of them attempted to stretch. "Porter," Halverson called softly. "Listen, Porter, take them a hundred yards up from the barge and hit the dirt. I'll go find the captain and then come back. That's all you have to do. Take them up a hundred yards and then hit dirt."

"O. K., Hal," Porter said.

"Cold water," said Private Rivera. "Every time it's cold water."

"I'll take you in in a wheel chair," Private Friedman said. "You and your Purple Heart." He began to hum softly.

"Bing Crosby," said Private Rivera.

"That's what they call me," Friedman said.

"I wish I was home in bed," said Private Judson.

Corporal Tyne went over to the lieutenant, unstrapped his map case, and threw it over his own shoulder.

He looked out over the bow of the barge at the approaching land. It seemed very flat, very level, but far in the distance he could see hills. Light was beginning to appear over the crest of the hills.

Halverson was the first out, and Porter followed him. As he hit the water, Porter gasped, and then he realized that it wasn't as cold as he had thought it was going to

be. All up and down the beach there was a clank of steel and the scurrying of men.

"I'm going to find the captain now," Halverson said, and disappeared in the darkness off to the left, the water gurgling around his waist.

Tyne jumped down beside Porter. "Take up the rear, will you, Bill?" Porter said. "See they all get off. We'll take it in single file." He started wading toward the shore. "Last one in's a bastard," Rivera said as he hopped off. Fifty-two, counted Tyne. One missing. McWilliams. That was all right.

The silence was bad, very bad. If there had been firing, they would at least have known that men were around, but in the silence they could only guess and expect the worst. It might be an ambush, a trap. If a machine gun should start up, a man would know what to do. But a man could not fight a vacuum.

The beach was pebbly and rough. Twice Sergeant Porter tripped on stones, and once he almost fell headlong. An average pace was thirty inches. That made a hundred yards about a hundred and twenty paces. He had figured it out back on the barge. At pace one hundred twenty he stopped. "We'll hold here," he said aloud. "Hit the dirt." As the men came up they fanned out to right and left and sat down.

When Tyne came up to Sergeant Porter, the sergeant was still standing, with Sergeant Hoskins, of B Squad, beside him. "All here," Tyne said. "Good," said Porter. "Let's take it easy."

"Well, I just conquered Italy," Private Rivera said to Private Friedman.

"You can have it," Private Friedman said. "You can have the whole country. I don't want any part of it."

"Cold," Private Judson said.

"It can't be cold. It's sunny Italy," said Rivera. "I read it in the Soldier's Handbook."

"What page?" Friedman wanted to know.

"I forget the damned page."

"You always forget the damned page," Friedman said. "I wouldn't trust you with a popgun."

"You got to trust me with a popgun," said Private Rivera. "I'm a machine gunner with a machine gun."

Tyne wished he could have a cigarette, but the very thought of a cigarette made his mouth feel dry. "How long do you think Hal will take?" Sergeant Porter asked.

"Shouldn't be long," Sergeant Hoskins said. Hoskins was a tall, quiet man from Nashville. He was Old Army, and in his day he had been broken more than a dozen times for drunkenness and kindred sins. He took it all in his stride. He had the Soldier's Medal, picked up in 1939 when he had saved a nurse from drowning in a Georgia pool. He was a good soldier and, had he been dependable, he would have been a good officer. Halverson liked him, but didn't trust him. In Sicily, the platoon had been held up once for twenty minutes while Hoskins sampled the wares of a deserted wineshop.

"We'll never find that road," Porter said. About a mile to the left a machine gun opened up. "There it goes," he corrected.

"We know where we are now, all right," said Hoskins.

TENSENESS came to Tyne's face with the quickness of a smile. He could feel the muscles from his forehead to his chin grow taut and then as suddenly relax. It was as though he had received a somehow painless slap in the face. He opened his mouth and caught his breath between his teeth. The palms of his hands were sweaty.

"Bet they get her in ten minutes," Hoskins drawled.

For no reason at all, Tyne smiled. The war had resolved itself into one machine gun, firing off somewhere in the distance. That was the only enemy—one small machine gun. They could sit off to one side and listen while the war was being fought and won. Life was as easy as that.

Tyne suddenly felt intensely hungry, hungry for anything—an apple, a slice of bread, a sour plum, butter.

Slowly it was getting light, brightening over the foothills to the east. The sun that had burned down on New Guinea was working its way over the Middle East toward the Apennines. It was becoming light enough to make out faces and expressions and hands. When Tyne looked

at his hands he saw that they were very dirty. He could not understand this phenomenon of war. A man's hands never seemed to be clean, whether he touched anything or not. Always moist grime seemed to settle in his palms and between his fingers. War was a dirty business; it had a special dirt that went with it, as old warehouses have a finely sifted dust that gathers in all their dark and hidden corners. Possibly a criminologist used to defining types of dirt and types of dust could take a sample from an infantryman's fingernail, put it under his microscope, and identify it as from a soldier. Soldiers' faces, no matter where they are fighting, are always dirty, and the dirt is always the same color, no matter where it comes from. Perhaps the soldier's dirt is a natural camouflage, tending to make him blend with the landscape. Whatever it is, it is always with him.

"How long will it take Halverson?" Sergeant Porter asked. "It shouldn't take him more than a few minutes to find the captain. He must have been right around there somewhere."

"This is the Army, boy," said Hoskins. "Nothing ever happens when it should in the Army. You know that."

"There was no need for Rand to get hurt."

"He done it, anyway."

"What are you going to do if Halverson doesn't come back, Porter?" Tyne asked.

"How the hell do I know?" Porter said. "If Halverson doesn't come back we might just as well stay here, for all the good it will do us."

"They'll be sending the planes over pretty soon," said Hoskins.

"The hell with the planes," Porter said. "If they send the planes we take a powder. The hell with Halverson."

"Take a powder where?" Tyne asked.

"Try and find that farmhouse," said Porter.

TYNE was lying on one elbow, legs stretched out. Lieutenant Rand's map case was under him; his hipbone rested on it. For a moment he thought of telling Porter that he had it; then he changed his mind.

Tyne was annoyed at Porter. This was one of Porter's worrying days. The thing was, events had a habit of going wrong on Porter's worrying days. It was almost as though by sheer force of will he badgered Fate into changing a predestined course and making his life miserable.

There was, however, no reason for Porter's worrying. If one excepted the lieutenant's wound, things had gone very well so far. It was a very good landing, and if nothing happened for the next two hours or so, it would all be over but the shouting. In two hours they would be getting the tanks and the artillery off, and if they worked fast they would have a bridgehead that was out of enemy artillery range by nightfall.

"Sergeant, I want a discharge," Private Archimbeau said. "I'm all fought out."

"Shut up," Porter said dispassionately. Archimbeau talked a lot, but he was a good man.

"They send you to Tunisia," Archimbeau persisted, "and then they send you to Sicily, and they send you to Italy. Then we work our way east. Yugoslavia. Greece. Turkey. No, not Turkey. All I know is, in 1958 we're going to fight the Battle of Tibet. So I want a discharge. A honorable discharge. I've done my share of it. The next guy can pick up where I left off."

"You tell 'em, Jack," said Private Trasker.

There were three muffled explosions, and the distant machine gun fell silent. "Told you," Hoskins said. "Eight minutes."

As it grew lighter, they discovered that they could see neither the beach nor the water. They were in a little hollow among a few scraggly trees, and there was a slight sandy rise between them and the ocean.

Inland, the wood waited for them. Porter thought he saw a piece of road along one side of it, but he couldn't be sure. The wood looked warm and safe. He wished he was there, that the whole platoon was there. The wood meant safety from the planes, and the planes would be coming soon. The planes always came soon.

"I never saw anything like it," Hoskins said. "Every-

body's gone away. They forgot us. They don't want us in the war. Halverson must be playing blackjack down in the barges."

"Archimbeau," Porter said. "Go take a look down there, Archimbeau."

Archimbeau rose leisurely and started back toward the beach.

"Go on your gut," Porter said.

Archimbeau got down on his stomach as soon as he was out of the little hollow and out in the open.

"When do we eat, Porter?" Trasker asked. "I'm hungry as hell."

"You've got your rations," Porter said. "You can eat when you want to." He spoke to Tyne. "Do you think he'll find him?"

Tyne was pulling blades of grass from the ground and putting them carefully in a little pile. "Oh," he said. "I don't know."

"What do you think, Tyne?" Porter asked.

"About what?"

"The situation."

"Just what is the situation, Eddie?"

"All I know is what Halverson told me. We've got to go up a road for six miles until we run into a farmhouse. Then we stop. That's all I know about it."

"What's the house for?" Hoskins asked.

"It beats me," Sergeant Porter said. "Maybe it commands a road or something. If Halverson can't find the captain, we're in a hell of a hole."

"Take it easy, Eddie," Tyne said. "Nothing's gone wrong yet. How about a cigarette?"

Porter looked at the brightening landscape around him. "Anyone who wants to smoke can smoke," he said.

Rivera punched Friedman in the ribs. "A butt," he said.

"What happened to the one I gave you last night?"

"I sent it home. They're cutting down on the butts at home."

ARCHIMBEAU came back much faster than he had gone, his face serious. As he reached the hollow, he rose to his feet, brushing at his chest.

"What's the dope?" Sergeant Porter said.

"Damned if I know," Archimbeau said. "I didn't see Halverson anywhere. They're bringing down some wounded now—"

"From where?" Porter asked.

"They ran into some trouble with that machine gun. I was talking to a couple of guys down there. The damned ocean's full of stuff now. The heavy stuff they're bringing in. The damned place is crawling."

It was strange to be so close to things and yet to be so far away. That was war. Nothing ever happened quite on time, nothing ever happened exactly as was expected. War, itself a paradox, was full of paradoxes. A platoon of men, in on the first landing on an enemy coast, could be completely by-passed by events. They could sit in a hollow while all around them things went—or should be going—according to plan, and be entirely forgotten.

War, without virtue in itself, breeds virtue. It breeds patience and heroism. But mostly it breeds patience. Each day is crammed with the little hesitations of men uncertain of themselves and awed by the ghastly responsibilities—responsibilities of life and death—that have been thrust into their hands. The soldier waits for food, for clothing, for a letter, for a battle to begin. And when the period of waiting is at an end the something that does happen isn't what he expected. So in the end he learns to wait and expect nothing. This is patience, God's one great gift to the soldier.

But he refuses to confess his patience. He curses the fact that he has to wait. He swears at himself for being such a fool as to wait.

"They think I'm going to spend my life here, they're crazy," Private Judson said.

"Take the subway home," said Private Friedman. "Here's a nickel."

"You guys kill me," said Archimbeau.

"Hey, sergeant," Trasker said to Porter, "how long are we going to stay here? My tail's cold."

"Got any ideas where to go, Trasker?" Sergeant Hoskins asked.

"Pike's Peak," Trasker said. "If I was there I'd run up backwards."

Archimbeau said, "I'd take a train."

"The railroads are jammed these days," Rivera said.

Porter got to his feet. "Come on over here with me, Hoskins," he said. "You too, Bill." He walked a few yards away and leaned against the bole of a tree.

"Look," Porter said in a low voice. "Something's wrong. I know something's wrong. Halverson shouldn't have taken so long to find the captain. Am I right?"

"It sounds right," Tyne said very precisely. Hoskins nodded solemnly.

"There's no sense in it," Porter went on. "Now, we know where to go, or at least we think we know where to go; and if we hang around here any longer, we'll mess up the whole works."

"Planes will be over pretty soon," Hoskins said.

"Sure as hell they will," Porter agreed. "And sure as hell they're going to send a few tanks along here pretty soon. My idea is that we ought to leave someone here in case Halverson shows up, and go ahead ourselves while he's waiting. Six miles is a hell of a long way."

"It's up to you, Eddie," Tyne said carefully. "You know what you're doing."

Porter held up his hand, palm outward. "Listen."

From somewhere came a faint thunder. It was hard to ascertain the exact direction of the sound.

"Hey, sergeant, it's guns," Rivera called.

"Ack-ack," Hoskins said.

"You sure?" Porter wanted to know.

"Tolerable sure," said Hoskins. "Must be ships shooting at planes."

"That's the way it is," said Porter. He went back to the platoon. "All right, off and on," he said. "We're going over in the woods. Hop to it."

The platoon got to its feet in a hurry. Hoskins whistled up his squad, and Sergeant Ward, who was quiet and kept out of things, picked up his carbine and spoke a quiet order.

"Who's going to stay here, Eddie?" Tyne asked.

Porter's hand flickered impatiently. "I don't know."

"I'll stay," Tyne said. "I've got nothing to do."

Porter smiled at him quickly. "O. K.," he said. "O. K. You stay here, Bill. We'll be over in the woods."

"Leave me your glasses, will you?"

"Sure." Porter lifted the strap over his head and passed Tyne his binoculars.

The platoon moved out of the hollow, fanning out as it went. They reached the line of woods and one by one the men vanished into the foliage.

IT SEEMED very silent in the hollow. Far away, somewhere beyond the world of that moment, guns continued to bark out at something in the sky. Tyne sighed, lit a cigarette, and lay down on his stomach. He propped himself on his elbows, took off his helmet, and began focusing the binoculars on the sky beyond the ridge that hid the beach from his sight. He thought he could hear the motors of planes, but he wasn't sure.

McWilliams came walking over the ridge as though he were looking for daisies. He had a long, thin head that made his helmet appear much bigger and broader than it was. His fatigues were too small for him, and his skinny wrists jutted out from the curtailed sleeves like the obscene legs of a dressed chicken.

He looked around him curiously. "Where's everybody?" he asked.

"Gone into the woods," Tyne said. "Planes are headed this way."

McWilliams sat down beside Tyne. "The lieutenant's dead," he said.

"Too bad," Tyne said.

McWilliams stared at Tyne solemnly. "Halverson's dead, too."

Tyne, for no particular reason, felt as though he had received a punch in the solar plexus.

"Machine gun got him," McWilliams went on. "He was looking for the captain, and they stitched him right across the middle."

That left it up to Porter, all the way around. "Damn it to hell," Tyne said to himself, but aloud. "We'd better

be getting over in the woods. The planes will be here in a minute."

There was a high whine that came into the air unexpectedly. It sounded quite near.

"There they are," McWilliams said. "Put out that butt."

"Can't see a light in daylight."

"They can see smoke."

ANTI-AIRCRAFT guns went off near at hand, over the ridge that cut off the sea. "Noisy," McWilliams said. A stick of bombs came down, and a deeper roar went with it. Over the ridge, a black mushroom of smoke raced toward the reaches of the air.

"Hit something that time," McWilliams said.

"We'd better sit tight here," Tyne said. "There may be a few fighters around somewhere. I don't want any fighters to catch me in an open field."

"Me neither," McWilliams said. "I wonder what the hell's happening down there now. Wonder where our planes are."

"They'll be along."

"They're taking their time."

There should have been air support. By rights, there shouldn't be an enemy plane in the sky. Tyne couldn't understand it.

Another stick of bombs fell.

"Can I go take a look, corporal?"

"You stay the hell where you are. I want you here." Unconsciously Tyne pressed his body into the earth as though he hoped the ground would gape open and swallow him.

Through the eyepieces of the binoculars, Tyne at last saw the planes, six of them, in two Vs, flying very high, looking completely unwarlike, completely out of things. One could not even remotely connect them with the bombs.

"I see the planes," he said. "Six of them."

"That all?" McWilliams asked. "Not many, is it? I tell you what, corporal," McWilliams said slowly. "I got an idea. What say I take the glasses and go over on the ridge there and take a look at the water? I think we ought to know what's going on."

"We've got to be getting along to the platoon."

"They ought to know," McWilliams said.

"Who ought to know?"

"The guys," said McWilliams. "Suppose I went and took a look over the ridge."

"Go and take a look, McWilliams," Tyne said. "Go and take a look. Get it off your mind."

Belly to the ground, McWilliams began worming his way toward the ridge.

Silence came almost like a clap of thunder; the guns stopped as though a great hand had been placed over their mouths. A new note came into the air, high-pitched, fierce. Fighters. The air cover had at last arrived.

Tyne began to feel very uncomfortable. He wished that McWilliams would come back, that he were in the woods with the platoon, that something would happen that would be right. The feeling was growing on him that nothing had been right so far. Everything was wrong.

Tyne saw the planes coming a long way off—three fighters, Messerschmitt 110s. They couldn't have been more than a hundred feet off the ground. He watched them coming in the same way a bird must watch a snake. They seemed to be coming right at him, and he couldn't move. They were strafing the barges.

There was no anti-aircraft fire. The planes were too low; they had come too suddenly, hedgehopping, and any shrapnel from the anti-aircraft might have caught the men on the beach. McWilliams saw them coming almost at the same time that Tyne did. He turned to look at them almost casually, as though they were annoying flies. Then, when they started to fire their guns, he leaped up and ran for the hollow.

He had gone perhaps twenty feet when the planes were upon him. McWilliams suddenly flung his arms in front of him as though the gesture could ward them off. Then he went back a few paces and collapsed, with his arms still outflung.

After he had fallen Tyne cried out, "McWilliams!" His voice was lost in the roar of the receding planes. He

grabbed his rifle and fired three rapid shots after them. Foolish.

As the Messerschmitts passed to the north end of the beach, one of them soared up, banked, and came back, this time behind Tyne. He scrambled around to watch it. The plane cut in very low over the woods where the platoon was hiding and opened up. Tyne could see the tops of the trees quiver and shake as the bullets smashed into and through them. But the machine guns stopped almost as soon as they had begun. The plane had evidently run out of ammunition.

For a moment after the planes had gone, Tyne sat stupefied. The attack had shocked him. Planes always did. They were an impossible, unimaginable force. For nearly three minutes he remained motionless where he was.

Then he rose to his feet and walked out into the open where McWilliams was lying. As soon as he saw the body he knew that there was nothing to be done.

He stared for a moment and then walked over to where McWilliams had dropped his rifle. Tyne laid his own rifle down carefully and picked up McWilliams'. There was no explanation for his action; he just did it. Then he turned



on his heel, walked back to the hollow, picked up the map case, and went out in the open field toward the woods.

As he walked, he lighted a cigarette. He was a very much frightened young man.

TRASKER was dead; Sergeant Hoskins had a bullet in the calf of his left leg; and Private Giorgio, of Sergeant Ward's squad, had a smashed shoulder. The platoon had got off easily.

Hoskins wasn't in any real pain—not yet, anyway. The wound wasn't such a bad one, but the muscles were torn and he couldn't walk.

"Does it hurt?" Porter asked. Porter was a little shaken by the strafing. He believed that it was his fault, for it was he who had considered the woods a safe place; he had brought the platoon there.

"It don't hurt yet," Hoskins said, "but it damned well will."

"It's a Purple Heart, sarge," Rivera said.

"Giorgio got shot in the shoulder," Porter said.

Archimbeau sat looking at Trasker. Friedman came over and patted his shoulder. "He was a good guy," Archimbeau said.

"O. K.," said Friedman.

"No Tibet," Archimbeau said.

"I wish Halverson would show up," Sergeant Porter said.

The platoon was spread out, sitting against trees. They felt beat up. Everything seemed to be going wrong. One or two of them, for want of something better to do, were eating C rations.

"We can't stay here all day, Eddie," Sergeant Ward said.

"I know it," Porter said. "How's Giorgio?"

"He can walk. It's not too bad."

"Hell of a thing."

Sergeant Porter had just about made up his mind. There was nothing for it but to move on. It was the best thing to do. There was no sense in waiting for Halverson, because Halverson obviously wasn't coming.

There was a sound of someone coming through the bushes. Porter pointed his carbine in the direction of the sound. "Halt," he said. "Who's there?"

"Tyne."

"Well, come on, for God's sake."

Tyne came into view. "What happened?" Porter asked.

Tyne was still smoking his cigarette. "Halverson's dead," he said. "Machine gun got him. McWilliams is dead, too. The plane got him. And the lieutenant died too."

Porter frowned. "That does it," he said. "Trasker's dead here. Hoskins and Giorgio got wounded."

"I've got the lieutenant's map case."

AS TYNE handed him the case, Porter stared at it as if he could not believe it existed. It was a shiny new map case; Lieutenant Rand had never really had a chance to use it.

"What's in it?" Porter asked.

"I don't know," Tyne said. "Look and see."

Porter pulled out two pieces of paper. One was a detail map of a limited area; the other was a rough penciled sketch of what looked like a road junction.

Slowly and deliberately Porter fell on his knees and spread out the large map. There was the seacoast. There was the beach. There was the woods where they were. "There's the road," Porter said. He put his finger on it. Judging from the map, it was about a hundred yards to the south of the little woods.

"Where's the farmhouse?" Tyne asked.

Porter traced the road with his forefinger. "Here," he said. "This must be it. It's the only house. Let's see, where's the scale? It's about six miles, all right."

"Nearer seven," Ward said. "What's the other thing?"

The penciled sketch was spread out over the big map. "It's the farmhouse," Porter said. "It's marked for a machine gun."

"That's me," Rivera said. "I like to work indoors."

"There's no damned orders," Porter said. "He must have swallowed the orders. Too many secrets in this bloody war."

"Porter," Hoskins called, "bring it over here and let me see it."

Porter picked up the two maps and carried them over to where Hoskins was sitting with his back propped against a tree.

"That bridge," Hoskins said. "You'll have to blow it."

Porter frowned over the map. "Yes. Blow it," he said. "You have to use grenades. They'll bring up stuff over that bridge. Grenades will do it, all right. Take time, though."

Hoskins tossed the maps aside as though he were annoyed with them. "Leave me some water," he said. "I may be here quite a while."

Porter picked up the maps and walked back to where the platoon was gathered. "Cousins, go ask Giorgio if he can get back to the beach by himself," he said.

Giorgio came over and said, "I'm wounded. I got privileges. I don't want to go down to the beach. I'll stay here with the sergeant."

"Suit yourself," Porter said. "Tyne, where are the binoculars?"

"Oh," Tyne said. "I forgot them. McWilliams has them."

"The only pair we had," Porter said. "They aren't doing him any good." He walked over and picked up his carbine. "Let's go," he said. "We're going to move."

"Sunny Italy," Rivera said. He picked up his barrel. "A little hike."

"You should have to carry this," Friedman said. He was an ammunition carrier. He did not like the job.

"Listen," Porter said. "When we hit the road, we'll go in three squads. We'll bust Hoskins' squad up. My squad will go first. Archimbeau and Cousins will be scouts. Ward, you take the second squad after me. Tyne, you take the third."

There were murmurs of assent.

"Keep your eyes open. God only knows what might be coming down the road. If they bring—" A shell struck near the woods. "If they bring up tanks, they'll probably bring them along the road. If you hear me blow my whistle, head for cover. Keep your eyes open for planes. They may try to shell the road, too. It's a stinking situation. Right?"

"Right!" chorused the platoon.

"Then let's go."

Archimbeau and Cousins started out. While the file of men was moving, Tyne stood uneasily, watching them.

Tyne went over to where Hoskins was lying. "How is it, Hosk?" he asked.

Hoskins smiled faintly. "It'll keep," he said. "I've got it on ice."

"Take it easy."

"Tyne, you're a smart apple," Hoskins said. "Keep your head."

"I always have."

A grimace twisted Hoskins' face. "Bloody leg," he said. "Keep your eye on Porter. I'm afraid he's going to crack."

"How do you know?"

"I've seen them crack. He's a good man, but I think he's going to crack. That's the way it goes. He's got a lot on his mind. Keep your head on."

"O. K., Hosk."

Tyne took up his place at the rear. He was the last man in the platoon. They wound through the woods, circling trees, stepping over bushes. Tyne caught one legging in a low thorn and very nearly tripped. He slashed at the thorn with his bayonet.

They came out of the woods to a rough and dusty field. The road was little more than a cart track—two deep



ruts running through the dull grass. They turned into it in two files, one walking on each side of the road. It was bad going.

To their left, the artillery pounded on. Shells were falling behind them and to the north, along the beach and among the ships. The machine guns sang like locusts in a summer sun. They were all frightened. The barrage could not be trusted.

The sun was beginning to bother Porter. With the equipment he was carrying, sweat ran down his face and left pale rivers in the grime along his cheeks. The six miles ahead of him became an infinity of miles. Before he had gone three hundred yards along the road, he was tired.

Why didn't they use paratroops? Porter kept asking himself. The farmhouse, whatever its uses, was far enough inland to use the paratroops. Just fly over, scatter a few, and let them hold it. God knows it would have saved time, lots of time. As things stood, it was nearly ten. They wouldn't reach the farmhouse before noon.

No worries crossed Tyne's mind. As long as he was moving he was quite content. As he walked he looked about him at the country. A ditch, obscure and ill-defined, ran parallel with the road, about fifty feet away. It looked like a trench. In a pinch it could serve for one.

In the second squad, Privates Carraway and James were discussing music.

"That's one thing I want to do when I get back," Private Carraway said. "I want a nice collection of records."

"I knew a guy must of had millions of records," said Private James. "He worked in the NBC studios."

"I got one collection," Carraway said. "But I want a big one. I got all the Bing Crosby records except the last ones."

"You know Russ Columbo? My sister used to be nuts about Russ Columbo. She was a kid. She's married now."

"Her husband in the Army?"

"He's in a war plant."

"That's the life, the war plants. Two hundred bucks a week they drag down."

"The hell with the dough. I'd just like to be able to go home at night."

ALLIED planes were over the beaches, flying high, back and forth. Ahead of the men, like an abyss, stretched the next two hours. But it was not a dark abyss, for the sun was shining very brightly.

As a matter of fact, it was out of that bright sun that the Focke-Wulf came at them.

There was so much noise that it was almost impossible to hear it. Archimbeau spotted a flash not of gold but of silver. He did not even wait to ascertain exactly what it was. He threw up one hand, turned his head over his shoulder, yelled, "Plane!" and made for the ditch.

Sergeant Porter blew his whistle, and the platoon broke for both sides of the road. As the men scattered, the plane's machine guns opened up. Two men seemed to trip clumsily and went tumbling down.

The plane flashed past. It was a Focke-Wulf all right, a dirty scum of a double-tailed Focke-Wulf. Tyne saw the pilot wave his hand to them as he flashed past. He continued on down the road, banked to the north, and went after the beach.

"Anybody hurt?" Sergeant Porter yelled up and down the ditch. "Anybody hurt?"

"There's some wounded across the road," Tyne said. "My squad, I think. I'd better go over."

Five men were lying over there. "Who's hurt?" he said. One of the men was lying on his back, quite past hurting.

"Smitty got one," a man said. "In the arm and shoulder."

"Give me a hand with him. Get the hell into the ditch."

Tyne and Private Phelps picked up Private Smith. The other two men ran across the road and leaped into the ditch.

"Look at that Jerry," Private Friedman screamed.

The Focke-Wulf was making an Immelmann to come back along the beach. It was just a speck in the sky, far to the north. Above it, almost leisurely, three Allied planes swung out of formation and went into a steep dive. The Focke-Wulf pilot didn't seem to see them. The three Allied planes hit him all at once. The Focke-Wulf seemed to nose straight up, stopped, hovered a bit, and then fell back down again, going into a spin and exploding as it hit the water. The three planes went into a graceful climb, on their way back to join the formation.

"Beautiful!" Friedman yelled. "Beautiful."

"No more waving for that baby," Tyne said.

Smith's wounds weren't serious, but they would be painful, and Smith would certainly be out of action for some time.

"What the hell can we do with him?" Porter asked. "Can we leave him here?"

Tyne looked up and down the road. "We'll have to," he said. "Can't take him with us."

"O. K.," Porter said. "Think we'd better get on with it?"

"I'd wait a while, if I were you. There may be more where that came from." Tyne gestured down the road, where the Focke-Wulf had gone into its last spin. "Better take a ten, anyway."

"Can I smoke, corporal?" Rivera asked.

"Burn," Tyne said.

"Butt me, Friedman," said Rivera.

Tyne's watch told him they had been moving for twenty minutes, more or less. That meant a mile, roughly. Five miles to go to the farmhouse. Tyne was beginning to get worried about tanks. Perhaps the enemy tanks had already arrived by another road. There must have been more roads leading from the beach, and more important roads into the bargain. Otherwise, they would never have sent a single platoon to hold one road, especially at such a great distance from the point of landing. The platoon's job, in all probability, was to go to the farmhouse, blow the bridge, and thus make any counterattack impossible.

During the break, many of the men were getting at their rations. Tyne began to feel hungry again. He opened a tin of cold hash and ate it with relish.

Rivera and Friedman, too, were eating hash, loudly and with the gusto of Socrates taking the hemlock.

"You know where they get this stuff?" Friedman asked.

"Yeah," said Rivera. "The sewers."

"What sewers?"

"Any sewers. The Hoboken sewers. We should be in the Heinie Army."

"They wouldn't take me," said Friedman. "Why should we be in the Heinie Army?"

"The food. It's good food. Remember that H. Q. we walked into in Sicily? Wine on the table. Steak. A picture."

"It was officers' mess."

"So what? Do our officers' mess get wine on the table? Do they get steak?"

"Don't you think of nothing but your guts?"

"What the hell. First thing I'm going to do when I get home is eat the damndest biggest meal any guy ever ate."

"Butt me, Friedman."

"Listen, Rivera, all I been doing is feeding you fags. You think I bought out a tobacco company or something?"

Sergeant Porter was crumbling a clod in his hand. He broke off a small piece of it, crumbled it in his palm, and then let the fine dirt sift through his calloused fingers. He felt bored and listless. Events seemed to have moved past and beyond him. It was hard to say just what was the matter with Sergeant Porter. Perhaps he had had too much war. Men vary in the amount of war they can take. Some are good only for one action, others can stand it for years. But when a man begins to tremble slightly and shift his eyes around or tremble slightly and stare eternally at one fixed spot, he's had enough.

THAT was almost the way it was with Porter. He was a good man, but he had run his course.

"I've got a hell of a headache," Porter said to Tyne. "A lousy headache."

"Tough," Tyne said.

"You trust this operation? There's something funny about it. Everything's been messed up ever since we started. First we lose the lieutenant, then McWilliams, then Hoskins, then we get machine-gunned. It's all been bad."

"You've got to expect the machine guns," Tyne said.

"I don't like the responsibility," Porter said. "It's not a sergeant's job. If I'd wanted the responsibility I'd have been an officer."

"You're stuck with it," Tyne said. He saw Porter's point, however. It was no joke, getting through to that farmhouse. He was still worried about the tanks.

"Tanks," he said aloud. "I hope to God they don't send tanks along here before we manage to get to that farmhouse."

"You think they will?"

"You never know. If I were you, I'd keep off the road. Let's take it along the ditch. It seems to follow the road pretty well."

Porter considered for a moment. "O. K. We'd better get started," he said. He blew his whistle.

"We'll stick to the ditch this time," he told the platoon. "Keep the same formation, but stick to the ditch."

Casually the squads gathered together. Tyne took up his place as last man in the column. He listened to the sounds of battle to the north. They had increased per-

ceptibly in volume. That was the main engagement; there could be no doubt about it.

Up front, Porter blew his whistle. The platoon started to move. Tenseness was in every face. Each spine was possessed of an unnatural rigidity; they were all stiff and uneasy. They had begun to fear the road that ran along by the ditch—a skinny, unsatisfactory ribbon, toward the crouching unknown, the dangerous future. The next five miles were full of terrors. Porter was not afraid, not in the strict sense of the word. It was merely that he had developed an extraordinary sense of suspicion, which in its way can be more paralyzing than fear.

Porter had at last reached the stage where he hated to do anything. He could not longer bring himself to move of his own accord; he had to have someone else urge him on. Porter wished desperately that Halverson was not dead. Perhaps, he thought, he wasn't dead at all.

On a sudden impulse, Porter dropped out of the column and waited until Tyne came abreast of him.

"What's the matter, Eddie?" Tyne asked.

"About Halverson," Porter said. "Suppose Halverson isn't dead. Suppose this guy had him confused with somebody else. What do you think?"

"Damn it, I don't know."

"I don't think he's dead, Bill. Sure as hell, he's going to show up here. I'll bet you anything he's trying to catch up with us now. They can't knock off a competent guy like Halverson."

Tyne studied Porter's face. "Do you want to stop and wait?" he asked. There was a suspicion of sarcasm in his voice.

"No; that wouldn't do any good," Porter said seriously. "I wish to hell he was here, though."

ARCHIMBEAU was plotting the war action as he strode along. He was trying to improve on the fact that he expected to fight the Battle of Tibet eventually, and he was trying to remember his geography. There was, he was sure, a country east of Tibet.

"Hey, Cousins," he said. "What comes after Tibet?"

"What comes where after Tibet, for God's sake?"

"In the war. Where we going to fight after Tibet?"

"How the hell do I know? In bed."

"All right, I just asked. Forget it."

But Cousins had suddenly lost interest in Archimbeau. Over on the left, about five hundred yards away, he saw two figures coming toward them.

"Arch," he said softly. "Look."

Archimbeau looked. And as he saw the figures, Cousins turned and went running back to Sergeant Porter.

"Ward," Porter said, "take a couple of men and go down and see."

They were Italian soldiers, unarmed.

Ward whistled at them. They hesitated for a moment and then, without a word passing between them, they came running to him simultaneously.

"You speak English?" Ward asked the older man.

They both nodded their heads violently and went on talking Italian.

"Oh, hell," Ward said. He gestured for the men to follow and started back toward the platoon.

"Couple of wops," Ward said to Porter as he came up to the ditch.

Porter called out, "Tranella!"

Tranella, a dark little man from Ward's squad, came over. "You want me, sarge?" he asked.

"Can you talk Italian?"

"Sure I can talk Italian."

"Talk to these guys."

"What'll I say?"

"Ask them where they come from."

One of the Italians waved his hands toward the north. "There is a battle up there," he said. "We are running away from the battle. We are no longer fighting."

Tranella translated.

"Damn it, Tranella, see what you can find out. Ask him some questions."

"Ask him if he knows this country," Tyne said.

The older Italian smiled at Tyne and shook his head. "I am from the north."

Smiles and shrugs were their answers to every ques-

tion. They knew nothing about the country, the farmhouse, or the position of the enemy.

"Damnedest people I ever saw," said Tranella.

"We might as well go on," Porter said to Tyne.

"We don't know any more than we did before," Tyne said. "Not a damned bit more."

"Did you expect to?" Porter wanted to know.

"They might have known something."

"They never know anything. I've seen too many of them come in. You always draw a blank."

Porter blew his whistle and the column started off again.

"That's the Italians for you," Rivera said.

"What's the Italians?" Friedman wanted to know. "I hope I never see another Italian after this war. My God, in Tunisia they were even surrendering to generals."

"How many surrendered to you?"

"All the ones that surrendered to me were dead. A guy in my position never sees any live ones."

In the second squad Privates James and Carraway were discussing Art.

James said, "That guy. What's his name? He can draw to beat all hell. He had a cover about the Army. It looks just like a picture. You'd never of known it was painted."

"He should of took a picture and saved time."

"Ah, you can't get the touch in a picture," James said.

"You know what I'd like?" Carraway said. "Beer. I'd give my damned rifle and my damned bayonet and even my damned pants for a glass of beer."

"You don't need pants in this climate, anyway. Except at night."

"These uniforms is the worst I ever ran into."

"You never ran into any others."

"When I come into the Army, they were issuing blue fatigues. That's how long I been in the Army."

"When I come into the Army, they were issuing muzzle-loading rifles. That's how long I been in the Army."

Sergeant Porter and Corporal Tyne slogged along in silence. Occasionally Tyne would look sidewise at Porter.

"Bill," Sergeant Porter said, "did you ever have the feeling that something was going to happen to you?"

"I have it all the time."

"I've got it now. Look: if you have to, will you take over?"

"Sure, Eddie. But don't worry so damned much. Everything's going to be all right."

"Everything's always all right," Porter said. He went back to staring at the ground.

He was beginning to frighten Tyne a little. Something was evidently the matter with Porter. It was as though he were in a vacuum. He was lifeless, limp. He seemed unable to form an opinion any more.

He said, "I don't feel well. I feel lousy. My head aches."

The ditch stopped abruptly, for no apparent reason. They were coming into lightly wooded country, of rather sharper slopes.

When the ditch stopped, Archimbeau swerved over to the road without awaiting any command. The rest of the column trailed after him.

"Cousins," he said, "you married?"

"Naw," Cousins said.

"After the war, I'm going to get married. If I had a wife now she'd be sending me things. Cookies, maybe. Maybe a sweater. I haven't got a package since I come overseas."

"I haven't got a package, either," Cousins said. "What the hell good is it, anyway? You open it and you got to give something to everybody you know. There's no percentage in that."

"When I get to Tibet," Archimbeau said solemnly, "I'm going to marry a Tibet woman."

"O. K.," Cousins said. "Go ahead."

TIME stopped in the sound of moving feet. To the north the battle, the battle that had not yet touched them, went on. They were a part of it and yet not a part of it. They had been in an enemy country for five hours, and they had not yet seen an enemy.

They could hear the motorcycle coming, over and above all other noises. Singly and in pairs they turned

to look at it. It was coming from the direction in which they had come, and it had to be one of theirs.

The rider bounced up to the head of the column and stopped by Sergeant Porter.

"What's cooking, Jack?" he said to Porter.

"All quiet so far," Porter said. "Where you from?"

"I'm looking for the Twenty-fifth. You seen the Twenty-fifth anywhere?"

"Never heard of them."

The rider looked puzzled. "They were supposed to be up this road," he said.

"There are some other roads running from the beach," said Tyne.

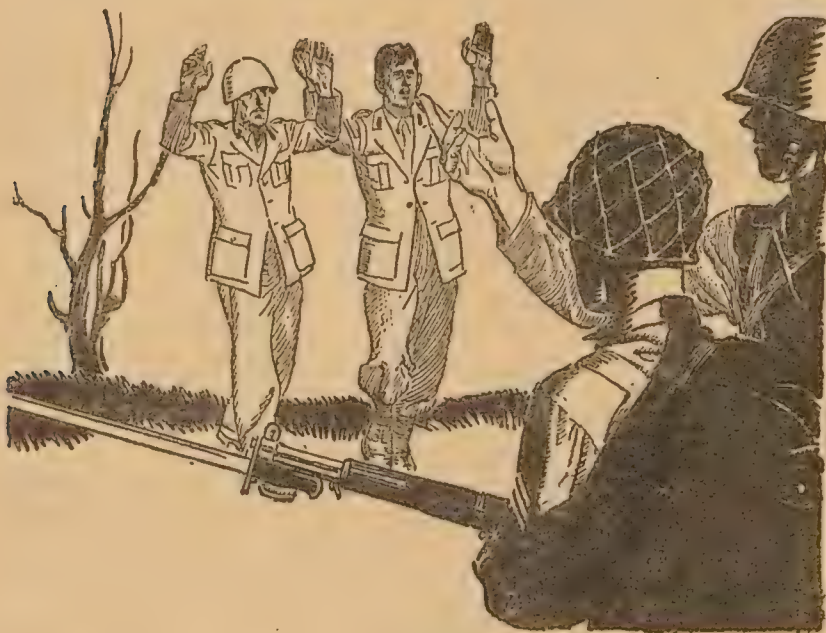
"I didn't know there were any other roads," the rider said. He lit a cigarette.

"What's it like on the beach?" Porter asked.

"O. K.," the rider said. "A little rough. They're shelling the damned place. What're you looking for up here, anyway?"

"Objective's a farmhouse," Porter said. "About three miles up the road."

"Anything up there?" the rider asked.



"Damned if I know."

"Want me to take a run up and see?"

"I thought you were looking for the Twenty-fifth?"

"They'll keep," said the rider. "It's not that important."

"It'll be damned nice if you'll scout a couple of miles," Porter said. "Take a lot off my mind, anyway."

"O. K.," the rider said. He flipped away his cigarette. He shoved his machine in gear and roared away up the road, vanishing over the brow of a hill.

"I feel better," Porter said. "How long do you think it will take him to get back?"

Tyne considered. "Fifteen or twenty minutes."

"That's the kind of a job to have," Friedman said. "A nice shiny motorcycle and a nice shiny carbine. No walking. Solid comfort."

"Between you and me, Jakle," said Rivera, "motorcycles scare hell out of me. High mortality rate."

"So what?"

"That was the first sergeant I ever saw on a motorcycle. Most of them are lucky if they live to make corporal."

"Do you think you'll ever live to make corporal?"

"Baby, I just want to live long enough to make civilian."

"It's time that rider was coming back," Porter declared.

Tyne looked at his watch. "He's only been gone ten minutes. We're doing all right, Eddie."

He was not, of course, sure that they were doing all right. On the contrary, he was worried about the whole business. Not in the way Porter was, though. Porter was more than worried: he was rattled.

"It's taking him a long time," Porter said.

"Take it easy, Eddie," Tyne said again.

"It's always the same," Porter said. "Nothing ever hap-

pens right. It's always been that way. It's never going to be any different. Never. They put me on this job, and I didn't want it. It isn't my responsibility. I don't understand this war. Everything's crazy. Nothing's gone right today. It's not going to get any better." He spoke in a flat, taut monotone that did not carry beyond Tyne's ears.

"You're worrying too much, Eddie," Tyne said soothingly. "There's nothing to worry about. It'll go along. It was worse in other places."

"In other places we knew where we were going," Porter said. "Bill, I'm scared of the tanks."

"Why?"

"If they catch us on this road they've got us cold."

The same idea had passed through Tyne's mind and had worried him. It was perfectly true; they'd be duck soup for tanks. Even one tank, for that matter. "There probably isn't a tank within five miles of here," he said. "They're all over where the noise is."

Porter stared at the ground. He did not answer. The rider was late. He was overdue. The men strained to catch the sound of his motor, roaring toward them out of the unknown country before them.

"Still want to be on a motorcycle, Ugly?" Rivera asked.

"Sure," Friedman said. "It's a life."

"In that guy's case, the question is—is it a life?"

"He's probably sitting under a tree somewhere, reading a book."

"Friedman, it's optimists like you that cause all the trouble in this world. Where would the guy get a book?"

"How the hell do I know where he'd get a book?"

"What's the point of having a motorcycle if they knock you off every time you get on to it?"

"It's all in how you look at it," Friedman said. "A motorcycle is a civilized way to travel."

"We ain't in civilization," Rivera said. "We ain't anywhere. A drag."

Sighing, Friedman passed over his last cigarette. Rivera took a deep pull at it. "Take it easy," Friedman said. "Take it easy."

"I'm a hard man," said Rivera.

TIME moved on to the sound of boots on earth. Minutes drummed by. As they passed, Tyne realized that the rider would not be back, that he might never be back. Probably the platoon would never know what had happened to him.

It was odd, Tyne thought, how many people you met in the Army who crossed your path for perhaps only a few seconds and then went on, never to be seen again.

"Take a break," Porter said. "Tell them to take a break." Abruptly, without blowing his whistle, he turned off the road and strode in among the trees. "Keep well back from the road," Tyne said to the column. He did not want to take any chances of something coming along and nailing them. "Archimbeau, you stay out close to the road. If you see that rider coming back, wave to him." This last was for Porter's benefit.

Mumbling, Archimbeau walked back and settled down behind a bush close to the road. He had made up his mind that every dirty job in the Army was his personal property. He never missed. Sometimes Archimbeau wondered if he could stand it until the Battle of Tibet. That was a long time to hang on. Solemnly, Archimbeau spat into the bush, directly in front of his eyes. He decided he didn't like Italy any better than he liked any place else.

Tyne went over to where Porter was sitting under a tree, his head in his hands.

"Feel bad, Eddie?" he asked.

Porter raised his face from his hands. "Lousy," he said. "I don't know what the hell's the matter with me. I never felt like this before."

His hands were shaking slightly as though he had a fever. Tyne noted the fact and pursed his lips. "Maybe you'd better not go on," he said.

"Oh, hell, I've got to," said Porter. "They gave me this job and I've got to do it. I'll be all right."

"Something's up with the sergeant," Rivera said. He was lying on his stomach with his helmet off. His black hair was soaked and curly with sweat.

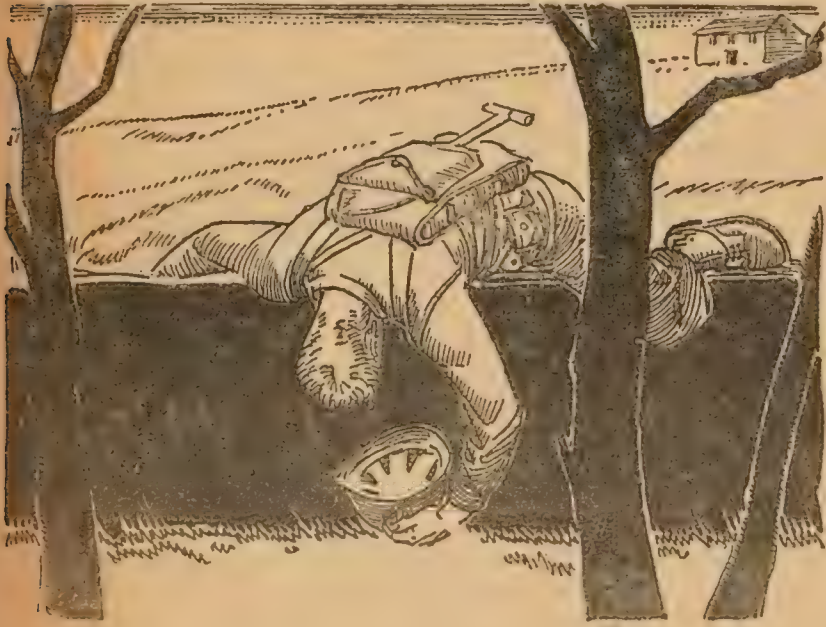
Private Cousins was lying with Rivera and Friedman.

"I noticed it," he said. "The sergeant's been acting funny all day."

"This is a hell of a platoon," Rivera said. "In one morning, we've lost one lieutenant and two noncoms. This platoon is hell on noncoms."

"Now I know why they want me to keep on being a private," Friedman said. "They want to spare me from grief."

Sergeant Ward came over and sat down by Porter and



Tyne. "What's the matter, Porter?" he asked. "Feeling bad?"

"He feels lousy," Tyne said.

Porter raised his head. "Ward," he said, "if I can't go on would you mind if Tyne took over?"

Ward pulled out a dry blade of grass and placed it between his teeth. "It don't make no difference to me," he said. "I don't care who's boss."

"You can go on, Eddie," Tyne said.

"I don't know," said Porter. "I feel funny. I don't even know whether I'm really sick or not. I just feel funny."

"Why don't you lie down a while, Eddie?" said Tyne. "You might feel better."

"Maybe, if I rest," Porter said. He lay down and closed his eyes.

Suddenly, Archimbeau pricked up his ears. There was the sound of a motor down the road, coming toward them. He raised himself on one knee and peered over the bush. In the direction of the farmhouse he saw, poking over the brow of the far hill, not a motorcycle, not a tank, but a lovely gleaming new armored car. It was German. He spun around and yelled through his cupped hands, "Armored car coming. Enemy armored car. All take cover!"

Then he fell flat behind his bush. They all dived for the trees. There wasn't time to do anything else. They threw themselves behind the trunks and put their heads down and hung on. All of them, that is, except Porter. When he heard Archimbeau's warning he merely rolled over on his stomach and burst into tears.

The armored car was a small one, carrying a crew of two, with one machine gun poking out of a sawed-off turret behind the driver. The car was battened down completely, and the turret was keeping still. If they'd been worried they'd have revolved it. Archimbeau watched it as it came closer. The armored car came abreast of him and roared on down in the direction from which they had come. Archimbeau scrambled around and crawled back on his belly to where the platoon was hiding behind its trees.

He saw Sergeant Porter lying on his stomach, facing away from the road. "Sarge," he said. "That was damned close."

"Leave him alone," Tyne said. "He's sick."

They spoke in whispers, as though the crew of the armored car might hear them and come back.

"Just that one?" Tyne asked.

"Guess so," Archimbeau said.

"Go on back, Archimbeau," Tyne said. "Keep your eyes open."

"Why does it always have to be me?" Archimbeau demanded. "How about somebody else for a change?"

Tyne was taking grenades out of his pocket. "O. K.," he said. "Get someone else."

"I'll do it," Riddle said. He crawled back to the bush behind which Archimbeau had been hidden.

"I don't think there's more than one," Tyne said. "If they were sending a column along, they wouldn't start it with a lousy armored car. It'll be coming back this way pretty soon." He had completely forgotten Porter in the problem of the moment. Already he had reached the decision that the armored car would have to be got out of the way.

"It'll be back all right," Ward said. "We can probably knock it off with grenades if we're lucky. Those jobs don't weigh more than a couple of tons."

Ward was toying with the bolt of his carbine. "How about machine guns?" he asked.

"The tires," Tyne said. "We can get the tires."

Porter lay with his face in his hands. His bulky body heaved softly. Tyne shook his shoulder. "Eddie," he said. "Eddie."

"Leave me alone," Porter said. He jerked his shoulder under Tyne's hand. He was bad. Porter was through, done. It had come quickly when it came. Yesterday he had been all right; now he was finished.

"Leave him alone, Tyne," Ward said. "Nothing you can do."

"No," Tyne said. "What's the best way to work it? How about your squad? Set them down by the road, as close as they can get, and throw grenades on the whistle. Just on this side of the road, though. Rivera!"

Rivera's black head, helmetless, poked up from behind a decaying stump. "What's up?"

"How's your gun, doughfoot?"

"O. K."

"Set it up down here." Tyne's finger pointed to the fallen trunk of a tree a few yards from the road. "That car's coming back. We're going to try and get it with grenades. Now, when the grenades go off you let the car have it with all you've got. Rake it. Compris?"

"Yeah. Sure." He turned to Friedman. "I got a job," he said. "They just hired me. A hundred bucks a minute."

"It ain't enough," Friedman said.

"You coming?" Rivera asked.

"You mean I'm invited? Then I'll come."

"That's good. Especially seeing as you've got the ammo."

"Now, you'll get a whistle," Ward said. "And so help me, the first bastard that throws before he gets the whistle will get a grenade right between his teeth. And for God's sake, throw straight." Quietly Ward went about placing his men. Each man had a grenade in his right hand and another one lying beside him.

THE platoon settled down to wait. Dimly between the trees the throb of artillery came to their ears, but they ignored it.

It was a problem, the armored car. Tyne ran over in his mind the pros and cons of smashing it. If the car didn't come back, whoever was up the road would think it funny; they might even send out a more powerful force to see what had happened to it. Three or four tanks, say, and then it would be good-by platoon. On the other hand, if they let the armored car go back, it might report everything clear, and then the heavy armor might come along anyway. Tyne decided the best thing to do would be to get the car, because, while the Germans were wondering what had happened to it, the platoon might be able to get where it had to go. Once they knocked off the armored car, they'd have to make time—good time. And they'd have to go through the woods into the bargain. They couldn't take the chance of meeting more vehicles on the road.

Sun streamed through the trees and touched the dull barrel of Rivera's gun. "Ever go to Coney Island?" he asked.

"All the time," Friedman said. "Some joint."

"You ever shoot those electric guns that shoot down the airplanes?"

"Sure. I'm a shark at that stuff."

"You want to know a secret, Friedman? I never could hit those airplanes. I used to miss all the time."

"Maybe I'd better go away," Friedman said. "Maybe you ain't safe to be with. I want a transfer."

"Friedman, it's too late. You're stuck with me."

The tears trickled through Porter's grubby fingers and dripped into the dry earth. Porter did not know why he was crying; he was hardly aware that he was crying at all. All that came through his consciousness was that he was very tired and alone.

Over his shoulder, Tyne looked at Porter. Nothing he could do.

The arms of Private Riddle suddenly tensed and he reared up on them, peering out beyond his bush. He turned toward Tyne and nodded his head in an affirmative. The armored car was coming back.

Riddle went flat again. He laid his face to the ground so that there was a mere narrow slit between the grass and the rim of his helmet. In the slit between grass and helmet he framed the armored car as it came into sight. The car was moving at about twenty miles an hour, heaving as its wheels rose and sank in the ruts.

It came closer. Rivera, behind his log, bent over the machine gun, lining the armored car up. He sighted along the barrel and picked up the right front tire. He held his sights there.

It was necessary to give the car ten seconds' leeway. Tyne closed his eyes for a fraction of a second in silent prayer that everything would go well. The car was almost at the spot he had picked. It was traveling at the speed he wanted it to travel. He counted slowly to himself. One. Two. Three. He brought the whistle swiftly up to his lips and blew it as hard as he could.

TYNE was conscious of many arms moving back to throw their missiles. The noise of the car seemed to become deafening. He realized that, unknown to himself, he had been counting aloud. "Nine," he said. As he said it, two of the grenades went off, one a few feet behind the car and another directly under it. The car rose like a bucking horse and fell back heavily. As it hit, the road exploded in a sheet of flame as the other grenades went off. Rivera's machine gun began its chatter. The car disappeared in smoke.

"Damned smoke," Rivera shouted. "Any time you get a bead on something, the damned smoke comes along."

"The corporal says to hold it," Friedman shouted.

The smoke had cleared around the armored car. It was lying on its side. There were no holes in it that they could see.

"Rankin," Tyne said, "put a few shots through one of the slits."

Tyne walked out to the car, Sergeant Ward at his heels. He bent down and peered through the driver's slit. Dimly he could discern two crumpled figures.

Straightening, Tyne looked up the road in the direction of the farmhouse. "I don't know whether they heard all the noise," he said, "but whether they did or not, we'd better get the hell out of here. There's more where this came from." He kicked the car gently; it gave off a hollow sound. "You got a compass, Ward?"

"Think so," Ward said. He reached in his left pocket and gave it to Tyne. Together they walked back into the woods.

"I've got to take a look at the map," Tyne said. "Got to get some sort of beam on that house." He bent down and opened the map case, which was lying at Porter's side. "It's woods all the way," he said, "if we're where I think we are. What's the course?"

"West-south-west, I guess," said Ward. "I'd hold it right on there. Just about a mile to go."

Tyne measured with his index finger. "Just about. Take us a half hour if we move fast and hit it right." The river cut around the farm and came toward them. If they got too far off in that direction the river would put them right; on the other side was the road. They could hardly miss it.

"How do we line up now?" Tyne said. He surveyed

the platoon. "Craven. Take over my squad, will you, Craven?"

"Sure, Bill."

"Johnson, you stay here with the sergeant. Arch, you and Cousins get going. If you see anything, just shoot. Let's go."

The scouts moved out into the woods. "You got the direction, Arch?" Tyne called after them.

"Can't miss," Archimbeau called back. Tyne fell into his place at the head of the column.

They all felt better somehow. The fact that they had knocked out the armored car had cheered them considerably. They had seen their own powers redisplayed. They had their morale back.

"Did you ever go camping when you was a kid?" Rivera asked.

"Every time we get in a bunch of trees you ask me that same question," Friedman said.

"Every time I get in a bunch of trees I remember it," said Rivera.

"You're a juke box, Rivera. Somebody keeps putting nickels in you."

"I ain't talking to you any more. Hey, Judson, you ever go camping in the woods?"

"Naw."

"You don't know what you missed. You ain't ever lived until you toasted a mickey over the coals."

"Outdoor man," Friedman said.

In his mind, Craven was trying to frame a letter to his sister. "Dear Frances," he began. "This is the first letter I have written you from Italy. I am now sitting down in an old farmhouse. We have just blown up a bridge near here. . . . I'll send you a barrel of Chianti." No, "Cianti." Neither way seemed right to him any more.

He turned to Private Tinker. "Tinker," he said, "how do you spell 'Chianti'?"

"What's that?"

"It's a wine. A wop wine."

"Never heard of it. When I drink I want to feel I been drinking something. Applejack. Rye."

"Don't you think I know it?" Craven said. "I just want to know how to spell it, that's all."

"Why?"

"I'm writing to my sister."

Tinker stared at him. "What do you mean, you're writing to your sister? You're walking through some woods, that's what you're doing."

"I'm writing the letter in my head, see? Then when I get a minute I just put down what I remember in my head, and the letter's all written. It's the best way."

"What a system," Tinker said. "Does it work?"

"Sure," said Craven.

"Hey, that's pretty good. Maybe I'll try it."

THERE were bare patches in the wood, as though someone had chopped down a dozen trees and dug out the stumps. Once they passed the foundation of a house, covered with dry grass. Tyne studied it carefully as he went past. Italy, he knew, was full of ruins.

He looked at his watch. They had been on the move nearly a quarter of an hour; nearly halfway on the last lap. When he thought of the farm, he felt his spine tingle, as though somewhere in his body there was a buzzer that was a warning.

The sun was soaring toward the highest reaches of heaven. It blazed down malevolently. Their helmets became like ovens; their clothes stuck to their bodies. When a man is uncomfortable, through either heat or cold, he finds it hard to think consecutively. The air actually has weight and seems to stagnate. Smells have a dull, unpleasant pungency. It is difficult to think of food. Anything with an odor repels one.

Yet Sergeant Ward thought of apples. They were becoming a mirage, dancing in front of his eyes, dripping with juice. He would gladly have given three months' pay for a cold apple, a big red juicy one.

"Like to have an apple?" he said to Riddle.

"Yeah," Riddle said.

"I been thinking of apples all day," Ward said.

"A guy always wants something when he can't get it."

They were not very much concerned with what was facing them ahead. Each had his own problems, his own desires and wishes, and they kept these personal things uppermost in their minds. Every man in the platoon had his own thoughts as he walked along, and they hovered unseen over the little group, an indefinable armor, a protection against fate, an indestructible essence.

"It's a good thing they invented trains for traveling salesmen," Rivera said.

"All right," Friedman said. "What's the gag?"

"No gag," said Rivera. "But if they didn't have trains, all the traveling salesmen would have to walk. A hell of a job that would be."

"You're a traveling salesman," Friedman said. "And you ain't been taking any trains lately."

"What do you mean—I'm a traveling salesman?"

"You're a traveling salesman. You're selling democracy to the natives."

Rivera was silent for a moment. "So that's what I am, huh? Well, what do you know?"

"You're a decadent democrat, Rivera."

"Friedman," Rivera said, "I been good to you. Every time you needed it, I always gave you my last franc. And every time you get the chance, you needle me up the back. What kind of stuff is that?"

"I'm antisocial," Friedman said. "I got gap-osis."

"He's a crumb, ain't he, Judson?"

"Everybody's a crumb," Judson said. "I wish I was home in bed."

If the bridge was steel, Tyne thought, they'd really have a job on their hands. They'd have one if it was concrete, too.

SUDDENLY, it dawned on Tyne that there had actually been no orders to blow up a bridge. Tyne felt that he had to run over the entire situation again.

There was a farmhouse. That was certain. What was uncertain was whether or not the farmhouse was occupied by the enemy. And there was a bridge. That was certain. What was uncertain was whether the bridge had already been blown or not. If the farmhouse was occupied and the bridge was unblown, they'd have a good sized chunk of hell, sitting up warm and wicked, right in their hands.

He suddenly whirled and strode back to where Ward was bringing up his squad. "I've been thinking it over," he said. "I think we're going to run into trouble."

"I thought that all along," Ward said quietly. "They probably got a machine gun in every damned window in the place."

Tyne went back to his place at the head of the column. Archimbeau was getting too far ahead. Tyne broke into a run, caught up with him, and caught him by the arm. "Take it easy, Arch." He looked at his watch. "We ought to be breaking into the field below the farmhouse any time now. Keep your eyes open, for God's sake, and stop when you see the field."

On his way back to his place, Tyne winked at Rankin. "How's it going, Tim?"

"I been here before," Rankin said.

By mutual consent, without any command being spoken, the men talked in whispers. They knew that they were approaching their objective. Tenseness came over them, and their legs felt stiff. They almost seemed to walk stiff-legged, like angry dogs. The war had finally caught up with them.

Rankin looked at his tommy gun. It was beautifully oiled and in perfect condition. Scratched on its barrel were eleven lines. The eleven lines stood for soldiers of the Third Reich. They were Rankin's certainties; he never counted the probables.

Archimbeau's arm went straight up in the air and he stopped in his tracks. Every man in the column fell suddenly silent. Tyne walked ahead. "Coming out of the woods," Archimbeau said.

Ward came along. "On the nose," he said.

"I'm going up and take a look," Tyne said. "Arch, you come along."

"Take it easy," Ward said.

Silently, Tyne and Archimbeau moved through the trees. When they were almost at the edge of the wood,

Tyne could see an old wall, made of some kind of stone and mortar, running along the fringe of trees. He fell on his belly and wiggled the last few yards, Archimbeau crawling behind him. Then, Tyne cautiously raised his head and peered out on the field—a brown world, full of high brown grass and the sighings of late insects.

THE field was a hill stretching a hundred and fifty yards up to a farmhouse with a red-tile roof. He could see no movement around the buildings. "I wish to God I had those binoculars now," he said.

"Can you see anything?"

"Not a damned thing."

"How about the windows?"

"Sun's on them," Tyne said. "I wish to God I knew."

"Knew what?" Archimbeau asked.

"Nothing. Let's go back."

They moved back on their stomachs. "How's it look?" Ward said.

"Quiet. But I don't like it. Too quiet."

Ward nodded agreement. "They're bad when they're too quiet."

Tyne fell on his knees and picked up a stick and drew a rough line along the ground. "There's a stone wall that runs along here for about two or three hundred yards. There's a clear slope up to the farmhouse from the wall. Not much cover. The wall seems to stop where the river curves around the farm, but there are trees running along the river bank. There doesn't seem to be any movement among the farm buildings."

"Do you think there's anyone in there?" Craven asked.

"That's what I don't know," said Tyne. "Anyway, we aren't going to take any chances. We'll send a patrol up first, four or five guys."

"I'll take it," Ward said suddenly.

Tyne studied his face. "O. K.," he said. "You take it. Pick yourself four men."

"I'll go," Rivera said.

"No, you won't, doughfoot," Tyne said. "I need your little instrument."

"I want four volunteers," Ward said. "Four Congressional-Medal-of-Honor-with-ten-oak-leaf-clusters volunteers."

"Any extra pay?" Rankin wanted to know.

"Naw."

"Then I'll go anyway," Rankin said. "Just to make them feel ashamed."

"I'm a hero," Cousins said. "I been up front all day. I might as well stay there."

"I'll go along," Tranella said.

"The first guys that get to that house will get the wine," Tinker said. "I'll go."

"O. K.," Ward said. "That's four."

"Pass out the Purple Hearts, mother," Rivera said.

"All right," Tyne said. "We'll go up to the wall in column, then fan out when we get there. The wall's three feet high. There's plenty of room. Craven, you take your squad down toward the road. Riddle, you take your squad down toward the river. My squad will stay in the center. Rivera, you take your popgun down by the road, so you can keep your eye on the farmhouse and the road at the same time. Got that, doughfoot?"

"It's in my head," Rivera said.

"Keep it there. And remember to cover if anyone needs it."

"O. K., chief."

"Let's go." Tyne moved through the woods.

The men wiggled along the wall or moved at a crouch, careful not to hunch their backs too high. Ward and his volunteers hugged the wall near Tyne. "Might as well go over right here," Ward said.

Tyne considered a minute. "I guess so," he said. "Maybe we're getting worried for nothing. Maybe there's no one up there after all."

"I think there is," Ward said.

Warily Tyne took another look over the wall. Things did not seem to have changed. Certainly there was nothing about the farm to arouse suspicion. But that was the way it always was. The things to watch out for were the things that looked innocent.

"Why are you so anxious to take a patrol?" Tyne asked.

"I don't know," Ward said. "I just am."

Down at the far end of the woods, by the road, Rivera and Friedman were finishing setting up the gun. "You can hit anything from here," Friedman said. "They ought to have portable walls to go with every war."

"I'll see they have them next time," Rivera said. "I wouldn't want you to be disappointed."

"I think it's O. K.," Tyne said. "Got enough grenades?"

"Yeah," Ward said. He studied the four men who were to go with him. "We'll stay five yards apart," he said. "And keep on your gut, for God's sake."

"Good luck," Tyne said.

"The same to you," Ward said. He looked to the right and left. "Over," he said. He leaped over the wall and lay flat in the grass. The other men at once followed him.

All up and down the line of the wall there was silence. Silence hung over the farmhouse, too. Far away could be heard the dull rumble of artillery, but it was cut off in great measure by the intervening woods. Ward could see none of the other members of the patrol because of the high grass.

The patrol had a long way to go. He moved fast. Near him he could hear the other men moving forward. He seemed to grate on the earth as he crawled along. A boulder reared before him, and he skirted it. As he did so, he caught sight of Tinker in a bare patch. He winked at him. Tinker licked his lips with his tongue and made a half-wave.

TYNE slowly raised his head over the wall. The patrol was moving up the slope. Suddenly, as though by instinct, he knew that something was going to happen. One moment, everything was all right; and the next, Tyne wanted to yell out for the patrol to come back.

He saw smoke drift from one of the windows of the house, and the next minute the noise of a machine gun came to his ears. The Germans had opened up. The farm was occupied, all right—very well occupied. Tyne jerked his head down. "Damn," he said over and over again. "Damn. Damn. Damn."

The machine gun had started up so suddenly that it had taken Ward by surprise. It was too hot a place, much too hot. "Go back," he yelled. "Patrol back." He turned around and began to crawl down the slope.

Slowly, Tyne peered over the wall again. Why the hell didn't they come back? But they were coming. Good. "Tell Rivera to let her go," he said to the man on his left. The word went down the line.

Rivera's gun jumped and shivered before him. Far away, along the wall of the house, Friedman could see dust rise as the slugs cut into the mortar. "Get that bloody window," he said. Rivera obligingly lowered the muzzle of the gun an almost imperceptible distance. The German machine gun went suddenly silent.

"Let me be the first to congratulate you," Friedman said solemnly. He held out his hand.

Ward heard Rivera's gun go into action. It was home and music to him. Behind him the German machine gun went dead. Might as well make a run for it, Ward said to himself. He calculated the distance to the wall. It was perhaps twenty yards, an easy run.

"Cousins, Rankin," he shouted. "Everybody over the wall." Five yards from the wall, Sergeant Ward heard rifle fire from the house. He leaped to the right and zigzagged back again. He went over the wall head first, in a giddy dive. Cousins and Tranella leaped after him. Tinker was slow and he wasn't zigzagging. As he reached the wall there were three scattered shots from the house. Tinker tossed his rifle in the air and fell forward against the wall, his body half crawling up the rough stone.

Ward lay flat for a moment. His leap had nearly knocked the wind out of him, and he gasped, trying to catch his breath. "Everybody get back?" he asked.

"They got Tinker," Tyne said. "And I think they got Rankin. Rankin didn't come back. Now we've really got a job on our hands."

"Yeah," Ward said.

"There's no element of surprise, and they've got us

cold. They've probably got a machine gun in every window of that house. No one could get near enough to use a grenade."

It was up to Tyne. Responsibility weighed on his shoulders and creased his forehead. Cautiously he raised his head over the wall, behind Tinker's hand. The farmhouse was quiet again. It did not look like a theater of war. You could sit in that place on the side of the road and be a friend to man.

T-z-i-n-g-g-g. He hit the ground as a bullet ricocheted from the wall and went whizzing off in the woods. "Close," he said. "They've got us cold."

"It's no place for a gentleman," Tranella said. He held up one hand. "Please, teacher, can I leave the room?"

"You and Tinker," Ward said. Tranella's hand came suddenly down, and he swallowed.

Privates Carraway and James were lying on their stomachs, talking about nature. Private James had a leaf in his hand. "Now take this leaf," Private James said. "Look at the complications. You never saw nothing as complicated as that."

"I'm as complicated as that," said Private Carraway. "The human body is the most complicated thing in the world."

"It ain't no more complicated than this leaf. Look at the veins, for instance."

"You mean to tell me that leaves' veins is more fancy than human veins?"

"I didn't say that. I only said look at them."

"Ah, nuts," Carraway said. "I got no time for nature study. There's a war on."

"Never heard of it," said Private James innocently. But he threw his leaf away.

The map came out again, and again was spread on the ground. "The trouble with this map is that there's no detail about the farm," Tyne said. "It says the wall stops down by the river, but we knew that anyway."

Craven had crawled over to see what was going on. "How about the river?" he asked.

"What about it?" Tyne wanted to know.

"Maybe we can circle the farm by the river," Craven said. "We can crawl along the bank of the river until we get to the bridge and then blow her."

It sounded good. "Idea," Ward said. Tyne stared at the map without speaking. He was looking at the location of the bridge. It looked as though there might be a bit of



rock between the farm and the bridge; there was just a chance that it couldn't be seen from the windows. "It doesn't sound bad," he said.

"Hell, no," Ward said. "Best thing we can do."

"We've got to work fast," Tyne said. He looked at his watch. "Damned fast."

"Well, let's go," said Ward. "Best thing's a patrol. Four or five men."

Tyne was dubious. "I don't know," he said. "If there is anyone on the bridge, four or five men can get tied up very nicely. I'd rather send two big patrols. Say ten men in each. Send them one after another. Then, if the

first one gets jammed up, the second one can pitch in. That's the most logical thing."

"Whatever you want," Ward said.

Tyne folded the map very carefully. "The best thing would be a diversion. How long do you think it would take to get over around the farm, Ward?"

"Ought to allow about half an hour."

"All right," Tyne nodded agreement. "What we'll do is this: Ward, you take one patrol and go first. Craven, you take the other one. I'll stay here with the rest of the platoon. We'll give you twenty minutes' start. Then we'll hop over the wall and head for the house. The Krauts will think we're coming up on this side, and they'll pay us all the attention. Then you blow the bridge. As soon as we hear you blow it, we'll all get up and rush the joint. How does that sound?"

Two vertical lines appeared at the bridge of Ward's nose. "Yeah," he said finally. "It sounds right." Tyne said, "Well, that's the story, then. I guess it's about the best we can do."

"You've cut yourself out a tough job," said Ward.

"Suicide," Tyne said. "I'm a hero."

"What the hell," Craven said. "It might be a breeze."

"It might be," said Tyne, "but I don't think so."

The men were lounging behind the wall, taking it easy. They didn't seem very much concerned about what was going to happen.

When Ward came among them, picking out his patrol, they were not moved one way or another. What they were about to do was merely a job, and they had probably been on worse jobs before. They went with Ward and they went with Craven, and the men who were to go with Tyne went to him calmly. It was the war. It was the job. It was *their* job. Get it done and then relax, that was the thing to do.

TYNE talked to them and they listened. The plan was beautifully simple, the sort of simple thing that could easily go wrong. They listened carefully, nodding their heads occasionally, and letting Tyne's words sink in.

"Somebody's coming up here," Friedman said.

"Maybe it's Marlene Dietrich," Rivera said.

Friedman said, "It's Joe Jack."

"Message from Tyne," Jack said. He passed over a folded paper.

Rivera opened it slowly. "Wish I had my glasses," he said.

"Cut it," Friedman said. "What's he say?"

"*'Doughfoot,' Rivera read. 'Two patrols going to go round farm via river. I taking rest platoon over field. When blow my whistle synchronize watch 1215 hrs. Five minutes after going up field on dot. Give cover 15 seconds before. Give cover up field. Remember, cover at 1219 and 45 secs. Hope ammo holds out. We are going all the way.'*"

"How's he sign it?" Friedman wanted to know.

"Tyne, Cpl., U. S. A.," said Rivera.

"Formal, ain't he?"

Rivera looked at his watch. "If this thing is right, it's only two minutes to 1215. Joe, hop back and say we're all set. Tell Tyne I said good luck."

"I'll tell him, Rivera." Jack turned and started on his way back.

Rivera looked carefully at the dial of his watch. "Nobody dies," he said. "How's the ammo?"

"It's been worse," Friedman said.

"Tyne really cut himself a piece of cake," Rivera said.

Friedman looked glum. "Looks like we'll be getting a new platoon pretty soon."

"Yeah," Rivera said. Then suddenly the mask of lightness dropped from his face. He looked worn and angry and his dark eyes flashed. "Damn it," he burst out, "Why don't they ever give them a chance? They never get a chance. We're the dirty damned Infantry and they stick us in everywhere. Why don't they let us alone? I wish to God that I had every Nazi right in the palm of my hand. I'd crush them to a pulp. Why the hell don't they let us alone?" He subsided as quickly as he had begun.

"Yeah," Friedman said.

Rivera looked at his watch again. "It won't be long now," he said. "A whole new damned platoon."

Tyne watched the patrols go, wiggling along by the wall, their backs turned toward him. He wondered vaguely how many of those faces he would ever see again.

Ward had gone off almost carelessly. So had they all. That was the only way to go, as though one would be back in a few minutes. When it was done that way, it was easy. Tyne knew, however, that Ward did not expect him to get across the field. Ward thought he was throw-



ing himself away. But Tyne was not afraid. He was not even worried. Everything, he kept telling himself, was going to be all right. Everything was going to be just lovely.

Silently Ward slid into the river. Things looked better than he had hoped they would. There was a solid screen of reeds and bushes between them and the farmhouse. It looked clear ahead. Tranella splashed down behind him. Ward whirled around. "Take it easy, for God's sake," he whispered.

"Sorry, sarge," Tranella said. "Slipped."

The patrol moved forward through the water. Ward carried no rifle. He had a .45 in his left hand and a grenade in his right.

Behind Ward's patrol Craven entered the water, catching his breath as he did so. He was still trying to write that letter. Right now it read: "Dear Frances, I am just back from going swimming in a river somewhere in Italy." Perhaps he ought to write one for Tinker, too. Tinker had been interested. "Dear Mom, I am now sleeping against a wall somewhere in Italy. It isn't very comfortable but a man has to lie where he can these days. If you ever get to Italy, you must come and see me for I am always going to be here."

Tyne saw Jack coming toward him, coming back from Rivera. He looked at his watch. Forty seconds to go before he blew his whistle. The patrols had been out for fifteen minutes.

"How'd it go?" he asked as Jack came up to him.

"Rivera says it's O. K.," Jack said. "He said good luck."

"Nice of him," Tyne said. He looked at his watch and put the whistle to his lips. Every other watch was synchronized; only Rivera had to be checked. He puffed out his cheeks and let go.

On the river, the two patrols heard Tyne's whistle sound, faint and far away. Ward looked at his watch. Tyne was right on time. That meant five minutes before the diversion. He calculated that they were already behind the farm. There was a bend in the river less than fifty yards away, and from the bend they would be able to see the bridge. So far things had been successful. With just a little bit of luck they might stay that way. Ward wondered if he could pull the pin out of a grenade with his teeth. He had never done it before.

"How do you feel about things, Arch?" Tyne said to Archimbeau.

"It's a long war," Archimbeau said. "That's all I know about it."

"Still worried about Tibet?"

"Sometimes I think we'll never get out of the Army. Honest to God, that's what I think."

"I used to think I'd never get in it."

"What the hell. Maybe we can sleep all day tomorrow. Maybe Germany'll surrender tomorrow. Who knows?"

"Who knows?" Tyne said. He crouched and moved up along the wall, checking the men over, asking them if things were O. K. "Remember," he told each one of them, "when you hear the bridge blow, get up and run like hell for the farm."

That was very important. When the Germans heard the bridge go, they were going to be a very surprised group of young men, and it was necessary to take advantage of that surprise.

Tyne spoke to every man of the twenty-five. As he came back to his position beside Archimbeau, his stomach was screwed up in a tight knot. He felt slightly ill and slightly dizzy. It was rather hard to breathe. He knew that they were all going through the same symptoms. It was the natural thing for them to feel; it was expected.

He looked at his watch. 1219. Forty-five seconds to go, forty-five seconds before Rivera opened up. He crouched on one knee, facing the wall. He had a sudden urge to write a letter, but he didn't know to whom he wanted to write. Words welled up inside him. The desire to write was superseded by a desire to talk to somebody. Fifteen seconds to go.

THE sun burned down with a radiance fiercer than ever before. It was as though someone had flipped a switch and turned it on full power. He was on the point of asking Archimbeau if he had noticed it, when Rivera's gun suddenly started firing.

It chattered off on the left like a riveting machine. And as it chattered on, the German machine gun began to fire, too. Good. They were looking for Rivera. That would surely give them plenty of time to get over the wall.

Ward heard the machine gun and jerked his head up. They were just rounding the bend, moving very carefully. Before him he could see the bridge, a pontoon affair with six or seven floats under it. There was no one around. They were going to get it sure as hell. Ward grinned to himself. His finger tightened around his grenade. He began to move a little faster through the water.

"Fifteen," Tyne said aloud. He stood bolt upright, blew his whistle, and leaped over the wall. Three men came over after him. Tyne hit the dirt and dug his nose in, listening.

The German machine gun had switched in his direction. It was traversing the wall. Bullets cut into the stone over his head.

The German machine gun went silent. Either Rivera had hit it or they were changing belts. Two or three scattered rifles fired from the farm. Cautiously, Tyne began to worm his way forward. Through the grass he could see Archimbeau working ahead. Archimbeau had perhaps two yards' lead on him.

"Damned thing's stopped," Friedman yelled.

Rivera suddenly stopped firing. "I put enough damned lead in that thing to sink it," he said.

"They didn't find Baby," Friedman said.

"Nope," said Rivera. "They didn't find Baby." He opened fire again.

It was hard for a man to think as he crawled over the earth. All Tyne's thoughts were strangely disconnected. The farm seemed very far away. He found himself reviewing the whole day in snatches. He saw Porter's face, twisted, and Hoskins' face, set. He saw Trasker with his jaw gone and McWilliams with his hands stretched out as though they would protect him from the plane. Faces had a tendency to run together, to blur, to become indistinct.

And so did Tyne's thoughts. One moment he saw himself sitting by the fire at home; the next moment he

saw himself, as though from a great distance, crawling over a muddy plain. He had been moving through it for years; he would probably never find his way out of it.

The German machine gun started up again. It was firing into the grass ahead of them now. Tyne looked at Archimbeau again. He was creeping doggedly ahead, his eyes fixed before him, his mouth fallen slightly open.

The patrols were nearly at the bridge. It was deserted, absolutely deserted. Ward felt a glow creeping over him, engendered by the approaching destruction. He looked forward with great glee to using his grenade. The mission was so easy that it was almost laughable. Ward had an urge to burst out in guffaws. It was all so damned funny.

They were going to blow up a nice German bridge. It was like little boys on Halloween, stealing the parson's gate. Just like Halloween.

"Damned foolish thing to do," Tyne said aloud. But he didn't know what was foolish or why he said it. He looked back at the wall and judged his position. They still had a long way to go, a hell of a long way. Nothing was slower than crawling, nothing in the world. How long would it take to crawl around the earth? A hundred years? A thousand years? He ducked as the machine gun spat over his head.

Ahead of him, he caught sight of a body, dark against the brown grass. The body must be Rankin. He was possessed of an intense desire to know whether or not Rankin was still alive.

Rankin was lying face down. With an effort, Tyne managed to roll him over, but even as he rolled him he knew that he was dead. His tommy gun lay beside him. Tyne picked up the tommy gun. There was blood on it, covering the notches that marked Rankin's kills. Tyne laid his own rifle down beside Rankin and started crawling again. He took the tommy gun with him.

How were they making out—all the faces, all the bodies? How were Cousins and Jack and MacNamara and Peterson and all the rest of them? Did they feel the way he did? Were they thinking the way he was thinking? They had come a long way to the war, and it would be a long way back. For all Tyne knew, some of the men had been hit already. There was no way of knowing. No way at all. Pictures flashed across his mind and were gone before he could grasp them. Everything speeded up; the world was moving at a dizzy pace. He could not keep up with it. It was going faster and faster. In a minute it would fly away.

A dull explosion came from behind the farm. Then another and another. The bridge. Ward.

And then everything that had been moving so fast stopped dead. The world stopped. Time stopped. The German machine gun stopped. What had spun so fast, what had nearly hurled Tyne among the stars stopped, with such a violence as to shake his body the way a woman shakes a mop. His mind became clear as polished glass.

Everything in his life had led up to this moment. It was his. Nothing could take it from him.

SLOWLY, almost gravely, he rose to his feet, blew his whistle. Men rose all around him. He saw them sharply in the shimmering heat. He broke into a run. Beside him he saw Archimbeau start to run, too, and then suddenly stumble with a surprised look on his face and go tumbling down like a sack, on his way to the Battle of Tibet. Tyne knew that he was running gracefully toward the farmhouse, the mysterious farmhouse, the farmhouse that was waiting to gather him in and hide him from the world.

Its windows were eyes, and they were looking at him, studying his every move and the movements of the men with him. The farmhouse loomed up, and it was waiting.

Behind it there were two more explosions, and somewhere in the next world Rivera's finger was on the trigger of his gun and he was singing.

They were all singing. All of them.

"It is so easy," Tyne said aloud as he ran. "It is so terribly easy."

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

SUMNER WELLES, who, as Under Secretary of State, helped make American history, has made a very important contribution to the writing of it, in **The Time For Decision**. Essentially, his book is the story of this country's honest striving for international harmony in the period between the two world wars—an era that may some day be known as the phony peace.



Sumner Welles

There is no diplomatic double-talk in Mr. Welles' writing. He discusses only those subjects that he can talk about candidly. For example, he brands as a tragic mistake our failure to send munitions to the loyalist government of Spain in its fight against Franco. He holds also that our refusal to recognize the Farrell

regime in Argentina was bad judgment. "The reasons advanced in Washington for this step," he says, "were that the Argentine authorities had not yet taken satisfactory measures to check Axis activities. The situation complained of was, of course, due to the defective administration of the preceding Ramirez government, which this government had recognized."

Discussing the appeasement of Munich, Mr. Welles makes the interesting point that the blunders of previous prime ministers, particularly Stanley Baldwin, have been screened behind the general condemnation of Neville Chamberlain. With no pulling of punches, he speaks of "the lack of understanding and vision for which Stanley Baldwin was primarily responsible." The inference is plain that Chamberlain might have packed a gun instead of an umbrella if his predecessor hadn't left the gun closet bare.

As for President Roosevelt, Mr. Welles holds that "he brought to the conduct of American foreign relations more specialized qualifications than those possessed by any President since the days of John Quincy Adams." Cordell Hull comes in for high praise for the trade-agreements policy of the first Roosevelt administration. This is the only direct reference, however, to Mr. Welles' ex-boss—and at times his silence on this subject is positively deafening.

In his last chapter, Mr. Welles makes a stirring plea for a strong, consistent foreign policy that will transcend party lines.

Published by Harper & Bros., New York, N. Y. Price, \$3.

THE harvest of thirty years of experience in mission schools in China is gathered by E. H. Clayton in his sage and mellow book, **Heaven Below**. This is no glamorized picture of the Orient. The disease, the smells, the ignorance, and the poverty that have been bound up with the life of the Chinese masses are described unflinchingly. Yet Mr. Clayton tells us that no one who has survived the first shocks of this life would willingly live anywhere else—and he makes you understand why.



E. H. Clayton

Mr. Clayton, who was at Hangchow when the Japanese entered, has some grim stories to tell. He has some charming ones, too, of happier days. Once, during a health campaign, he says, a parade was organized, and one Chinese boy marched proudly in it bearing a placard with an enormous picture of a mosquito and the legend: "Beware of the mosquito. He spreads malaria."

An old countrywoman, looking admiringly at the sign, remarked: "No wonder foreigners fear mosquitoes. If we had them that big, I'd be afraid, too."

Published by Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York, N. Y. Price, \$2.75.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

- 1 What's atomized drizzle?
- 4 The disabled plane of the future may be landed safely by what means?
- 12 What's that topaz hummingbird again?
- 13 What African animal's called the grave robber?
- 14 Wounded soldiers in hospital often learn to what?
- 15 A salt-dipped GI would be a what?
- 16 Mairzeed tidbit
- 17 Who is called the Insufferable Cad of Crosswords? (but not by his mother!)
- 19 What Low German tribe sacked Rome in the 3d century?
- 21 This toe got mixed up in here
- 22 Orate is what Muse's anagram?
- 24 Who discovered the Pacific?
- 27 What word's in no gent's vocabulary?
- 28 What do strip teasers, airmen, and lampooners have in common? (pl.)
- 30 What name can be used periodically?
- 31 Cryptographers suffer from whats in the head?
- 32 A five-spot's called what in slang?
- 33 "I put reds" anagrams what?
- 35 A Gentile recently became a great what?
- 36 The Japs recently lost 20,000 men where?
- 37 "Wines" anagrams what?
- 38 Name an oldtime pronoun
- 39 Grampaw called grammaw's gam a what?

- 40 Exterminator is the name of a famous what?
- 43 What electrical creature has gone to war?
- 44 Name a common holy crossword—
- 46 —and crossword constellation
- 47 Your what might be said to have a duel personality?
- 49 Pass
- 50 Gyp the Blood, Baldy Jack Rose, and Lefty Louie were famous whats?
- 51 Name the King of Bluff

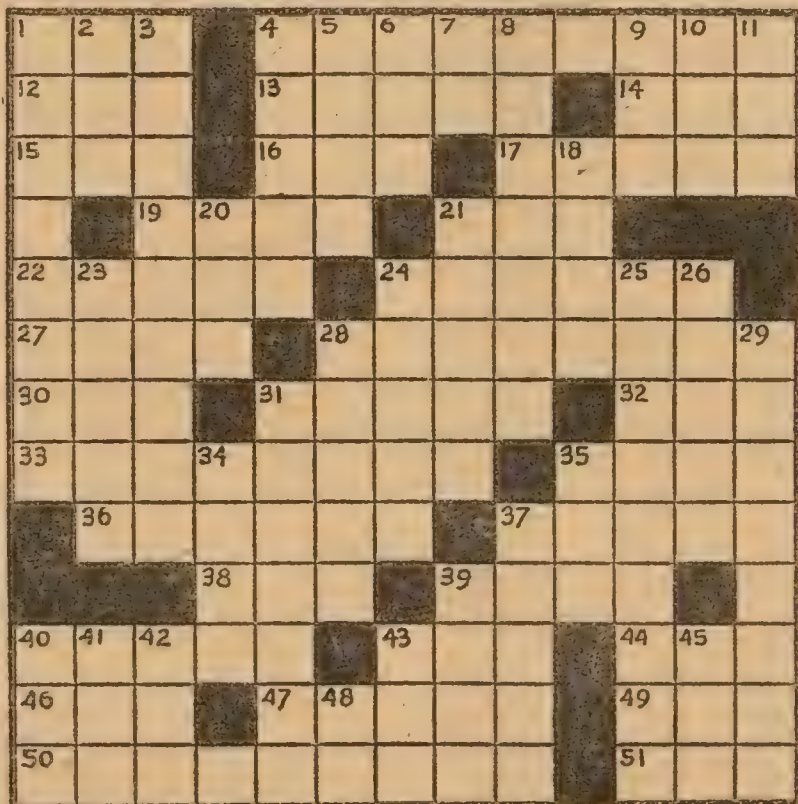
VERTICAL

- 1 What kind of fools could get red points for their noodles? (pl.)
- 2 Roman cackleberries
- 3 Name a Rabelaisian superman
- 4 What kind of finish is determined by lengths of noses?
- 5 Indian baby biddy
- 6 Commonest dip in crosswords
- 7 Commonest article in ditto
- 8 The careful chess-player does what at first opportunity?

PPPP TELESCOPES
HELL REACH VAMP
ARNO ALPHA ERIE
RUSTICS OPERATE
M TOY GEESE
ANDES MRS SALAD
CARD CIO MATURE
IDA BALONEY TIS
SIMPER VOW VEST
TRAIL NEW MISER
ELIAS SOT O
MILDEST TOBACCY
OIOI LUCID MIKE
OINS AROMA ITER
NIGHTMARES NEWS

Last week's answer:

- 9 What country will be heaviest depositor in the new International Bank? (abbr.)
- 10 What's a millionth of ten times a million?
- 11 What animal's gone back in the red again? (Get the point?)
- 18 The Permanently Unemployed have a medium called the what News?
- 20 What Giant had a nervous breakdown last year when his mates' fortunes ran low?
- 21 Name a prominent American Airman
- 23 Haymarket and Union Square have whats in common?
- 24 What word, seen double, is synonymous with baths?
- 25 Who wrote the Tales of Hoffmann?
- 26 Incendiarized
- 28 Yesterday's tomorrow is what at this very moment?
- 29 A what proverbially has the world's worst chances in a famed hotspot?
- 31 A lot of nothings?
- 34 "Spit" is an anagram for what?
- 35 Pronoun
- 37 Milton who was a late movie star?
- 39 What General recently became head of our ground forces?
- 40 Beldam
- 41 Complete: — pro nobis
- 42 Kind of dom
- 43 Name Adam's good woman
- 45 Complete this old bird saying: That's all there is, there isn't any — !
- 48 What pronoun's remained neutral?



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Simple idea



ALL Sister did was to fold back a piece of paper, pin it to a stick, and blow on it. It whirled — and fast!

Sure, it's a simple idea. But General Motors engineers, always plugging away at making more and better things for more people, found the germ of a new transmission in an idea just as simple.

And the Tank Corps is using it right now.

Here's what happened. A husky steel fan was fashioned that forced oil against another fan facing it. That fan whirled, just like Sister's whirligig. And around this principle, they built a silky, simple power drive that brought the goal of completely automatic gearshifting a lot nearer.

Then Pearl Harbor. And squat tanks

began flowing off the assembly lines instead of smart automobiles. It looked like the end of the new transmission.

But when new tank models came up for design, General Motors engineers saw an opportunity to ease the tank driver's battle problems.

They reached back into their peacetime experience with Hydramatic Drive — developed for your own driving convenience, mind you — and came up with a completely automatic transmission for tanks.

Now our light tanks are more agile, more nimble. And a driver can concentrate on pillboxes or machine-gun nests, or whatever is his problem for the moment.

Here's a useful wartime plus that stems right out of the everlasting American drive toward betterment.

Such original efforts are made because men in this country know that just rewards await them for real enterprise.

It's an idea that helped make life in prewar America very much worth living. It has aided our country greatly in war. And it will continue to provide more and better things for more people in the years ahead.

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK
CADILLAC • BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE
GMC TRUCK AND COACH

Every Sunday Afternoon — GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR — NBC Network

KEEP AMERICA STRONG

Buy More War Bonds



NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR



Monthly daintiness some women have never known



This is the first generation to know the daintiness which the Tampax method of sanitary protection provides. Millions of women have found out how conveniently Tampax clears

away some of the monthly troubles. If you haven't yet made this Tampax discovery, don't delay another month!

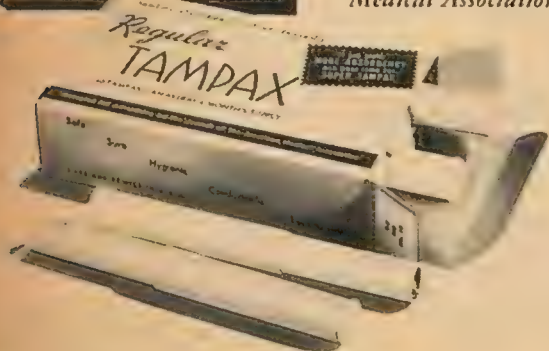
The main "difference" is that you wear Tampax *internally*—and thereby you eliminate the external pad and the belt. No bulk can show. No chafing at all. And no odor... So Tampax makes those "trying days" as dainty as possible and as near like other times of the month as you could hope.

Tampax is made of pure cotton, compressed in applicators and perfected by a doctor for women's special use. Changing is quick—disposal easy. *Three absorbencies* (Regular, Super, Junior) to suit individual needs. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. Economy box contains 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
SUPER JUNIOR

Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED RETURN

Accepted for Advertising by the
Journal of the American
Medical Association



JOHNNY HIMSELF

Continued from Page 33

Chris told himself. "Reckon they—" Then he stopped, remembered that he'd been watching that gap, off and on, every day since Mario went back. There had been no dusty cloud showing the sheep coming down. Nothing. Yet even a boy raised to cows knew that the sheep had to get down before the blizzard covered their feed and starved them out.

He kept thinking of the sheep and Mario and Chiquita, when he wasn't thinking of Johnny not making it home in time. Sometimes Chris felt downright ornery, giving thought to sheep, when any cowman knows that it's a plain good riddance if they go.

But Johnny himself—tenderhearted gay Johnny, who couldn't bear anything to suffer—would worry about Mario having that bad hand.

At noon Chris made up his mind and wrote the note: "Dear teacher. I have went to see about Mario. He did not get down with the sheep. CHRIS."

After that he dressed as warm as he could, saddled up, and lit out. It was shiver cold, riding across that lower valley, but once he'd started up the storm-whipped mountain trail, he found out what cold really was. He had to bend low over the pommel and shield his face from the stinging, blinding snow particles while he held the pony to the lanced wind. Angie ran behind, fighting the snow that clung to her, but not a whimper came from her throat.

"Good ol' girl!" Chris approved.

On and on, up and up they went, over the trail that wound about the mountain-side. A narrow trail, looking down into dizzy space. He could only let the pony have his head, for this was the edge of a blizzard Chris was riding into. He rubbed a mittened hand over his benumbed face, but he didn't stop.

He wouldn't have known, by himself, just when they came to the basin where the sheep were. It was Angie who told him. Forcing her stocky body out of the snow cuts of the pony's hoofs, she stood still, nose uplifted—then she barked.

Another dog answered. Through the knit folds of his cap, Chris heard it; heard, too, the bleating of sheep. Angie lunged away, and Chris sent the pony after her. It was that way he came to the tent set back under a clump of firs. Angie and Chiquita—gaunt as a wolf the old dog was—were

just outside, growing a little, nearing each other cautiously.

Chris slid to the ground and made his way through waist-high drifts to the tent. "Angie!" he quavered. "You come along!" for he was scared.

He was still scared when he saw Mario in his bedroll. Mario alive, but a skeleton of a man, with deep-sunk eyes, so weak his voice was a whisper.

"Muy amigo, you coom . . . you breeng maybe . . . help? The sheeps . . . por Dios . . . I try get her out . . . but the fever, she leave Mario but a breath."

"Gee, Mario, I came alone. Just me and Angie," Chris got out. He saw the flour-sack bandages on Mario's hand. Jernigan should have realized that Mario wouldn't trust any doctor's know-how above his own herbs. His arm wasn't swollen around the bandage as it had been, so it was probably all right now. But there had been a tough tussle, you could see, leaving Mario with no more gimp than a wet dish-rag.

"Look, Mario," he said. "You got to get out of this, sick like you are."

Mario nodded. "Sí. Today . . . now . . . these ewe moos' go down."

"We can't bother with the sheep. Somebody else'll have to come back later for them!"

"Eet would be too late. The trail she fill weeth snow. Snow cover the browse for sheeps to eat, so she all starve. She go down, thees sheeps . . . now."

Chris sat on his heels, beating his cold hands together, staring at Mario. A cowman worrying about his cattle, now, he could understand. Even a cow poke worrying about his boss's stock. But for a shepherd to want to risk his life for a bunch of pesky woolies belonging to another man . . .

"They're Jernigan's sheep," he pointed out.

"Thees sheeps she starve," Mario repeated, stubborn.

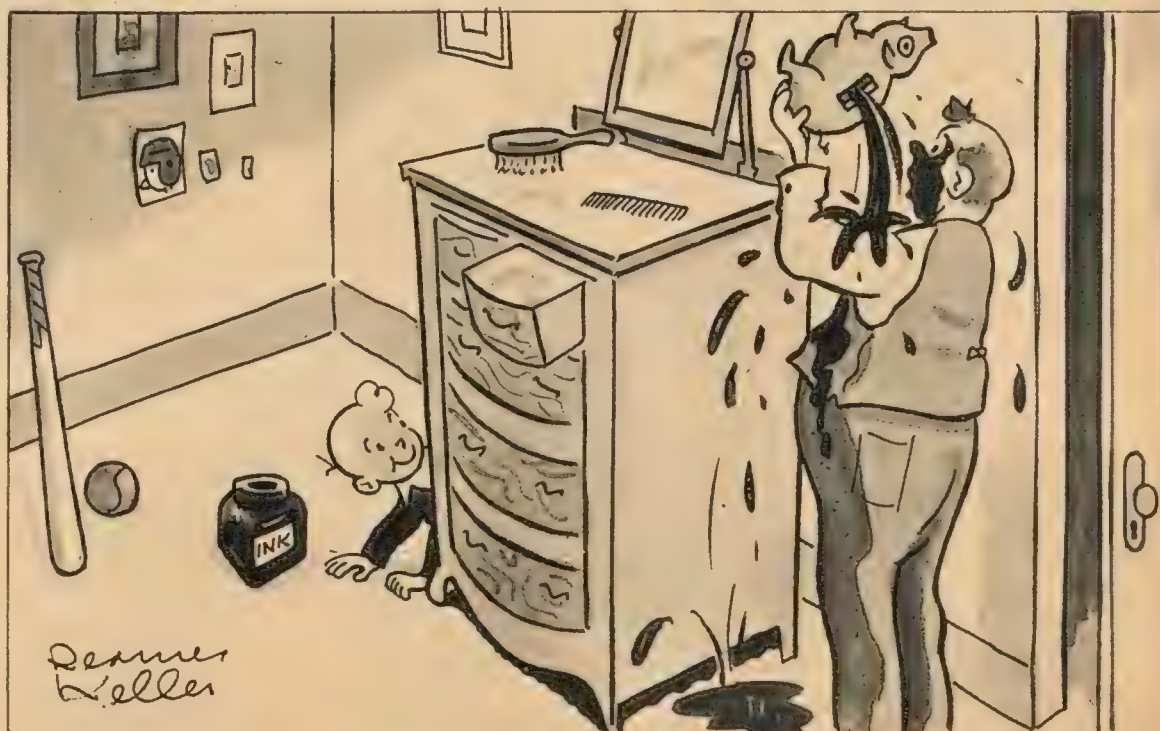
Chris went on beating his hands together, yet not noticing the hurt of the blood coming back to their numbness. Outside he still heard that frantic bleating.

He stood up. "I ain't no sheephand, but you tell me what to do, Mario."

Mario told him like he was another man, though through those next few minutes Chris felt mostly like a scared boy, like he wanted to be home with Miss Rose-Ellen. Or like he wanted to wake up and find himself back in the P-Q cabin, with

(Continued on page 54)

HARDTACK





THE SANCY DIAMOND has been the treasured possession of Queen Elizabeth, Cardinal Mazarin, kings of France and Spain, princes of Russia and India. Since 1898, William Penn has been the treasured blend of Americans who recognize outstanding value in whiskey.

He guarded this gem with his life...

THE Lord of Sancy brought this gem from Turkey in the year 1570. Once he had entrusted it to a faithful follower who was set upon by bandits and mortally wounded. Before dying, the servant managed to swallow the 53 carat diamond—which was later recovered by his master... Like the great Sancy diamond, William Penn Blended Whiskey became famous because of its superior quality. Called the "gem of the blends" because it *outshines* others in flavor, bouquet

and mellowness, William Penn is a premium whiskey in everything but price. After your first taste, you'll immediately understand why *millions say "When" with William Penn.*

☆ ☆ ☆

SPEND WISELY—OR NOT AT ALL
Unwise buying in wartime sends prices up. Help keep prices down by buying only what you need—check ceiling prices—don't pay more. And buy your share of war bonds and stamps.

William Penn

BLENDED WHISKEY

THE GEM OF THE BLENDS



86 proof—65% grain neutral spirits

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

RENAULT

Extra Dry American Champagne



As the bubbling, golden goodness of Renault Extra-Dry American Champagne rises in your glass, prepare yourself for a bouquet as delicate as forget-me-nots, a flavor as palate-pleasing as nectar. Only a bottle-fermented champagne backed by three-quarters of a century of experience could be so heavenly. . . . Write for a free copy of our 24 page Wine Recipe Book. Address Dept. 25, L. N. Renault & Sons, Inc., Egg Harbor City, N. J. Distributed through McKesson & Robbins, Inc., New York.

Buy War Bonds

Enjoy Renault - the Wine without Fault

(Continued from page 52)

Johnny himself flipping water on him to wake him up.

But there wasn't any waking up from the cold and storm. He just had to go through with it, digging the brandy out of Mario's pack and fixing him a good strengthening drink, going out to the mules corralled beneath the fir clump and feeding them because he knew Mario hadn't been able, and whistling the dog Chiquita for food also. All of them had a hard job ahead. After that he had to hack down a fir sapling, the way Mario had told him, and tie it to the saddle horn of his own pony. Only Mario's pack roll was tied to one of the pack mules.

Angie kept looking toward the sheep, but Chris told her sharply, "You keep out of it. You ain't a sheep dog, see?"

Maybe the hardest part was to help Mario to his feet and into his windbreaker, then to tug and boost him to the mule's back and get a blanket fastened about him. Mario swayed and slumped like a meal sack up there.

"Mario no good for herder now," he croaked. "And maybe Chiquita, she no can do alone!" His sad gaze flicked to Angie, who'd been ordered back and out of the way and whose eyes on Chris's were as troubled as Mario's.

Chris pretended not to notice either. He just said, gruff, "Well, here we go, Mario!" and he got on his pony, headed him back down the treacherous blizzard-bedeveled trail. When he thought of how narrow it was ahead, he swallowed at a lump in his throat and wished Angie could be up here with him. But that would scare the sheep, so he had to go it alone.

Behind him the sapling swept like a poor broom, but it made a narrow groove which the two pack mules trampled down still more. The sheep would have to go almost single file, but once the bellwether led them into it, they'd make it all right.

BUT there was no tinkling bell, no following bleat of sheep on the move, though Chris kept turning his head into that snow-stabbing wind to listen. And at last he got off his horse impatiently and headed back, sliding sideways between pack mule and snowdrift, blinking his eyes against the stinging snow. And his hatred for sheep grew with every stabbing cold breath.

Nothing had changed. The sheep were still a blatting mass. Mario still slumped on his mule.

"Now what?" Chris demanded.

Mario shrugged helplessly. "I call . . . that wether," he croaked out, "but he scare . . . by evertheeng. So mooch of strangeness she pile up!" But he kept right on going.

"Fat chance you got to do that!" Chris muttered as he eyed, distastefully, the huddled mass. He felt a nudge against his leg, heard a soft whine, looked down at Angie. She was begging to go back and help Chiquita! He said sharply, "You stay put, Angie! I got enough on my hands!" and he made toward the sheep.

Mario warned, "Have the care! Maybe she pile up!" But he kept right on going toward them.

The bell guided him to the wether. Chris caught him by the folds of the neck. The animal bleated, tossed his ugly head, tried to get away, but Chris held on, pulling, pushing, moving the beast an inch at a time toward the trail break.

The bell rang wildly, and the ewes, panicky jumped and plunged about boy and wether, until the sharp little hoofs seemed like knives, trying to stab Chris, and the smell of wool was a horrible sickness all through him, and their blatting an unendurable din. But he didn't let go. Inch by inch, foot by foot, until the two

thrown drifts of the break rose on either side of them.

There the wether set his feet, determined to bolt back to the ewes; Chris was tossed back and forth with the fury of his attempt. And hopelessly the boy realized he couldn't do it alone.

Then something nudged his knee; a pair of pleading eyes looked up into his.

Chris's voice rose raw and sharp above the storm: "Go ahead, Angie. Move those damned ewes in on him—crowd them up!"

Lifting his head for an instant, he saw her lunge through the drifts, circling the sheep with the sureness of her experienced mother. Mario whistled and Chiquita barked in answer from the other side. Then two dogs barked. The sheep bleated louder, but there was a sudden surge forward toward the sound of the wether's bell, until the gray mass began singling out, in ones and twos, crowding into the defile, pushing on from behind—even pushing the wether forward.

Then Chris let go and plunged back to his pony. And when he was up again, and the horse was breasting the drifts, he heard the tinkling bell not far behind, the bleats of the trailing ewes.

CHRIS had no idea of time. He knew that it got colder and that darkness began settling when it was little past mid-afternoon—the darkness of storm. He felt alone in the world. Maybe he was alone, for Mario, trying to trail his sheep like a good shepherd, might have swayed from his saddle in weakness long ago. But the barking of the dogs—not one, but two—far behind, brought a queer warm comfort to him.

He didn't notice that the trail had widened, with less snow. When he heard the voices ahead, he thought them a part of the wind's raving. Then Al Jernigan's startled oath came, close at hand. "You plucky little devil! You've brought 'em practically down to Halfway Mesa!" Then, in kindlier tones than Chris had ever heard from him, Jernigan asked, "Where's my herder? Where's Mario?"

Chris lifted his head. "In back—if he still lives."

Jernigan said gruffly. "He lives, all right, thank God. Just heard him whistle to the dogs." He yelled into the darkness, "You herders take these sheep! Run 'em into the corrals at Halfway and feed 'em! I'll wait to fetch Mario!"

Jernigan caught the bridle of Chris's pony and pulled boy and horse to one side, while sheep poured by to feed and shelter. Then somebody rode up on the other side of Chris.

Miss Rose-Ellen choked, "Oh, Chris!" and she put her arms about him. He didn't mind. He liked it. But she was crying, so he said through chattering teeth, "Don't worry, teacher. I've found—Angie's a good—sheep dog. She don't—mind it. And fifty dollars—" His head went down, quick, to her shoulder.

But his head jerked up again even quicker, and he felt the warm blood flow through him. For Miss Rose-Ellen said, "We don't need to worry, ever, Chris. There was a letter from Johnny today. He hurt his leg, and that delayed him, and his letter to tell us about it wasn't mailed, but he's almost well now! He sent you money, Chris, and he's coming home soon, snow or no snow! Coming home to you, Chris—and to me! Johnny—coming home to us." Her face shone through the darkness.

"Gee!" Chris said huskily. He was cold, but he sat there waiting for Angie to come on the tails of the sheep, so he could tell her. Johnny, coming home soon. Nobody else but Johnny himself.

THE END



BIGGER THINGS ARE COMING TO YOUR HOME TOWN

ENEMY GUNS will soon roll through the streets of the towns of America...

But they will be headed toward the Village Green, as Trophies of War; as monuments dedicated to the part that brave men have played in the winning of the War.

Let America never forget, as it strolls past these Trophies, why its brave men went away.

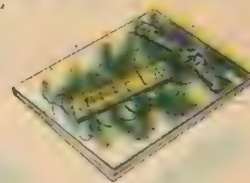
They went to protect America's traditional Rights of Man... the Privileges of Free Enterprise... Free Competition... Private Initiative and Freedom of Opportunity for Labor—to protect the Four Freedoms of our commercial life as well as the Four Freedoms of civil America.

And if the men who will have come home as conquerors return to any other conditions they will have lost the war... and the enemy gun, standing in your town square, become a symbol of the conquest of American liberty.

At the Detroit Tap and Tool Company we are all working for the day when a captured Nazi trophy will be placed in your home town. When this day comes our skill will join the skill and productive might of American industry to create a new era of enlightened living. Toward this goal let us all—business, labor, everybody—unite to hasten this happy day.

LET'S ALL KEEP BACKING THE ATTACK—Buy More Bonds

Send for your free copy of "Threads of Destiny," a new booklet tracing the development of the machine screw thread. Please make your request on your company letterhead.



DETROIT
TAP & TOOL CO.

8432 BUTLER AVENUE • DETROIT 11, MICHIGAN

GROUND TAPS • GROUND THREAD HOBS • THREAD GAGES • SPECIAL THREADING TOOLS AND GAGES

GEORGE AND THE BATTLE OF THE BEEFSTEAKS

Continued from Page 19

the English Joes can use knuckle-dusters and bayonets, I wouldn't have a chance. But with them fighting under wraps, my size gives me an advantage. And I take it. I lower my head and rush them like I am playing football again. I bang against a couple, but I fall on top. And as I break away, I see George picking up speed.

And Captain Roberts isn't any slouch either. He bowls two or three of these English Joes over. He hesitates a moment like he is wondering if we got a chance to lick the gang. But he must decide his job is running the company. He heads toward his jeep. And George and I fall in behind. Of course the English Joes yell "Bang!" at us a couple hundred times, but bangs don't hurt none if there are no referees around.

"Well," the captain says bitterly, half to himself, "there go half a dozen more men, checked off to lack of experience. I wish I knew who revealed our position by challenging that sheep."

George is very still.

Captain Roberts stops the jeep just where you turn off the trail to where the main force of the outfit is hidden. "Listen."

At first I can't hear anything. Then I get a cold chill. The noise of tanks approaching through the dark, and fast, is like no other sound made.

"They're coming this way," George falters. "Fast."

"They're trying for a knockout before we can give the alarm," the captain says. "They know that if they can find us and close in before we can do any fancy maneuvering, the referee will rule they win, since they're so much heavier."

"But how can they find us in the dark, sir?" George asks.

"Simple," the captain answers bitterly. "They're following the telephone wire we laid to the command post. They know it must lead right to the outfit." Suddenly he gives a yelp. And while we stare he leaps out of the jeep and fumbles on the ground until he finds the wire we laid earlier. He snips this quick.

"Private McKeller," the captain says quickly, "there is still a couple of miles of wire on the reel in the jeep. Splice the end on to this. Then you two drive on up the trail, paying out the wire to the end. There is just a chance the English will be in such a hurry they'll rush on by and not notice us on up the draw." His voice gets grim. "And if we can catch them out in the open, while we're hidden, it'll be a perfect ambush."

"But what about the wire from here over to the rest of the outfit, sir?" I ask.

"I'll pull that out of the way," he an-

swers. "Now step on it. Make all the noise you can and try to act like you're a whole t. d. company. We got to get the tanks by this draw out into the open."

He grins; he is pretty young himself. "It's a slim chance. But do the best you can. And if you can trick the English into following you, I'll hit them from behind. And if you do, we may not be eating mutton next week, after all."

The captain disappears into the dark. George drives while I pay out the wire behind. When we reach the end, we stop. listen. There is a roar of planes overhead, circling, waiting for a chance to land at this field I mention. But no sound of tanks.

"They must suspect the wire is leading them into a trap," George says. He is worried. "If only we could figure out some way to convince them our whole outfit is here. Maybe if we go back a piece, we can get them to chase us." His voice is desperate. "We just got to get them to come on, so Captain Roberts can hit them from behind, or we'll have a mutton diet next week, and I'll be fixing it."

HE turns the jeep. Stops suddenly. A wave of white flows around the car, blocking us. It is a flock of sheep being driven home. George shakes his fist.

"Sheep!" he screams. "More sheep!" Suddenly his voice changes. "Nice sheep," he babbles happily. "What a break!"

I look at him anxiously. I figure he is out of his head, and wonder whether I should humor him along or hold him till the doctor comes. He jumps out of the jeep and pushes through the flock till he comes to the shepherd, an old Scot.

"Hiya," George says briskly.

The old man leans on his staff.

"Ho," he says cautiously.

"What about lending us your sheep?" George asks.

"Ay dinna hear weel," the old man replies. "Boot dinna ye say ye'd like the borrow of may sheep?"

"That's right," George answers.

"Are you plumb batty?" I whisper.

"Was Hannibal?" George whispers back. "I'd like to borrow your sheep until tomorrow morning," he continues. And when the old man is still hard of hearing, he adds, "At a shilling a head."

"And for why?" the Scot asks.

"I want to tie flashlights to their tails and drive them into the bushes," George answers, like that explains everything.

"Taillights on sheep," the old man replies, scandalized. "Ye're daft as loons," he says. "But ye're Yonkees." And he shakes his head, like that explains our lunacy. "It'll be two shillings a head. And ye'll pay for ony damage to the sheep."

"It's a deal," George answers.

George forces his way back to the car for an armload of flashlights. I'm sucked in by his enthusiasm and grab up some of the lights myself, and a ball of twine. It takes only a few minutes to tie the lights to the sheep, light them, and drive the sheep out into the heather.

When we finish, George and I scramble up a little hill and look. The old man follows. All we can see are the lights folding in and out among the bushes. It looks like an army on the march, and I can understand why the Romans are fooled.

"Listen!" says George, excited. "They're coming this way. We've done it!"

The tanks have started up again, and we can hear them. Suddenly I am conscious of another noise—the sound of planes circling overhead. This grows louder and louder. A weird whistle starts, rises to a shriek. The old man jerks erect, listening. He shoves George and me hard.

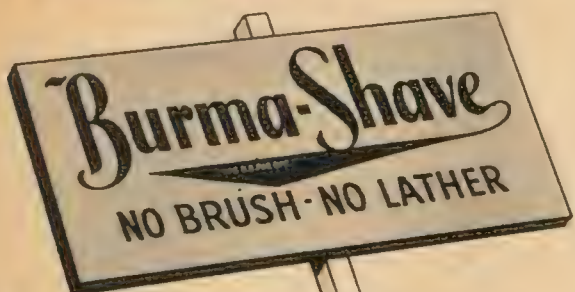
"Doon!" he yells. "Doon for ye' lives!"

We hit the dirt together. And not a sec-

(Continued on page 58)



HERE'S TO THE GIRL
HE LEAVES BEHIND
IN EVERY BOX SHE SENDS
HE'LL FIND -



Back the Invasion...
Buy and Keep Extra Bonds

SMART GAL! Because each soothing, cooling Burma-Shave is like a gentle caress from her. A special ingredient makes whiskers stand up so a razor gets them off quick, clean and smooth. Proof of popularity—over 200,000,000 Burma-Shaves last year and the number's still growing. BURMA-SHAVE, Minneapolis 5, Minn.

AT YOUR DRUG COUNTER, POST
EXCHANGE, OR SHIP'S SERVICE STORE

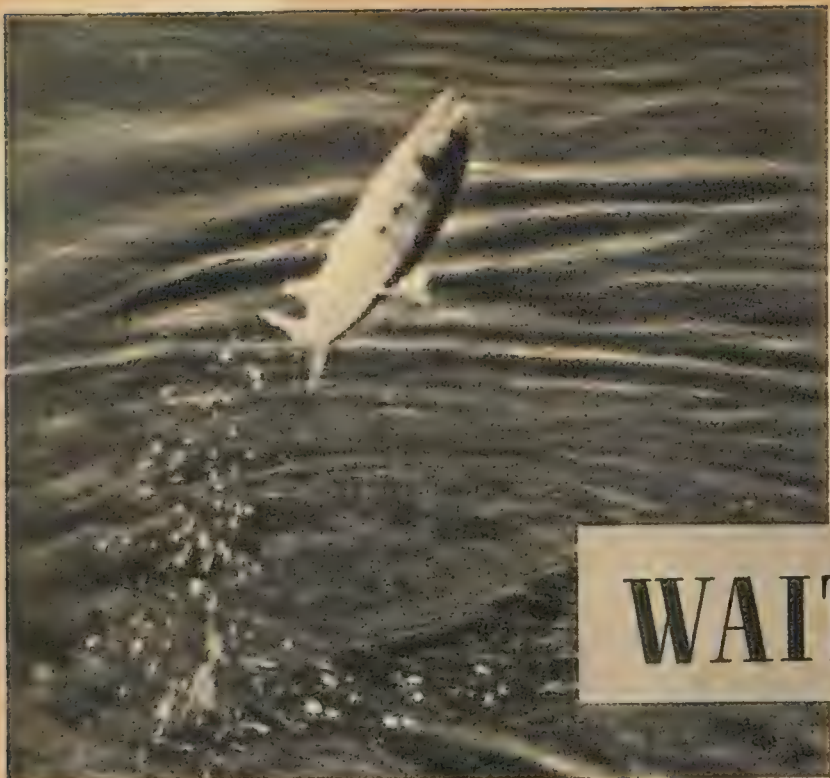




*Gracious
as the Old South*

From the four corners of the globe are gathered gracious flavors to lend bouquet to this fine gin. Dixie Belle has that clean, suave taste that makes it mingle agreeably without over-emphasis in your favorite gin drinks. The gin preferred above all by those who appreciate the ultimate in quality.

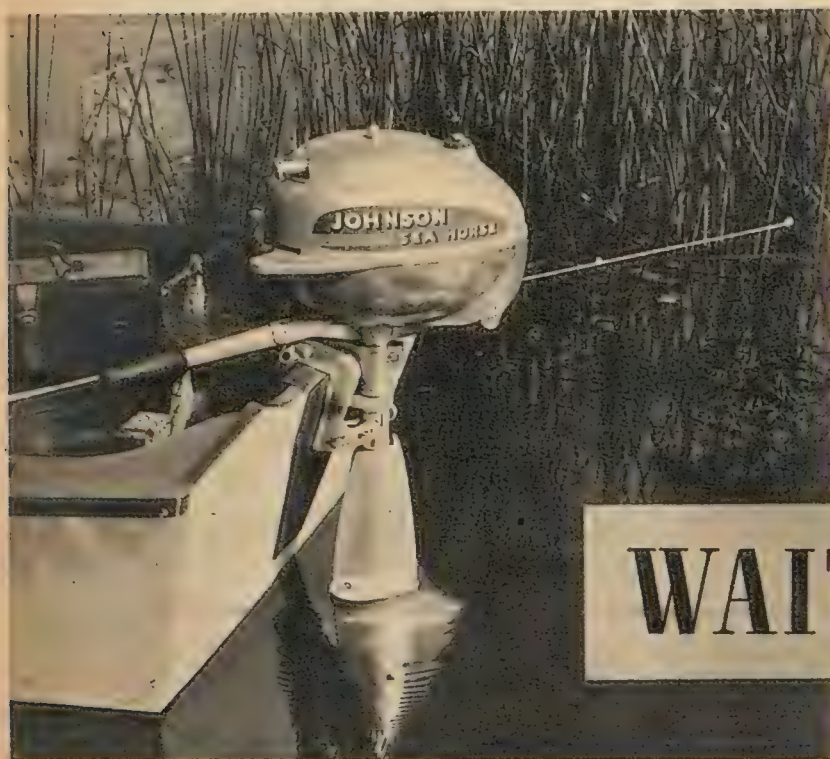
CONTINENTAL DISTILLING
CORPORATION, Philadelphia, Pa.
90 Proof • Distilled from
100% Grain Neutral Spirits



WAITING..

With 12 million red-blooded men busy in the armed services, lots of fine fish are growing fat (and careless). The "good spots" are better than ever — just *waiting* to be fished.

Beautiful fishing models of Johnson Sea-Horse outboard motors will be waiting too, when the right day comes.



WAITING..

We have been making lots of outboard motors right along. For war. It will take some time, of course, when materials and manpower are released, to stock up on the deluxe models you want. But we will do our best to see that they are ready when Johnny (and Jane) come marching home. In the meantime, if you are interested in selling AND SERVICING outboard motors after the war, write us — no matter what your location may be. JOHNSON MOTORS, Waukegan, Illinois.

JOHNSON SEA-HORSES

for DEPENDability



THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR EXPERIENCE

(Continued from page 56)

and too soon. The ground heaves as the bomb explodes. There's another explosion, and another, till I'm too deafened and stunned to count. This isn't play war any longer; this is the real thing. Those bombs were made in Germany. I hug the earth and I wish I had a nice foxhole.

After the last explosion, George and I climb to our feet. George tries to laugh.

"Fourth of July was never like this," he cracks. "That sure had everything."

The old man calls to his dog and darts away into the dark to try and round up his sheep. George and I just stand there.

In about an hour, I guess, we are interrupted by the approach of a command car. There is a whistle. George and I walk over to the car.

Sergeant Bork is driving, and Captain Roberts and the English captain and a couple of other English officers who are the referees are in back.

"What happened, Private McKeller?" Captain Roberts asks. "What caused all those lights? And those explosions?"

"I don't know what caused the explosions, sir," George replies, "but we caused the lights."

He explains how we come to tie the flashlights on the sheep. Well, the English captain is sure a good sport.

"So that's what I saw," he says, good-natured. "I can understand how it was that the Romans were taken in. From two miles off, I would have sworn your whole outfit was up here, using electric torches to find a good spot to dig in. So I put on speed, hoping to smother you before you got set. That's how I come to run right into the trap and got nipped off."

George nudges me.

"Hear that?" he whispers. "We win. And because of my idea. Boy, oh, boy! If I don't get a couple of stripes out of this, I miss my guess."

"But what I can't understand," Captain Roberts says, "is why the Jerries dump all the bombs out here, in the open."

"I think I understand," one of the referees answers. "There's an airfield near by that we've been using for some time on our night raids. And the Jerries know it. So tonight they probably sent a few bombers to follow our bombers back. And the Jerries were loafing around upstairs, waiting for the landing lights to go on, so they could plaster the field. And when they saw the lights on the sheep, they thought they were over the airfield. So they dropped their bombs. Simple, what?"

The way George swells up, I think he is going to pop with pride. I can read his mind. Already he is figuring he is sure to get a medal for saving the airfield.

"It looks like those sheep sure saved our bacon," Captain Roberts says, smiling. "Or maybe I ought to say our steaks."

"I hope you invite me when you have those steaks," says the English captain.

But suddenly there comes a harsh voice.

"What about may sheep?" the old Scot asks. "What about may sheep, tha' Private George McKeller promises the United States will make gude if anything happens?"

"But nothing happens!" George yells. "I look and none of them are hurt."

"Maybe no," the Scot answers cannily, "boot they're knocked clean daft by the boombs," he says. "And I nay bargained to ha' may sheep boombed and their nerves upset. So Ay'll thank ye to live oop to ye' promise to buy may sheep if they're hurt."

AND that's how it happens that the Canopeners buy themselves a flock of sheep. And how come we win the maneuvers but go on eating mutton.

THE END

"Our Servel is so silent we forget it's there,"

says *Fred Mac Murray*, starring in "PRACTICALLY YOURS," a Paramount picture



The Fred MacMurrays say they're delighted with the silent performance of their Servel Gas Refrigerator. "It does its job without a sound" says Fred, "and it never gets out of order. Anyone who has a Servel today is lucky."

And America's two million other Servel owners agree—they *are* lucky. This different refrigerator hasn't a single moving part in its freezing system to wear, cause noise or need fixing. It stays silent and lasts longer.



There are 9,000 war workers like this one, busy at our plant right now on things for the Army and Navy. The only refrigerators we've made since Pearl Harbor have also gone to the armed services. But after the war, we'll be making Servels again for everybody—and making them better than ever.



You can count on a marvelous new home comfort, too—the Servel All-Year Gas Air Conditioner. It will cool your house in Summer, heat it in Winter, provide the right humidity for health. During the past three years, it's been on test in hundreds of homes throughout the country and families say "wonderful!"



Your local Gas Company has always been headquarters for the Gas Refrigerator. It will also be headquarters for new Servel products. If you're thinking about modernizing your home someday, your Gas Company will be glad to help you plan now. Meanwhile, keep saving—buy War Bonds and Stamps.



Free!

So Easy to Win!

You Just Complete This Sentence on the Entry Blank You Obtain at Your Dealer (25 Words or Less): My favorite O-Cedar Product is O-Cedar _____ because:

NO WRAPPERS! NO BOX TOPS!

Purpose of Contest: To Make the Housewives of America and O-Cedar Dealers Still Better Friends.

Think of the thrill of getting \$5000.00 CASH to spend as you please—to buy War Bonds now, to build the home of your dreams when Victory is won, to educate your children, to provide a "retirement income" for you or your family. \$5000.00 CASH given free to the winner of this O-Cedar contest!

1,117 winners! Or how about getting the \$1000.00 second prize, or one of the five prizes of \$100 each—the ten prizes of \$50.00 each. And even if you don't win one of these prizes, there are one hundred prizes of \$10.00 each and one thousand prizes of \$2.00 each. All given FREE in exchange for only a few minutes of your time!

What you do is simplicity itself. Just finish the sentence shown above, giving (in 25 words or less) the name of your favorite O-Cedar product and why you prefer it. Examples at right show how easy it is to be a winner!

No wrappers, no box tops! All you need to enter this contest is an entry blank. Nothing to buy, nothing to send in! Just get your entry blanks at your O-Cedar dealer's and make all entries on these FREE O-Cedar Contest Blanks.

\$5,000⁰⁰ CASH FIRST PRIZE

2nd Prize	\$1000.00
5 Prizes each	\$100.00
10 Prizes each	\$50.00
100 Prizes each	\$10.00
1000 Prizes each	\$2.00

1,117 PRIZES IN ALL

**O-Cedar NATIONAL
FALL HOUSECLEANING SALE**
September 18 to 30
Special Prices On All O-Cedar Products!



FOLLOW THESE

1. Obtain an O-Cedar Contest Entry Blank from your O-Cedar dealer . . . he'll be glad to give you one. It is not necessary to purchase anything.
2. Simply write on entry blank 25 additional words, or less, to complete this sentence: "My favorite O-Cedar product is O-Cedar _____ because . . ." Write about any O-Cedar product, whichever one you like the best (All-Purpose Polish, No Rubbing Cream Polish, Touch-Up Furniture Polish, Self-Polishing Wax, Paste Wax, Prepared Liquid Wax, Clean Up Cleaner, Upholstery and Rug Cleaner, Window Cleaner,

Perma-Moth, Hand Guard, Silver and Metal Polishing Cloth, or any of the famous mops and dusters). Print or write plainly. Give your name and address.

3. Mail to O-Cedar, Box 1093, Chicago, Illinois. You may enter as many times as you wish, but each entry must be on an O-Cedar Contest Entry Blank obtained from your O-Cedar dealer.

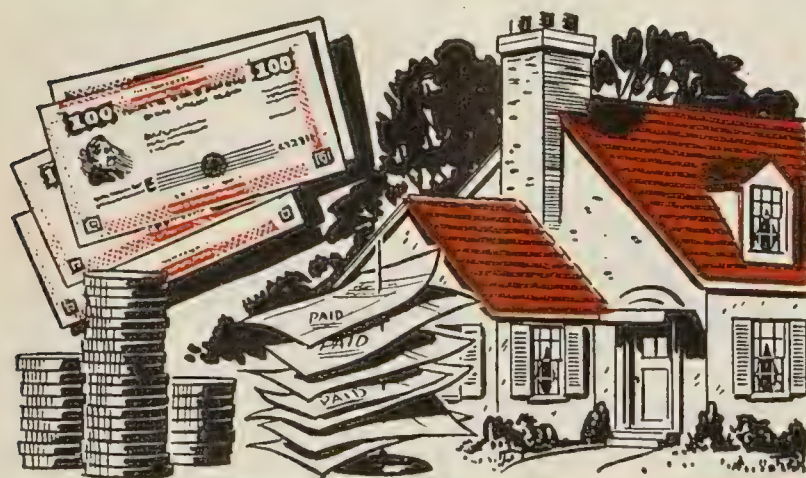
4. There will be 1,117 prizes, totalling \$10,000.00, as follows:

1st Prize	\$5,000	\$5,000
2nd Prize	1,000	1,000
5 Prizes	100	500

\$10,000.00

IN CASH PRIZES

GIVEN AWAY IN GREAT O-Cedar CONTEST



POINTERS TO HELP YOU WIN

Like millions of women, you undoubtedly have used O-Cedar Products (polishes, mops, waxes and others) for years. They're famous the world over. There may be new O-Cedar Products (the marvelous cleaners, for instance; or Perma-Moth and Hand Guard) that you'll want to try before sending in your entry. Write about any O-Cedar Product you have used . . . the one you like best. Here are three examples; you can think of dozens of better things to say:

My favorite O-Cedar product is O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish because I can use it for my furniture, floors and woodwork and it keeps all three looking like new.

My favorite O-Cedar product is O-Cedar Perma-Moth because I only have to use it once and my moth worries are over for the life of the fabric.

My favorite O-Cedar product is O-Cedar Self-Polishing Wax because it keeps my floors beautiful and makes them so easy to clean.

Enter as many times as you wish and when you stop in at your O-Cedar dealer's to get your blanks ask him to show you his grand line-up of O-Cedar housekeeping aids. Specially displayed and featured during O-Cedar's National Fall Housecleaning Sale! No matter how long you've used the famous O-Cedar products, there may be new members of the O-Cedar Housekeeping Family you'd like to use, and write about.

You'll be delighted to know that there's an O-Cedar answer to every housekeeping problem—whether it's cleaning your woodwork, polishing your furniture, or mothproofing your woollens! Remember, O-Cedar makes not one—not two—but fourteen different products to lighten work and brighten homes!

Visit your O-Cedar dealer! He'll be happy to give you as many Contest Entry Blanks as you wish and he'll have some ideas that may help you win the \$5000.00 first prize. Don't wait—get your Entry Blanks today.

CONTEST CLOSING AT MIDNIGHT OCTOBER 18!

GET YOUR CONTEST ENTRY BLANK AT YOUR O-CEDAR DEALER. ALL ENTRIES MUST BE MADE ON THIS BLANK

O-Cedar

FOR 37 YEARS THE GREATEST NAME IN HOUSEKEEPING!

SIMPLE RULES

10 Prizes	50	500
100 Prizes	10	1,000
1,000 Prizes	2	2,000

5. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, Wednesday, October 18, 1944.

6. Entries will be judged for sincerity, originality, aptness, and clarity. Decision of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. No entries returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of O-Cedar. No entries will be acknowledged or any correspondence carried on in connection with the contest.

7. Any resident of the Continental United States may compete, except employees of O-Cedar Corp'n., its advertising agency, and their families. Contest subject to all United States and State regulations.

8. First, second and third prize winners will be announced on O-Cedar's coast-to-coast radio program, "Hot Copy," on Sunday afternoon, November 5, 1944—5:30 P.M., EWT; 4:30 P.M., CWT; 3:30 P.M., MWT; 2:30 P.M., PWT. All winners will be notified before November 5, by mail. Complete list of all winners will be sent to anyone, on request, after November 5.



Winners

Announced Sunday, November 5th, on "Hot Copy," the O-Cedar radio program over the Blue Network. Listen to "Hot Copy" every Sunday! See your local newspaper for time and station.



ERIC IN THE BEAR'S DEN

Continued from Page 34

commissar of the food industry, Mikoyan visited the United States shortly before the European war, and he has not forgotten the many things he learned there or the good will he found there.

Mikoyan laughed good-humoredly while listening to Johnston's toast to the miraculous qualities of Russian manganese, which, he said, is as blissfully ignorant of its Socialist origin as American machine tools are of their capitalist origin.

"Isn't it fortunate, gentlemen," said Johnston, "that these lower forms of inanimate matter have no ideology? For that reason they could be mediators and interpreters between us humans." Eloquent proof that Mikoyan and other leading Russians understood and appreciated his frankness and directness was the publicity given to

this speech. All the papers carried it in three-column reports. It was read over the radio and posted in thousands of places in parks, squares, and public buildings in order to reach a maximum number of readers. Johnston's fame preceded him on his trip. Wherever we went in the course of our 5,000 miles of travel, I heard people refer to "Socialist manganese and capitalist machine tools," and always with an appreciative twinkle in their eyes.

There were more blunt words by Johnston as he traveled deep into the Soviet rear. Especially memorable was Novosibirsk. Our host was Mikhail Kulagin, secretary general of the provincial Communist Party organization and vice-chairman of one of the two houses comprising the Soviet parliament. Kulagin is a small, wiry man with sharp blue eyes and a face so tough and belligerent that we nicknamed him James Cagney. However, the nickname did not stick. Kulagin insisted on being called simply Mike. That's what Donald

Nelson called him, and what goes with Nelson goes with Mike, because in Nelson he finally found his match in toasting and tough talk.

At the farewell dinner, a lavish affair, Mike suddenly rose and said: "We love our friends. There is nothing we won't do for our friends. But the worst thing that can happen is to discover that your friend is only a fair-weather friend and has betrayed you."

He spoke in this vein for some time. There was a tense silence in the spacious banquet room and all eyes turned toward Johnston. He rose slowly, grim-faced, his flashing smile absent for the first time during the trip, and said:

"Let me be frank with you, Mike, and with all your friends. I've come to see what makes your system work. After thirty days I must admit I still don't understand. However, we are fighting on the same side and, I hope, will also collaborate after the war. Hitler has done one great thing: he has brought us together after years of estrangement. I won't have any part of your social creed, and I definitely don't want my country to be overrun by this creed, but I respect your right to any system your young people might wish to have. As long as we don't interfere with life inside each other's country we shall remain friends and work together. In fact, it is most essential that we work together to preserve the peace."

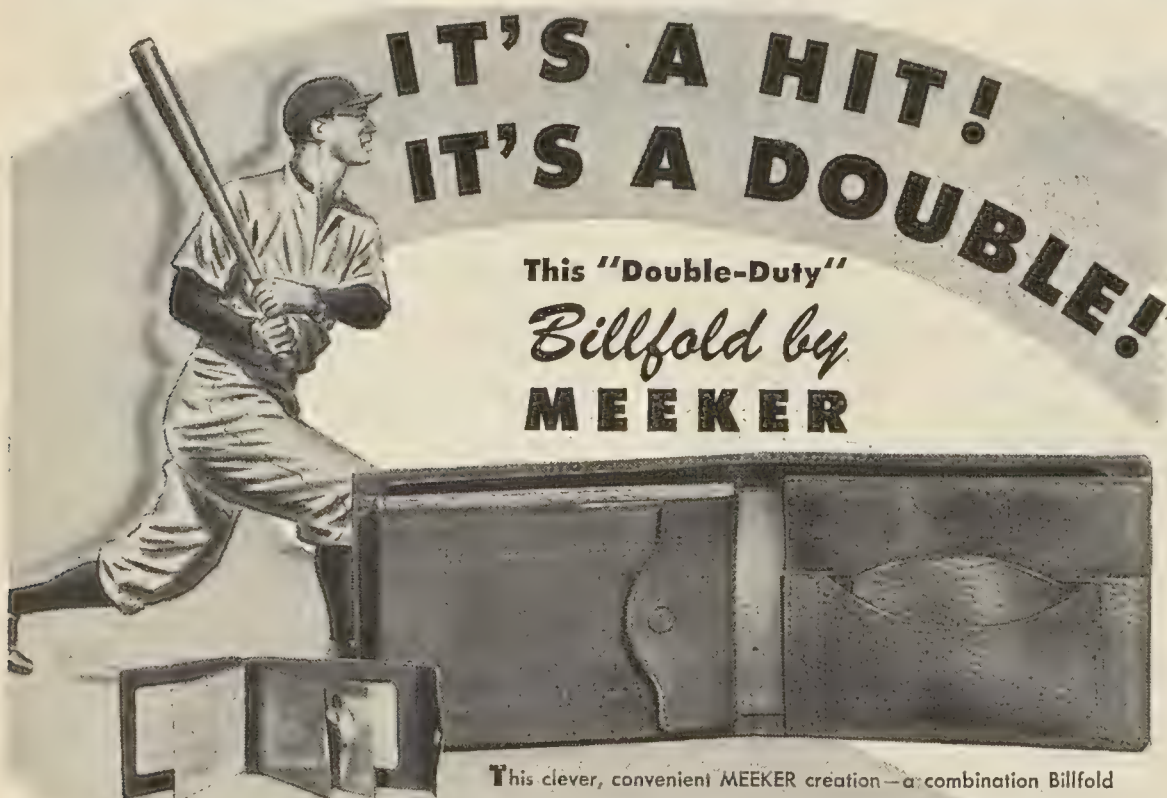
THIS time all eyes turned toward Mike. He rose, thought a while, then said: "Stalin teaches us not to intervene in the internal affairs of other countries." He went on to the effect that Stalin had held this view for years, and had forcefully expressed his belief that revolutions could not and should not be exported into any country. They must arise fundamentally from conditions existing in that country. Mike ended with a smile and a toast to Soviet-American friendship and to a long and fruitful period of collaboration between the two nations.

This frank exchange took a load off Johnston's shoulders, for he had been generous in his compliments to the Russians and he was a little afraid that his words might have been interpreted by Soviet officials as a sign that he, a tough American capitalist, was now sold on Bolshevik Russia in every way. Or again, they might think he was too diplomatic to voice sharp differences of opinion. This exchange gave him a second wind, and he left Siberia to resume his survey of Russia with a renewed vitality that put us correspondents to shame, younger men though we were, and trained in the give-and-take and toast-for-toast of massive Russian hospitality, which follows the ironclad rule of "Dodna"—meaning, "Bottoms up!"

Slim and trim in figure despite the aforesaid hospitalities, clad in a Palm Beach suit contrasting with the picturesque native dress and workaday garb of our hosts, Johnston kept his head and he kept his feet. He certainly kept his audience. They didn't always see eye to eye with him, but they always liked him. And he liked them.

As a matter of fact, Johnston, the business man, the practical American, and the human being, was sold on Russia. He was not sold on its ideology by any means, but, as he put it: "Only three miles of sea separate our Pacific frontiers, so we are neighbors." And as an observer he was convinced that Russia is an up-and-coming nation, firmly established as one of the three world powers destined to bring peace to mankind and to maintain it.

The Russians sold themselves to Johnston by showing him everything he wanted
(Continued on page 64)



This "Double-Duty"
Billfold by
MEEKER

This clever, convenient MEEKER creation—a combination Billfold and Removable Pass Case—is a "must" for busy men. It's stylish, trim, compact—yet has a place for everything... Pass Case may be carried as part of Billfold, or separately. Holds 8 passes, cards, snapshots, etc. Remove pass case—and there's a sleek, thin billfold.

MEEKER-MADE Billfolds are noted for fine quality, expert craftsmanship, modern styling, and latest features. Various prices. At dealers everywhere.



FOR HER

The beautiful MEEKER-MAID Billfold has bill compartment, coin purse, and space for cards. Several gorgeous color combinations.

THE MEEKER COMPANY, INC.
JOPLIN, MO.

NEW YORK: 347 Fifth Avenue • CHICAGO: 36 S. State Street



NERVES ON EDGE?

Can't Sit or Stand Still?

Are there times when you are Wakeful, Restless and Irritable? These discomforts, as well as Headache, and Digestive disturbances, may be caused by Nervous Tension. DR. MILES NERVINE helps to relax Nervous Tension. Get it at your drug store in liquid or effervescent tablets. Read directions and use only as directed. Effervescent tablets 35c and 75c, liquid 25c and \$1.00.

MILES LABORATORIES, INC., Elkhart, Indiana

DR. MILES NERVINE

Are You in the Know?



Do you think she is headed for—

- ☐ "Heart" trouble
- ☐ A high date quota
- ☐ Complexion blues

Snacks at the hamburger hangout are fun! But too many "fries" and double desserts may bring complexion blues. Go easy on rich foods. With sensible diet, daily scrubbing, your face can defy the keenest ogling. You can challenge costume closeups, too, on "those" days. Kotex sanitary napkins outwit telltale lines—for those patented Kotex ends are *pressed flat*—they don't show, because they're not thick, not stubby like *some* napkin ends. They're scientifically designed to keep Kotex snug-fitting . . . smoother!



In WAVE language, she's—

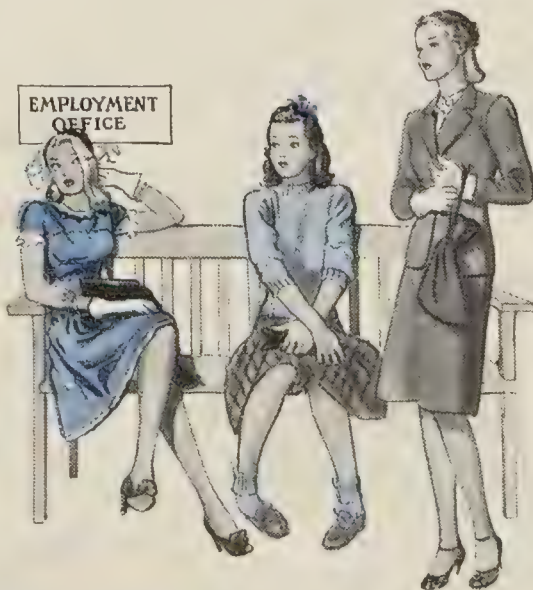
- ☐ A destroyer
- ☐ On see duty
- ☐ Being convoyed

WAVES have words of their own! For instance, "being convoyed" means being on a date. "See duty" means the movies. The girl above is a *destroyer* (pretty WAVE)—and busy at her job. Any girl can sail through dates or duty with confidence, on calendar days—when she chooses Kotex. Because Kotex is the word for *protection* in sanitary napkins. That special 4-ply safety-center keeps moisture away from the edges of Kotex—giving extra protection where you need it *most*. And Kotex has no wrong side to confuse you and cause embarrassing accidents!

Which is most likely to get the job?

- ☐ The girl on the left
- ☐ On the right
- ☐ In the center

Want to launch your life career, or land an after-school job? That first interview is important! Be alert, brief, frank. Show the boss you mean business, and *look* it—like the girl on the right. Then, stick to your job, *every* working day. You can, with the help of Kotex. Kotex is more comfortable—has *enduring* softness, so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. No bunching, no roping, as flimsy napkins do. You'll find Kotex holds its shape . . . actually *stays* soft while wearing!



This is her lucky day for—

- ☐ Honeymoon Bridge
- ☐ Russian Bank
- ☐ Gin Rummy

Too bad, sailor! But a gal can win *some* of the time, can't she? Today, she's lucky at Gin Rummy. And tomorrow, and at all times, a girl can be a winner at any social doings—when she plays safe about personal daintiness. Especially at certain times, a *powder* deodorant is needed. That means Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, for sanitary napkins. Quest is unscented. It's the safe, sure way to avoid offending—to destroy all doubt completely!

IT'S A WISE GIRL who discovers that a *powder* deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest Powder, the Kotex Deodorant, was created expressly for this use. So see how completely Quest *destroys* odors. It's unscented, safe, sure.



Know your napkins —

More women choose KOTEX^{*} than all other sanitary napkins

TIPS FOR TEENS. To know how to stay in the fun . . . to know exactly what and what not to do on difficult days, send now for the free, newly-edited booklet, "As One Girl to Another". Puts you on the beam about grooming, sports, social contacts. Write to P. O. Box 3434, Chicago 54, Illinois.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



HANDKERCHIEF TEST



**PROVES VITAL ZONE SPOTLESS
AND FREE FROM "GOO"—no matter
how often you smoke it!**



HESSON GUARD MILANO

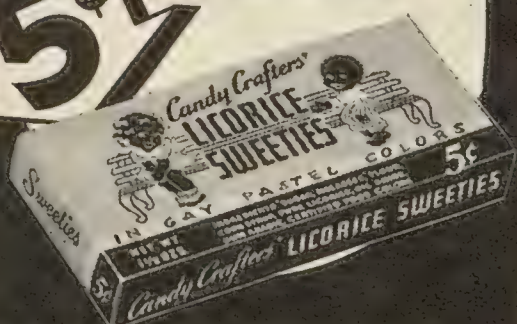
"Sweet" Eating

LICORICE SWEETIES

Colorful candy coating, licorice
flavored... for 'sweet' eating.

We're supplying the Armed Forces.
They come first. So, if your
dealer doesn't have these
sweets today, look for
them tomorrow.

5¢



ANOTHER QUALITY CONFECTION MADE BY

Candy Crafters, Inc.

LANSLOWNE, PA.

(Continued from page 62)

to see, denying him access to no part of the Soviet Union he wished to visit, and leaving no questions unanswered. The correspondents who went with Johnston, and who make it their business to ask questions and then to question the answers, agreed that the answers were frank and direct and as complete as possible in wartime.

It was significant that Stalin readily approved Johnston's request that four American correspondents, including the writer, be permitted to go with him. It was further proof that the Soviet wants America and American business men to understand this vast country with its experiments in human relationships and social institutions. We asked many pertinent questions ourselves, and were given straight answers. The only questions barred were purely military ones, but even here we were given some off-the-record information for our own guidance. That's about as much as we could have expected from our own military authorities.

JOHNSTON was particularly interested in production figures to enable him to decide in his own mind what risk, if any, would be involved in capital investment, which was his name for long-term credits. Also, shrewd business man that he is, he wanted to satisfy himself that long-term credits and American technical and material aid to Russia would not help create a Frankenstein monster—competition in the world markets.

Johnston made a thorough inspection of many plants in Moscow and Leningrad, in the Urals, Siberia, and Central Asia, observing the production of planes, tanks, bombs, shells, optical equipment, machine tools, steel, bricks, and textiles. Some of these plants were tops, clean and spacious, completely machined; others were passable, and still others were hardly worthy of being called modern.

His remarks to executives and workers during his tour of these factories convinced me that he saw nothing but good in 100-per-cent commercial collaboration with the Soviet Union. He obviously didn't fear competition from Russia. American business methods and labor and production are so far ahead of anything the Russians have yet been able to achieve that we can produce much cheaper, faster, and more efficiently than the Russians will be able to for years—for two generations at the very least. This applies to quantity as well

as quality. Marshal Stalin told Johnston that if Russia succeeds in carrying out two consecutive five-year plans after the war, it will achieve a steel output of 60 million tons annually by the time the second plan has been completed. That is only 60 per cent of what the United States produces now.

Another significant factor is that Russia's main postwar economic objective is the reconstruction of the war-ravaged areas and a general raising of the standard of living of all its citizens, who have given freely of everything in war—life, wealth, and leisure. The devastation caused by the war and the strain on resources in areas far removed from the battle zones, the tens of millions of men and women reduced to wearing threadbare clothing, and the millions of dwellings demolished or in disrepair, make Russia's main economic objective a task so enormous that it will absorb the energies of the Soviet nation for years and years.

Johnston had two guides in weighing the risk involved in extending long-term credits: the record of the Soviet Republics and the character of the people. The record attests that the Russians will stick to the letter and the spirit of any agreement they sign. They are not only seeking credits; they are eager to pay partly in gold and partly in kind. If we agree, they can and will send us manganese, nickel, timber, furs, and other valuable commodities in exchange for our railway and electrical equipment, mining and industrial machinery, ships, and road-building tools.

AS for the character of the people, the war has brought out inner sources of strength and richness of which the Russians themselves were only vaguely aware. They are now a proud nation, confident in themselves and their leaders, a nation emerging from a life-and-death struggle with the energy, will, and faith to carry out reforms destined to make world history and to usher in an era of consolidation of the Russian state greater in its potentialities than the eras of Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great.

The man who conceived these reforms and whipped them into shape sat in the Kremlin one night and discussed long-term credits with Johnston. "I am all for these credits," said Johnston, "if mutually satisfactory arrangements can be made."

"They can be made," said Stalin.

THE END



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

FAMININITY: Hungry dames.

A-NEST-THEIST: The bird who gives you the ether.

MAGISTRAIGHT: This judge is on the level.

FRAU-ZY: A slovenly German woman.

IMPRIMPTU: Dressing up on the spur of the moment.

OVERGOATS: To keep your kids warm.

FLAKADAISICAL: When it comes up listlessly.

O.K.LAHOMA: Everyone thinks it's a good play.

DONE-IN GER: A tired mind reader.

STOOPEE: My hair.

WHOSE MAN IS DEWEY?

Continued from Page 21

war between the Bricker and Dewey forces might have forced a compromise candidate no one had thought about before.

But in this crisis, too, Fortune saw to it that Governor Dewey was spared the danger of a break in the ranks. He did not even need to stir from the Governor's Mansion in Albany, New York, to avert the threat to his candidacy. The best of all surrogates, Lady Luck herself, sat in the Stevens Hotel the night before the roll call and said to the Wisconsin rebels, "Better not, boys." And so the menace faded away.

Yet it would be churlish to suggest that Governor Dewey has won to his present position merely because the dice have rolled his way at nearly every strategic phase of his career. Mr. Dewey is a worker, and a hard one. He has had a career of high distinction in New York, first as a prosecutor who won seventy-two of seventy-three cases tried. In 1931 he convicted "Waxy" Gordon, the racketeer. Four years later, his dramatic career as special prosecutor for the Investigation of Organized Crime gave New York newspapers some of the most colorful headlines they have ever printed. From 1935 to 1937 Mr. Dewey (who was then in his early thirties) was the boy wonder of crime-busting. He and his staff of young attorneys went all out after organized vice in New York County. He sent up "Legs" Diamond and "Dutch" Schultz, big barons of the underworld. His later prey included the elusive procurer "Lucky" Luciano, the Bund leader Fritz Kuhn, the embezzler Richard Whitney, the Tammanyite Jimmy Hines who gave "protection" to lottery racketeers.

Thus, in a period when every radio station carried a serial about the gang buster of fiction, young Mr. Dewey brought the nation's favorite hero to real life. It is even possible that the efforts of J. Edgar Hoover (a Democrat) to dramatize the activities of his F. B. I. have done as much as any Republican's work to aid the career of Thomas Dewey. Mr. Hoover's publicity staff in the '30s made little boys admire the men who outwit criminals. And those little boys, now old enough to vote, look upon Thomas E. Dewey as the St. George who slew the dragon of the big-city underworld!

Thomas E. Dewey ran for Governor of New York State in 1938, and was defeated, a habit of Republican candidates for that office. But he rolled up such an astonishing total of votes that four years later the party bosses broke all precedents by giving him a second crack at the office. This time he enjoyed two notable advantages: he had outgrown the extreme youth which had been a political handicap in the earlier campaign; and he did not need to run against the formidably popular Herbert E. Lehman. Instead, the Mead-Bennett rivalry in the Democratic Party resulted in a situation favorable to a young, aggressive candidate on the Republican ticket. This time Thomas E. Dewey won his race and was elected governor.

He has been a successful governor. He has reduced the state expenditures; reformed some old abuses; and set up new experiments, such as the course in labor problems which the state is sponsoring at Cornell University, and the textbook on labor problems prepared for use in the New York public schools. His plans for postwar reconversion are right up to the minute. He has got along well with his legislature and has devoted himself to the problems of his job with few efforts to play to the gallery of public approval. Throughout the discussion of his possible candidacy for President, Mr. Dewey managed to

concentrate on state problems, working a ten-hour day at his Albany office and studying papers in the evening at home, where he and his wife, the former Frances E. Hutt of New York, care for two young sons.

As he swings into action this fall, Thomas Dewey has further assets, enjoyed by few candidates from New York before him. He can claim the favorite-son votes of a Midwestern state; he was born in Owosso, Michigan, and was a graduate of the University of Michigan before he studied law at Columbia. Furthermore, his unsuccessful bid for the candidacy in 1940—when the Willkie landslide destroyed his chances—gave him a foretaste of national campaigning. In 1940 he built up a wide circle of supporters in the West. He can begin the present campaign with a seasoned following of Westerners and Southerners who have worked for him for four long years.

Mr. Dewey has, in his immediate circle, strong political advisers: Edwin F. Jaekle, state chairman of the party, who came up from the wards in Buffalo; Herbert Brownell, Jr., new national Republican chairman and a New York lawyer, who managed the Dewey gubernatorial campaign; J. Russel Sprague, Republican national committeeman and boss of Long Island's Nassau County; John Foster Dulles, lawyer and expert on international affairs, who has been frequently mentioned as a possible Secretary of State; Elliott Bell, New York State's Superintendent of Banks and a former editor of the New York Times; and Paul E. Lockwood, a close associate, whose strength lies among the young Republicans and the press.

These men are not superstitious, they would tell you. And yet the parallel between Dewey's race for the governorship and his race for the Presidency is bound

to make them hopeful of victory in November. In both cases, Thomas Dewey first tried for a coveted honor and was defeated, partly because of his youth. In both cases, the first race showed his strength to the incredulous and built up a following which proved invaluable when he made his second bid. In both cases, four years intervened between the two attempts. In both cases, it seemed, Lady Luck stepped in at the proper moment to pluck from the race any other candidate so brash as to oppose her favorite.

HAVING gone this far, will Thomas Dewey again find Fortune running as his teammate in November? Will the events of the war and, perhaps, the peace weight the chances in his favor, as they have up until now? Will Dewey continue to be Destiny's man?

The political bosses of all strategic states swung into the winning column before it was too late, throwing their votes to Dewey, but he is certainly not the bosses' man. They would have liked a far less independent nominee. The business world has been impressed by Dewey's achievement in giving New York State a \$140,000,000 surplus since he became governor, but he is not Wall Street's man. Labor looks kindly upon a governor whose removal of racketeers has benefited it greatly, but he is not labor's man.

If Dewey has any protector or sponsor, any backer or Svengali, it would seem to be Fortune herself. And if she continues to deliver her gifts to him as she has done until now, he could hardly be in better hands.

Dewey is a sound man and, most observers believe, a highly competent man. But above all else, he is a man who gets the breaks.

THE END

Advertisement



"Pinch me, Stinkie. Am I dreaming?"

Ouch! Yes sir, it's the real thing. It's Wheaties. Big flakes of good whole wheat. Roasted and toasted and flavored just right with sweet malt

syrup. Wake up and get going with a heaping bowlful of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions"—tomorrow, and every morning.



NOW WE'RE WORKING FOR HIM

The men and women of the AC Spark Plug organization are privileged to express their loyalty to America's fighters in a way which is not open to everyone. They have done it with production. They have *delivered* more than 225,000 caliber .50 Browning machine guns, more than 16,000 bombsights, more than 5,000 Sperry automatic pilots, and millions of AC ceramic aircraft spark plugs for fighters and bombers. As a

matter of record, these AC people have built more than 400 distinct war articles. Production is continuing. There will be no letup. AC people are holding themselves to this job—so that Victory will not be delayed and our men may come home sooner.

Every Sunday Afternoon—GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network



**Back YOUR Fighting Man!
BUY AN EXTRA
WAR BOND THIS MONTH**

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION

GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

SIXTY SECONDS IS FOREVER

Continued from Page 29

cap on his head, pulling it forward in a slight tilt. She knew suddenly that she would always be able to close her eyes and see him objectively, exactly as she was seeing him now—the whole man, complete, integrated.

When he had given the girl his wire and received his change, he looked up and saw her. His sudden smile and the little tilt of his head were, abruptly, familiar and dear to her. With a shock, she realized that he had become a distinct personality and was no longer merely a reflection of mannerisms that recalled Clyde.

When he came over and sat down on the couch beside her and took her hand, she said, "I enjoyed watching you be you. Always before, I've seen you in relation to me, but standing there sending your telegram you were totally yourself."

He smiled at her, still keeping her hand in his. "And you like me when I am myself?"

"Very much, Major McGill."

"Do you think we'll ever get well enough acquainted so that you can call me by my first name?"

"We might," said Susan. "Life is very informal up at the farm. I might be able to call you Winnie there."

"Then let's hie ourselves to the farm. I've just had news," he added as they went out the swinging doors. "That's why I was so very intent upon being myself at the telegraph counter." He waited for the doorman to close the car door before continuing. "Doris can't come East," he said.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" Susan exclaimed. She hoped he'd think her sudden flush was from the cold, because she wasn't sorry that Doris couldn't come. She was glad. Then she realized that for eighteen months he had been waiting for this reunion with Doris, and at once she felt contrite. What self-control these men learn, she thought, stealing a glance at him. There is nothing in his manner to betray his disappointment. She said again, "I'm sorry," and this time it was sincere.

THEY drove out past the Newtons and Wellesley, circling through the campus so that Winnie could see the college buildings. Then at Natick they turned right. "We could go by super-highways, but I'm not feeling modern and efficient today," Susan explained. "The snow is always cleaner and the farmhouses look more 'nestled' on the back country roads."

"I'm all for the nestled farmhouses," said Winnie. He was sitting in the corner of the seat, his left arm stretched along the back, his hand almost, but not quite, touching her shoulder. She knew, even as she pointed out some special sweep of hillside, some particularly old and picturesque colonial house, that he merely glanced at them and then came back to watching her. Now and then she would turn to look at him, they'd smile at each other, and then she'd go back to her driving. The peaceful snow-clad countryside and the tranquil old houses and the smooth purring motor were all a part of their contentment.

I've fallen in love with him, she thought with a kind of wonder. And I can only have him for today. She knew that sometime she would suffer, but that lay in the future. For now it was enough to be with him. For these few hours she could forget Clyde and Doris and the loneliness and heartache that is war. She could drift in that delicious state of suspension from reality which is a part of falling in love.

I'd forgotten, she thought, what a companionable thing silence can be.

They came to a fork in the road which was unmarked and Susan brought the car to a halt. "I can't remember which way we go," she said. "Any choice?"

"We could flip a coin," suggested Winnie. "Or we could inquire at that roadside stand we just passed, and perhaps have a cup of coffee."

They circled about and went back to the restaurant. Entering, they found themselves in a long low room with a food counter on one side and tables in front by the window. The room was empty and they sat on stools at the counter and spun back and forth like two artless children. "Somebody's done a lot of hunting," said Winnie. "I never saw so many stuffed deer heads in one place in my life."

"Tell me," said Susan. "Do they— Oh, never mind."

"Do they what?"

"Nothing. I'm afraid it was a dumb question."

"Do they what?"

"Well, I was looking at them with their chins tilted around in all those different angles, some so haughty and some so coy. I was just wondering if they look like that because that's how they looked when they died."

"You're right," he agreed solemnly. "It was a dumb question."

"You needn't be so sure. Maybe they had rigor mortis and that's how they looked when they had it. It doesn't seem fair—all those poor bucks expressing the personality of a taxidermist instead of themselves. Why should they have to spend years and years looking dauntless or ingratiating just because the man who stuffed them felt that way on some particular morning? Now, take that one, for instance. He looks positively embarrassed."

"That's because he's hanging over the door to the ladies' room," said Winnie. He spun around, facing the kitchen. "Hey!" he shouted. "Isn't there anybody here?"

THE swinging door opened and a weather-beaten old man in a clean apron appeared. "Sorry," he said. "We're closed."

"Not even coffee?"

"Wal, now," hesitantly, "I've got some coffee. I could give you that."

"And then," suggested Susan, "perhaps you could tell us which road goes to Sudbury. I know my way from there."

"Wal, now," the old man rubbed his chin reflectively, "I can't be sure about that road. I've only been here eighteen months."

"Just a stranger around here yourself," observed Winnie sympathetically.

"Yes, sir, I am that. But I'll tell you what you do. There's a sign nailed to that tree down there. You don't see it very easy from a car, but I know it's there 'cause I walk past it every night. Never thought to read it." He started back to the kitchen and then turned to them again. "Wasn't never going to Sudbury," he explained.

When they reached the farm in mid-afternoon, Winnie helped Henry, the tenant, to unload the things from the back of the station wagon and then joined Susan in the big warm kitchen of the farmhouse. Mrs. Watson gave them tall glasses of rich creamy milk and fat crisp doughnuts, hovering over them hospitably as they ate. It was all part of the day's pattern, Susan thought, the hominess, the good will of kindly, generous people.

As they were saying their goodbys, Susan turned to Henry. "Do you know," she asked him, "if the Spinning Wheel Inn is still open?"

"I'm not just sure," Henry replied, "but I see a car or two parked out in front of it

The Finer Sloe Gin

DuBOUCHETT
MANY, BLANC
SLOE GIN

25/32 QUART
60 PROOF

A Gentleman's Liqueur

DuBOUCHETT
ROYALE
The Spirit of the Old South

25/32 QUART
60 PROOF

DuBOUCHETT
MANY, BLANC
ROYALE

Produced in U. S. A. by
MANY, BLANC & CO., INC., CHICAGO

TOUGH...but oh so gentle



DON'T TAKE CHANCES



You wouldn't neglect a mashed finger. It's too dangerous! It's also risky to neglect your automobile engine. Unsuspected wear may greatly reduce its life. Or even bring breakdowns that are beyond repair.

The best precaution is to see your motor specialist, regularly. Let him tell you which symptoms are dangerous, and recommend the remedy. By this method you can insure the long and economical operation of your engine.

HASTINGS MANUFACTURING COMPANY • HASTINGS, MICHIGAN
Hastings Mfg. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

HASTINGS STEEL-VENT PISTON RINGS



TOUGH ON OIL-PUMPING GENTLE ON CYLINDER WALLS

every once in a while when I'm driving out from the city. It'd be worth trying anyhow."

The Spinning Wheel Inn was not serving unless reservations had been made in advance. However, the manager, a brisk, white-haired, elderly woman, looked at Winnie's silver wings and the line of ribbons across his chest and said she could easily squeeze out enough turkey to look after the major and his young lady. The inn was very old, with softly gleaming hand-hewn beams, slanting wide board floors, and heavy doors set in frames slightly askew with age.

"Let me fix you a table in here," said the manager, and led them into a small dining room off the main hall. There was a fire burning in a chimney piece which occupied most of one wall. "We like to use the little room," she explained, "when there isn't much business. It saves heating the rest of the building."

She went out to order their dinner, and they sat down on an old settee placed at right angles to the fire. "This," said Winnie, "was all it needed."

"All what needed?"

"The day. It's been perfect."

"Yes," said Susan. "I had forgotten."

"Forgotten what?"

"That days can be perfect."

Winnie drew a deep breath and then rose and walked over to the fire. "I have to take a poke at it," he said. "I haven't had an open fire to play with in years." He jabbed away at the logs and then came back to her. "I never knew it," he said.

"Never knew what?"

"That a day could be perfect."

THEY had finished their dinner and Winnie was holding Susan's coat for her when the first dinner party arrived. There were four couples, two of the men in uniform. "Oh," said Susan, "let's get out of here. There's one of my college friends and if we talk a little, we'll have to talk a lot."

But they were caught at the door, and Susan introduced Winnie to her friend, Esther, who in turn introduced them to the others. "You never come to see me any more," Esther chided. "Why don't you and the major join us now?"

"We'd like to," said Winnie, "but I'm scheduled to be in town in two hours."

"You'll have to be leaving right away, then," said one of the men.

"I'm afraid so," agreed Winnie regretfully.

It was dark outside, a clear frosty night with stars glittering in a sky that was darker than the snowy fields about them. "Oh," said Susan, and stopped halfway down the path. "In my rush I must have dropped my gloves."

"Let me put you in the car where it's warm," suggested Winnie, "and I'll go back and get them."

"No," she said. "I want to look at the stars. You forget about stars, living in the city."

He went back into the inn. When she heard the door close, she turned and looked through the lighted windows. Esther's party had gone into the dining room which she and Winnie had just left and, when he entered, she saw him pause briefly at their table. Then he went over to the little table by the fire where they had sat. He picked her gloves up off the floor and, crossing the room, stopped again at the other table. Esther leaned forward, talking to him. He'll have to strangle her to get away, thought Susan, but I'm sure he'll do it charmingly. A moment later the major turned from the table with a farewell wave to them all and disappeared

(Continued on page 70)



A young matron is perplexed

A charming wife and mother who is in her "40's" (although she doesn't like to admit it) has lately found herself confronted with embarrassing symptoms due to the functional middle-age period peculiar to women (usually from 38 to 52 years old).

What is she to do? This problem has bewildered many a woman!

In case *you* are annoyed by hot flashes and feel nervous, restless, irritable, highstrung, so tired, weak, and a bit moody at times—all due to this cause—why not try famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms?

For almost a century—Lydia Pinkham's Compound has been helping thousands upon thousands of grateful women — rich and poor alike — to go smiling thru such middle age distress.

Taken regularly—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such symptoms. *It helps nature!* Just see if you, too, don't remarkably benefit! Follow label directions. *Worth trying!*

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

ONLY *Vaculator*

gives you an "INSURANCE POLICY"

guaranteeing

THE WORLD'S FINEST
CUP OF COFFEE!



Made with
PYREX
Brand Glass



\$2.95

Higher in
Canada

PITIED! (because your hair is gray?)

**Clairol banishes every trace of gray or graying hair . . . swiftly, surely, beautifully*

You step into a roomful of people. And almost at once you sense the whispered comments — "Isn't it a pity?" — "She's aged so much in the past two years!" — "You can't tell me she isn't in her forties!" And yet the tragedy is that gray hair alone stamps you "old." Your face and figure are so young-looking!

Do you know how easily you can change those whispers to "Isn't she lovely?" Very easily — the Clairol way!

CLAIROL IS DELIGHTFUL—Your hair luxuriates in a froth of iridescent bubbles. And quickly — almost before you know it — it's clean, silky-soft and permanently colored. Every trace of gray hair has vanished!

CLAIROL IS DEPENDABLE—You don't have to be afraid when you use genuine Clairol. It is made from the purest, most expensive ingredients obtainable. Each of Clairol's 23 natural-looking shades is laboratory controlled, under skilled specialists.

CLAIROL KEEPS YOUR SECRET—It completely avoids that brassy look of old-fashioned dyes. Clairol shades are uniform . . . assuring a perfect match. **NO OTHER PRODUCT** gives such natural-looking results.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES that can't give you Clairol's beautiful results. Better Beauty Shops feature genuine Clairol. A Clairol treatment costs you no more!

FREE . . . "11 Secrets for Beautiful Hair." This booklet tells you how to give your hair radiant beauty . . . scientifically. Just write:

CLAIROL, INC., DEPT. B-15, P.O. BOX 748
GRAND CENTRAL ANNEX, NEW YORK, N. Y.
*Caution: Use only as directed on the label



COPYRIGHT 1944, CLAIROL, INC.



(Continued from page 68)

from the line of Susan's vision. When he again walked down the path, she had turned away and was really looking at the stars.

He came up behind her and put his hands on her arms and drew her close against him. "Why didn't you tell me?" he asked.

"Tell you what?"

"That your husband was killed during the first year of the war."

"I couldn't," said Susan. "I never tell people when I first meet them. They're always shocked and sorry and it puts up a barrier that has to be overcome. It's simpler to merely say that he's somewhere in the South Pacific."

"But I'm not a person you've just met."

"You aren't now. But there's never been a time when it seemed easy to say, 'Pardon me, but you know my husband isn't living.' We've never really talked about him."

HE released her arms and took her hands, folding them across her chest and imprisoning her in his arms. He bent his head so that his cheek was against her hair. "I sensed, that first night, that you didn't want to talk about him. I thought then that you were so lonely for him that talking hurt too much. But today I thought that you weren't lonely for him but had, perhaps, been unhappy with him. When you said you had forgotten that days could be perfect, I thought I'd ask you about him, but because our mood was so perfect, I didn't want anything to happen."

"What could have happened?"

"I could have told you that I loved you. And whether or not you still loved your husband, we might have been pretty unhappy."

"Are you sure you're not just lonely because Doris couldn't come?"

"Quite sure."

"But you must remember that some day she will come."

"No," said Winnie, "she'll never come. I wired her this morning, breaking our engagement. There was a telegram waiting for me when I got in last night. She said that with all the difficulties of transportation, it wasn't worth the effort of coming East to see me. She said we'd have to wait until I could get a leave and go out there. I read the telegram over several times. I knew that I should be hurt or angry or disappointed. I was none of those things. I was relieved. That's when I found out that I was in love with you. You know," he turned her around, still holding her in his arms, "I've been in love with someone for a long time. I kept thinking that I could mold Doris into that person, but of course Doris is herself and nothing I could ever do would change her. You're the person I've been in love with all this time, Susan. I don't have to try to fit you into that pattern. You are the pattern." He tilted her chin up and kissed her gently. "Do you think, given a little time, you could learn to love me?"

Susan pressed her face against him and felt the cold imprint of the silver wings on her cheek. There was an instant of fleeting terror for the danger that their presence implied, but as they grew warm against her face, the fear subsided and she was exultantly happy. She had expected to have him for one day only and now she might have him forever.

She raised her head and, reaching up, ran a tentative finger along his cheek and across his temple. Then she slipped her arms about his neck. "How long will you give me to learn?" she asked.

"Not more than sixty seconds."

"Darling," she murmured, as he stooped to kiss her again, "aviators' girls learn to utilize seconds."

THE END

LIBERTY

"Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
in the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?"

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)



THERE are those in *this* country who would say "Yes"... men and women who, even today, hold in contempt every race, color and creed other than their own... who deliberately violate the very fundamentals of freedom for which our boys are giving their lives.

But remember... *they are here*, thousands of miles from the firing lines... safe so far... smug in the knowledge that the strongest forces in the world are fighting for them.

But they, who thus spread disunity in America, overlook the fact that we are in this war because a *bigoted* fiend over-ran a continent with just such a concept as theirs... with the slogan "Divide and Conquer."

The armed might of the United Nations is fighting *against* the ideology of racial superiority... of intolerance of any kind.

That boy of yours doesn't ask his comrade whether he's Protestant, Catholic or Jew... Negro or White. They're both Americans fighting for American principles and ideals which are being threatened by prejudice and discrimination here and abroad.

So if you *must* hate, vent your hatred on those who deserve it—those evil forces whose bullets are aimed at the lifeblood of Democracy—those whose "new order" threatens to destroy *all* religions, including your own.

This is one of a series of messages available for local sponsorship in newspapers and as 24-sheet posters in full-color for outdoor billboard display. Write for details.

YOUR COMMENT IS SOLICITED.

This space contributed by a friend of the

INSTITUTE FOR AMERICAN DEMOCRACY, INC.

369 LEXINGTON AVENUE

Rev. William C. Kernan, Exec. Dir.

NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

YOU CAN'T DO THAT IN UTOPIA

Continued from Page 27

print. The Swedes believe violence is a characteristic of humankind that will, with patience and education, be removed from it.

Comedies in Sweden are thoroughly enjoyed—in utter silence. Should anyone guffaw aloud, the usher would step to his side and lift an admonitory finger. The representative of a film company, upon seeing a Laurel and Hardy screening some years ago, was worried by the self-imposed censorship of laughs and made inquiry. He was told that humor could be enjoyed internally, but that outward mirth was likely to drown the next line of dialogue and so ruin the picture for everyone.

Pictures for distribution in England must be carefully monitored with immaculate good taste in mind. Church scenes are taboo, so substitute sequences are always shot in Hollywood and "looped in" in England. An exception to this rule was the showing of Mrs. Miniver with the church sequence unchanged.

The British are squeamish about too clearly photographed hospital scenes. The English censor reduced the sterilization scenes in Hitler's Children to an inescapable fraction despite the fact that the picture castigated an enemy and was deemed to be good propaganda.

EXCEPT under certain specific conditions, the British forbid the screen portrayal of any member of the royal family, past or present. Americans, however, enjoy the presence of a crowned head in a picture whose background is wholly or in part in England.

Studio self-censorship makes it possible

for an American picture to satisfy local tastes without affronting the British. In Mrs. Parkington—an M-G-M picture starring Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon—the merry personality of Edward VII, when Prince of Wales, was introduced in an amusing scene with Miss Garson.

All such scenes were photographed twice: once with Cecil Kellaway (a dead ringer for the bearded monarch) playing the role of Edward VII for the American version, and once with another actor portraying the comedy part for the British version, but playing it as a Balkan grandee.

Word usage is another censorship problem. For the English version of a scientific picture such as Madame Curie, the word "laboratory" must be pronounced laBOR-atory, rather than the Americanized LABo-ratory. The word "sissy" in such a title as The Devil Is a Sissy has to be replaced. Whereas the American synonym for this word would be something like "softie," to British ears the appellation implies homosexuality. And to American ears the words "bum" and "tramp" are synonymous. Not so in England. There a tramp is a hobo, but a bum is a fundament.

A film to be shown in Argentina must not mention those men wearing swatiskas as "Nazis," "Germans," "Krauts," or "Jerries." They may be called "the enemy." Not until the name of one of the leading characters was changed from "Rommel" to "Brommel" could Paramount's Five Graves to Cairo be shown.

In Peru, very little censorship is inflicted upon the actual picture, but a screening process is practiced at the box office. Pictures are labeled by a Board of Review, "General," "Not for Young Women," or "Not for Children." If the picture, for instance, is deemed to be unfit for a young woman, no tickets are sold to young women. It is as simple as that.

Politics, naturally enough, frequently enter into the question of censorship. Ninotchka, one of the most delightful pictures Garbo ever made, was not shown in Mexico until it had been shown everywhere else in the civilized world. It was necessary for a change of government to take place to make the film acceptable.

CENSORSHIP of any kind is, of course, always for others—never for oneself. The average human being has rigid ideas about his own incorruptibility. A favorite story in the Hays office deals with the activities of a certain state censor appointed by the governor. After this censor had worked diligently at his job for many months, the Hays office began to receive complaints from theater owners in the state. The censor, they averred, was cutting out what he considered to be spicy passages, or those containing some delicious bit of *double entendre*, and was patching these frames together to create his own private collection.

The Hays office sent an attorney to investigate. He discovered quickly that the complaint was true, and called the situation to the attention of the governor.

His Excellency was outraged. A self-righteous man, it made him furious to think that one of his political appointees should furnish anti-administration fuel to certain factions, and that *anyone* would do such a thing.

He called in several hirelings and strode up and down, denouncing carnal human nature. He expressed horror that any man should enjoy either the anticipation or the actual screening of such a film. "And now," he finished, striking his desk a resounding blow, "get me them films and a projection machine. I want to see for myself what's so hot about them pictures."

THE END

To tell . . . and keep telling . . . of the love you share . . . to be forever in her thoughts . . . give her the traditional symbol of the engagement—a genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Ring. The Keepsake Certificate of Registration and Guarantee is your assurance of high standards in color, cut and clarity. See the new matched sets at your Keepsake Jeweler . . . \$100 to \$3500.

To Keep Distant Hearts Together

a **Keepsake**
GENUINE REGISTERED
DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING

Keepsake Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
214 S. Warren St., Syracuse 2, N. Y.

Please send the book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding," with supplement on "Wartime Engagements and Weddings," illustrations of Keepsake Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

Name.....
Street and No.....
City..... LY 9-44



ASTORIA Set 192.50
Engagement Ring 150.00



ARCADIA Set 350.00
Engagement Ring 250.00
Also \$450 and 600.

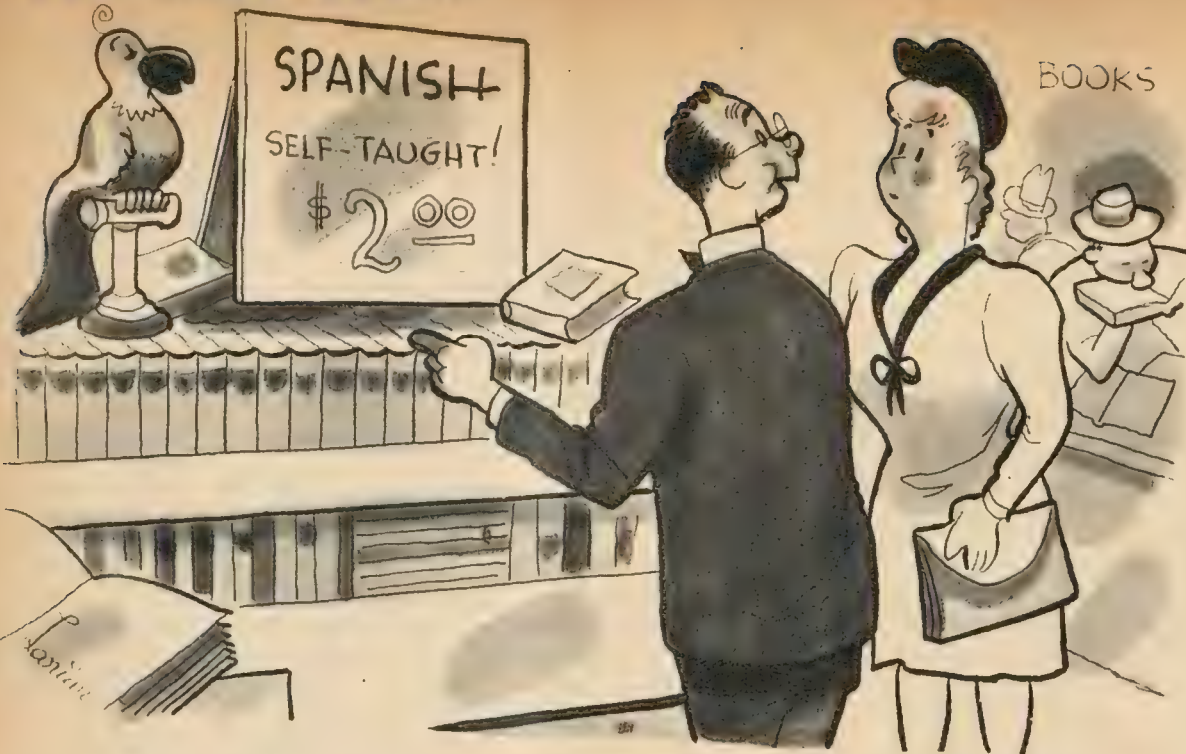


MALDEN Set 525.00
Engagement Ring 400.00
Also \$500 and up.

Rings enlarged to show details.

Prices include federal tax.

THE HOME FRONT



"And with every book goes a South American parrot—absolutely free!"

G. I. JOE'S BILL OF RIGHTS

Continued from Page 25

or fired for misconduct on the job. He is also disqualified if, without good cause, he fails to apply for suitable work, or to accept suitable work to which he has been referred by a public employment office. He must register with, and continue to report to, a public employment agency.

The conditions and standards of the state unemployment compensation laws are the governing factor in determining what constitutes suitable work. If a state has no applicable statute, the Veterans' Administrator may prescribe conditions and standards.

"No work shall be deemed suitable for an individual," the bill says, "if the position offered is vacant due directly to a strike, lockout, or other labor dispute; or the wages, hours, or other conditions of the work offered are substantially less favorable to him than those prevailing for similar work in the locality."

There will be no allowance, the bill stipulates, for any week when the applicant's unemployment is due to a work stoppage resulting from a labor dispute, unless it is shown that the veteran is not involved and is not a member of the work group figuring in the dispute.

First allowances under this section must be sought not later than two years after separation from the service or two years after the end of the war, whichever is later. The provision becomes inoperative five years after the war.

THE man self-employed in an "independent establishment, trade, business, profession or other vocation" is cut in on government benefits, too. If a veteran's net earnings in his self-employed calling are less than \$100 a month, he is entitled to apply for a readjustment allowance for the difference between his net income and \$100. Time limits for this benefit are the same as those for the unemployed veteran, as is the maximum sum payable—\$1,040.

To avoid duplication of benefits, the bill provides that the claimant of a readjustment allowance who receives an additional sum under federal or state unemployment or disability compensation laws shall have the latter amount subtracted from the readjustment allowance. However, any sum due from the Veterans' Administra-

tion as pension, compensation, or retired pay may not be deducted.

Any readjustment allowances remaining unpaid upon the death of a claimant may not be considered part of the assets of his estate—and thus liable for the payment of his debts or subject to administration of the estate. Instead, the Veterans' Administrator may make the payment to "such person or persons he finds most equitably entitled thereto."

Some taxpayers, of course, are going to yell when the cost of this vast program sinks in. It has been estimated at anywhere from \$3,000,000,000 to \$6,500,000,000.

But Congress has written one more provision into the bill. It says, "In the event there shall hereafter be authorized any allowance in the nature of adjusted compensation"—and the World War I bonus, you'll remember, was termed adjusted service compensation—"any benefits received by, and paid for, any veteran under this Act shall be charged against and deducted from any such adjusted compensation." That removes from any serviceman's future bonus all sums the government pays out as educational benefits and readjustment allowances. Guaranteed loans must be paid off, too, before bonus money flows.

I predict that the bonus for service in this man's war will approximate, roughly, the benefits made available under the loan and readjustment allowance provisions of this bill. For men of long service it will be more. So, in effect, the veteran is merely being allowed to borrow, when he needs it most, money which seems certain to be voted him later.

The \$2,000 maximum loan guarantee is, of course, \$960 higher than the \$1,040 top available in readjustment allowances. But the loan program has businesslike safeguards which, if soundly administered, should float it pretty well into the clear.

That leaves educational benefits as our big financial question mark. The four-year maximum schooling many of our boys will rate will run to \$2,400 subsistence and \$2,000 tuition for veterans without dependents, and \$3,600 subsistence plus \$2,000 tuition for those with dependents. I wouldn't want to bet bonuses are going to run that high.

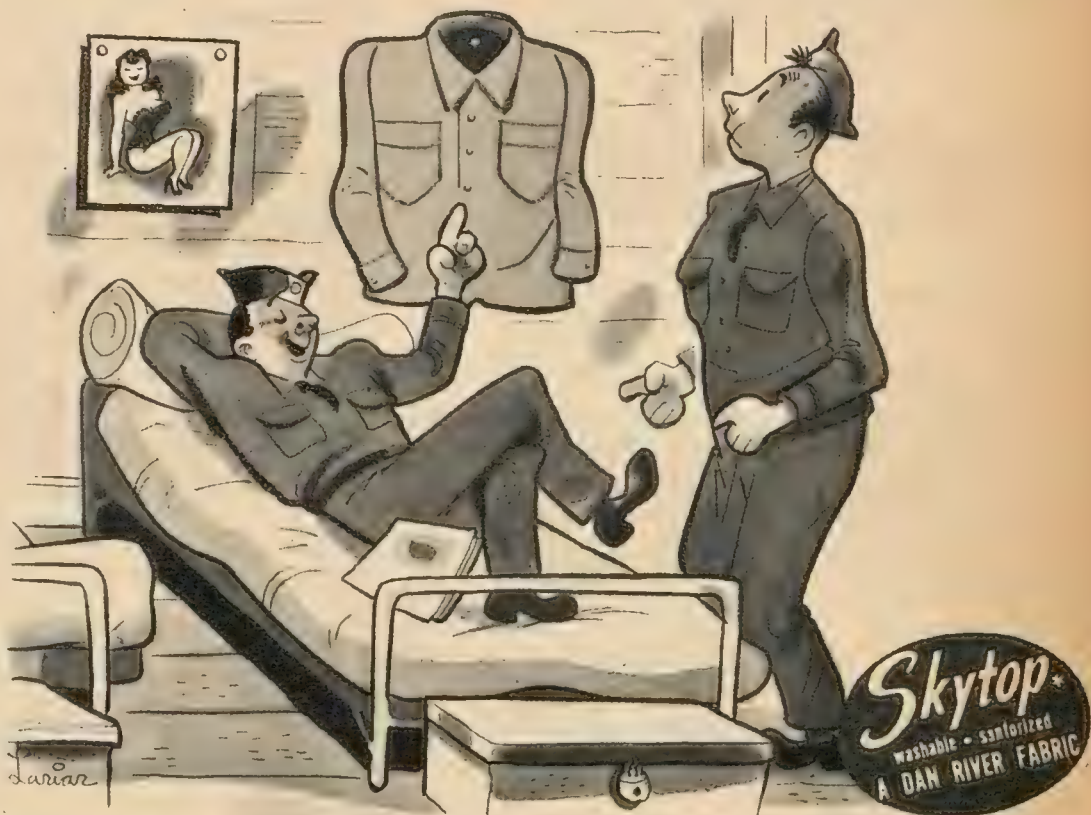
But I say we owe all that the bill provides for the boys and girls who want to finish school. That additional investment in education will, in the long run, pay sound dividends for the U. S. A.

THE END

ADVERTISEMENT

THE SHIRT FRONT

by WINGS



"They're both part of my post-war planning — my girl and a WINGS shirt!"

WINGS SPORTSWEAR

FOR PERFECT FIT... at smart men's shops everywhere

Piedmont Shirt Co., Greenville, S. C.

Empire State Building, New York

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

IS ARGENTINA HEADING TOWARD WAR?

Continued from Page 17

build Tiger tanks. It is now manufacturing fighter planes. Perón in June laid the cornerstone in the city of Cordoba for a school at which military aviation will be taught. Government shipyards at Riachuelo River are building military transport vessels. The oil fields in the south of Argentina have been designated an Army zone.

The Argentine Constitution, which, like our own, is dedicated to "promoting the general welfare and securing the benefits of liberty to ourselves and our posterity," has been shelved in favor of the Military Plan, which, as Colonel Perón explained on June 10 when he inaugurated a Chair of National Defense at La Plata University, paves the way for "the total mobilization of the country." The work of the military planners is centered in the National Defense Council, devoted to an artificial pursuit of a warlike life and a war economy.

BEHIND the militarist revolution and the launching of the Military Plan stands a disturbing document circulated secretly among selected officers of the Army on May 3, 1943. It states that "following the German example, we will inculcate the masses with the spirit necessary to travel the heroic path in which they will be led to fulfill the Army's program for the conquest of the continent."

Admiration for the Third Reich runs all through this document. It reports that "Hitler's fight in peace and during war will guide us." Its schedule called for Army seizure of the government, the es-

tablishment of "an inflexible dictatorship," the making of alliances with Chile, Paraguay, and Bolivia, pressure on Uruguay, and then alliance with Brazil—apparently alliances like the nonaggression pacts which Germany was signing up to 1939. After that, "our leadership will be an accomplished fact, realized by the political genius and heroism of the Argentine Army." This runs directly counter to the Good Neighbor policy. Since the birth of that policy, affairs in the New World have been managed not according to any one nation's leadership, but by agreement among all the American republics.

A government dedicated to "inflexible dictatorship" cannot stand for freedom of speech. The Argentines have a joking way of telling strangers that they live under the iron fist. They remark that the dentists in Buenos Aires are losing money because the government forbids anyone to open his mouth. Persons who say what they think may land in a bleak internment camp south of cold and barren Patagonia, along with labor leaders who believed in free unions, educators who believed in the right to teach facts and not propaganda, and editors who thought it was their duty to report what was going on.

In an effort to stir the people, who respond apathetically to the Military Plan, the government has composed an Argentine model of the Hitlerean Horst Wessel Song, a model entitled The March of the Fourth of June. To impress on women that their purpose in life is to fill Argentina with babies who can in time become soldiers, the government ordered school principals to write these slogans on the blackboards of girls' schools:

"The new Argentina wants strong, healthy, heroic women.

"Women exist to beget heroes, not to give birth to renegades.

"Argentine women must learn to fulfill the obligations set for them by nature."

Martha Grinberg was a fifth-grade pupil in Buenos Aires. One day in May her teacher, acting on instructions from the Ministry of Public Instruction, told her to write an essay on the speech which President Edelmiro Farrell delivered on Pan-American Day, April 14. It was a truculent, totalitarian talk. Instead of writing an essay, Martha tore up the speech.

The headmistress of the school suspended Martha for four days, and within a few hours Alberto Baldrich, the Minister of Public Instruction, suspended the headmistress for fifteen days because she had been lenient with the girl. Baldrich accused Martha of committing an "unusual and outrageous infamy." He ordered her expelled from the school, and decreed that she was to be educated no more.

The newspapers have been told what to publish and what to omit. The federal commissioner in the province of Entre Rios warned the papers that they would be closed permanently if they mentioned freedom, religion, or the Constitution. When the Buenos Aires paper Italia Libera wrote that Dr. Livio Garbaccio, principal Italian diplomat in Argentina, was still a Fascist, the government suspended the paper. In April it suppressed the socialist paper La Vanguardia, but permitted the Nazi paper Deutsche La Plata Zeitung to go on publishing. The Associated Press and the United Press have been banned for brief periods. The famous La Prensa had to suspend publication for a time because it offended the government.

JUAN DOMINGO PERÓN, the strong man of this military dictatorship, has been a student of political science since the winter of 1939, when he visited Italy to study the training of Alpine troops in Mussolini's Army. From Italy he went to Germany, at a time when the Nazi armies were sweeping over Europe, and he returned to Argentina impressed. Force attracts him. He is a large man, shaped like a handsome life guard, proud of his strength and given to settling arguments by an uppercut.

The ladder on which Perón climbed was an officers' organization called GOU—Grupo de Oficiales Unidos (Group of United Officers). Their slogan was "Government, Order, Union." Some restless comrades of Perón in the Andean garrison of Mendoza founded GOU in 1941 when they became irked at the meaningless position which the Argentine Army occupied in comparison with that of Germany. In time Perón came to dominate GOU. Last March, when he had extracted from it all the good he could, he had it disbanded.

On the day of the revolution, scarcely anybody in the world outside Buenos Aires or Mendoza knew Perón's name. Last July 5 he became vice-president. The betting chances are good that he will replace Farrell in the presidency. In his swift flight upward he has thrust aside personal rivals for power like Luis César Perlinger, who at one time thought that he was certain to become dictator of Argentina. But on July 6 Perlinger was dropped from the government. Nobody then stood between Perón and power. Farrell was but a figurehead.

In the government, Perón has broadened his authority at the expense of the Argentine workers. In the autumn of 1943 he became Secretary of Labor and, while he had the General Labor Confederation outlawed, he tried to ingratiate himself with the poor people. When an earthquake last winter caused great ruin in the province of San Juan, Perón, in his role of friend of mankind, launched a great publicity

(Continued on page 77)

NOW . . . try shampooing with

Natural Oils

Contains no harsh chemicals
... Not a synthetic product

NOW AVAILABLE for you . . . Fitch's Saponified Coconut Oil Shampoo combines mild Coconut Oil and vegetable oils into a perfectly blended shampoo.

NO DULL FILM hides hair beauty after shampooing with this Saponified Coconut Oil Formula because it's double-filtered.

NOT DRYING . . . helps make your hair surprisingly softer . . . silkier.

"MOUNTAINS OF LATHER" in hard or soft water with only a small amount of the shampoo.



A shampoo for the whole family

PATENTED RINSING AGENT . . . Goes into action when rinse water is applied. Helps damp hair comb out easily without snarling.

DELIGHTFULLY FRAGRANT . . . Leaves hair sweetly scented. Antiseptic, yet has no "antiseptic" odor.



At Drug Counters
GENEROUS 6-OZ. BOTTLE
50¢

FOR DANDRUFF . . . ask for and use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo, the only Shampoo made whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms.

Fitch's Saponified Coconut Oil SHAMPOO

The F. W. Fitch Company, Des Moines 6, Iowa • Bayonne, N. J.
Los Angeles 21, Calif. • Toronto 2, Canada

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

WHEN our servicemen come home, the way will be wide open for thousands of them to keep on working for Uncle Sam—as civilians. That's due to changes in Civil Service regulations promulgated as a result of the Veterans' Preference Act of 1944.

Under the new set-up, there's a ten-point preference rating for men and women who leave the armed forces under honorable conditions and who, in applying for a government job, establish that they have a service-connected disability or that



Forget him!

they are receiving compensation, disability retirement benefits, or pensions.

That preference means the veteran has to earn a rating of but 60 in his written Civil Service examination to be credited with the minimum of 70 which non-veterans must make. Names of ten-point preference eligibles rate a place at the head of lists certified to federal appointing officials, except for professional positions paying more than \$3,000 a year.

If the veterans are unable, because of service-connected disability, to qualify for Civil Service jobs, their wives may be credited with the ten points. Similar credit is given unmarried widows of honorably discharged men who served in the armed forces during wartime or in any peacetime expedition which rates a campaign badge.

Veterans who return with no disability are given five points extra, on top of the rating they earn in Civil Service exams.

A start toward setting aside certain jobs for veterans exclusively was made when the new law directed that, until five years after the war, the posts of guard, elevator operator, messenger, and custodian in the federal service shall be restricted to veterans, where such applicants are available. The President is empowered to add other jobs to the restricted list during the five-year postwar period. Postal service jobs may be included, it has been predicted.

Many of the customary physical requirements will be waived, so long as the veteran is physically capable of efficiency.

If appointing officers should pass over the name of an eligible veteran and choose a non-veteran, the Civil Service Commission must be apprised of the reason. The non-veteran is barred both from salary and the right to start work until the Commis-

sion has handed down a finding. The veteran is further protected by a provision that, upon demand, he or his legal representative must be given a copy of the appointing officer's reasons and the Commission's finding.

OLD SARGE

* * *

Sarge, this little love story is for Pvt. A. H. D., who wrote in your column that his girl forgot him after he went overseas and became the fiancée of another man. Well, my boy friend left for the Navy and I promised to wait for him. Moons rolled by and he wrote last week that in roaming over this big world he has found there is a lot of fun he has missed, and he asked me not to sit at home but to go out and forget him. So you see it's not always the serviceman who gets jilted.

Miss F., Marion, Ind.

Right, Miss F. There must be plenty of other Navy lads, and maybe some soldiers and marines, too, who'll be glad to help you forget this wandering wolf in ship's clothing.

* * *

We are Canadian sailors and on many occasions we have visited cities on the eastern and western seaboard of the U. S. We have "Canada" on our shoulders and



H. M. C. S.

"H. M. C. S." on our hats, yet we are constantly taken for Britishers. Why is it that American servicemen can't notice that difference, when your country and ours have such friendly relations?

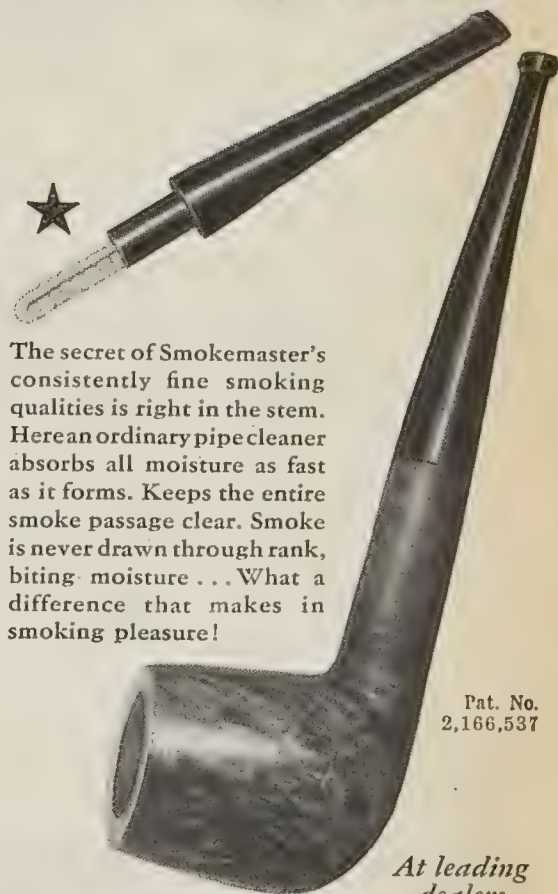
A/B's J. C., A. S., and B. St. J.,
Somewhere in the Caribbean

Well, boys and girls, there you have it. Look before you speak. If the hat says "H. M. S.," short for "His Majesty's Ship," it's on a Briton from Britain. If "H. M. C. S.," the wearer is from one of His Majesty's Canadian men-o'-war. Here's luck, Canucks!

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

Only a Smokemaster

has this star feature!



The secret of Smokemaster's consistently fine smoking qualities is right in the stem. Here an ordinary pipe cleaner absorbs all moisture as fast as it forms. Keeps the entire smoke passage clear. Smoke is never drawn through rank, biting moisture... What a difference that makes in smoking pleasure!

Pat. No.
2,166,537

At leading
dealers

The Armed Forces are getting a large share of Smokemaster production. If your dealer is temporarily out of Smokemasters, place your order so he can supply you as soon as he gets another shipment.

Smokemaster
Custom-made \$1.50
Smokemaster
Standard \$1.00

BRIARCRAFT, Inc.

347 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

CARELESS TALK CAN BE PIECED TOGETHER BY THE ENEMY



Waterproof, shockproof, anti-magnetic, radium dial and hands, unbreakable crystal, precision tested, sweep second hand.

No. LH 121
15 jewels, stainless steel back..... \$39.75
No. LH 212
17 jewels, stainless steel back..... \$42.50
No. LH 330
17 jewels, all stainless steel case \$59.75

Prices include All Federal Excise Taxes. Postage Prepaid. Mail Orders Promptly Filled.

Write for Free Illustrated Booklet "LH"

BELL WATCH COMPANY

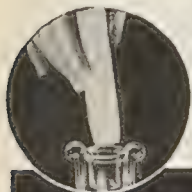
Time-Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.



CANDLELIGHT on polished wood and silver! Warm, flattering tints on your eyes, skin and hair! That's the witchery of TAPERLITES! In quality, artistry and color, TAPERLITES stand first among popular-priced hand-dipped candles. They are used wherever the subtler values of taste and social usage are cultivated. At department, drug, housewares, grocery stores and gift shops—or wherever candles are sold.

*Trade mark Registered

Send today for your free copy of "A Guide to Lovelier Table Settings". Dept. LY-9.



taperlite

Made by
WILL & BAUMER CANDLE CO., Inc., Syracuse, N. Y.
Makers of Quality Candles Since 1855

REDUCE SAFELY

- ★ NO EXERCISE
- ★ NO REDUCING DRUGS
- ★ ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS

LOSE 3 to 5 lbs. a WEEK YET EAT PLENTY!

Follow the **KELPIDINE REDUCING PLAN**

Simply take a half teaspoonful of KELPIDINE with any meal (preferably at breakfast). **EAT AS YOU USUALLY DO. DON'T CUT OUT** fatty, starchy foods, just **CUT DOWN** on them. *That's all there is to it!*

USERS SAY "Doctor approved." "Makes one feel wonderful." "Lost 15 pounds in 5 weeks." "Feel so much better." "Lost 21 pounds in 4 weeks."

\$1.00

ONE MONTH'S SUPPLY

AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS CO., LM
871 Broad Street, Newark 2, N. J.

Enclosed find \$1.00 for the KELPIDINE REDUCING PLAN and one month's supply of KELPIDINE to be sent to me postage prepaid. If not satisfied I may return unused portion and my \$1.00 will be refunded.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

☐ I enclose \$2. Send a three-month supply—postage prepaid.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET FISHBACK



UNLADYLIKE: New Jersey takes a stern view of fat feminine sterns in shorts. Women in Wildwood, New Jersey, are forbidden to wear them on the boardwalk after 6 P. M. Said Mayor Benjamin C. Ingersoll: "The boardwalk is our show place, and its tone must be improved." . . . In Long Branch, New Jersey, Public Safety Commissioner Frank A. Brazo has ordered police to enforce an old city ordinance forbidding any person to appear on the streets in shorts, bathing suits, or bathing robes. Mr. Brazo remarked with brazen ruthlessness, "We are tired of seeing 200-pound fat forty-year-old mamas trying to



make themselves pin-up girls by parading the streets in shorts and sarong outfits." . . . The boys of Eastern District High School in Brooklyn, New York, are also Victorian in their attitude toward informal feminine attire. Last fall the girls of Eastern High started wearing slacks, whereupon Mrs. Harriet S. Zucker, a teacher in the Fine Arts Department and organizer of the school's Personality Analysis and Fashion Studio, invited the captain of the boys' basketball team to speak to her club of 250 members. With a flash of sheer genius she maneuvered the subject around to slacks, whereupon the young men groused, "Thumbs down on them! We men think they're terrible." In two weeks slacks had given way to skirts!

WELCOME TO OUR CITY: First visitors to the new nursery in Manhattan's Penn Station for mothers traveling with small children were two Navy wives en route to Portland, Maine, to join their husbands. Mrs. Pearl Brinkley of Norfolk, Virginia, was escorted by her son, Charles Brinkley, Jr., eight months old, while Mrs. Susan Skul of Denver, Colorado, was with her three-month-old son, David. The nursery is open from 7.30 A. M. to 12.30 A. M., with a registered nurse, Miss Ruth Hoffman, and a matron in charge. Grateful mothers may feed, change, wash, and nap their travel-stained young in surroundings that approach peace and privacy—well, anyway, peace and privacy compared to half a seat in a day coach. Sixteen babies took advantage of the nursery on its opening day. The average visit runs to about two hours. . . . George Bernard Shaw would surely approve this coddling of infants. According to a letter he wrote to the London Times recently, the eighty-eight-year-old firebrand observed that in his youth the Kaiserin Augusta's home in Berlin was considered the perfect home for youngsters, and social reformers registered indignation at the casual state of the babies

of Connemara in Ireland, where they ran around in their birthday suits. But in Berlin, said Writer Shaw, the babies died like flies, while in Connemara they flourished because "their mothers hugged them, kissed them, smacked them, talked baby talk to them, or scolded them; in short, maternally massaged them to their heart's content. The trained nurse with no time to spare for cuddling must be supplemented by affectionate masseuses." Hurray, Snooks, come kiss mama!

HOW TO STAY SOBER: Get married! Single men arrested for drunkenness outnumber married men approximately two to one, says Seldon D. Bacon, assistant professor of sociology at Yale University, in the Quarterly Journal of Studies in Alcohol. Based on a study of 1,200 people arrested in five Connecticut cities over a period of five weeks, the survey revealed the fact that a majority of the inebriates were thirty to sixty years old, and either unemployed or flitting like hummingbirds from job to job.

EXHIBITIONISTS

Although the world may call me prissy,
And I'll concede I am a sissy,
I still proclaim it is no treat
To see girls smoking on the street.



WOMEN AT WORK: In Bogota, New Jersey, two lady steeplejacks were employed to repair two smokestacks of the Continental and Federal Paper Company. Despite the fact that the smokestacks tower 750 feet into the air, the ladies carried cement up ladders and patched the worn spots with complete nonchalance. . . . A dozen women in Millwood, New York, have organized themselves into a volunteer fire-fighting team because of the shortage of men in their community of 450 people. Mrs. Ethel Deems, Mrs. Natalie Hayden, and Mrs. Edwin C. Moran are among the ladies who took their fire-fighting lessons seriously and have helped extinguish many fires.

GAMES, PLEASE: The Citizens' Committee for the Army and Navy, at 36 East 36th Street, Manhattan, wishes to thank Liberty readers for their generous response to its appeal for magazines and books for the armed forces. Musical instruments and games are also needed, so take a look into the hall closet, and unburden the attic of any badminton, deck tennis, checkers, cards, chess, mandolins, and any other fun equipment that is only gathering dust. It will find a welcome on ships and in camps during our men's well-earned hours of relaxation.

TODAY



...and TOMORROW

Today, we're busy with war work, making generator cases for the Signal Corps. That means less Crown luggage now. But after Victory, postwar plans call for new processed designs in streamlined airplane type luggage for everyone.

The Traveler's Mark of Distinction

CROWN LUGGAGE COMPANY

409-421 W. Redwood St., Baltimore 1, Md.

230 Fifth Avenue

New York, N. Y.

HOTEL LOWRY

ROOM & BATH \$2.50 UP - ST. PAUL, MINN.
← GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

LAW

STUDY AT HOME for PERSONAL SUCCESS and LARGER EARNINGS. 35 years—over 108,000 students enrolled. LL.B. Degree. All texts furnished. Easy payments. Send for FREE BOOK.
AMERICAN EXTENSION SCHOOL OF LAW
Dept. 45-L 546 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

The Rum of Delicious Flavor

RONRICO*

*Best RUM bar none**

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free Copy. Ronrico Corporation, Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof. U. S. Representative: Import Division, McKesson & Robbins, Inc., New York City. Copyright 1944 Ronrico Corp. *Trademarks

(Continued from page 74)

drive to show that he had the interests of San Juan at heart.

As Assistant Minister of War, he sent troops to the province to supervise relief. As Secretary of Labor, he collected 30,000,000 pesos in "voluntary" contributions from workers. Fond of beautiful women, he paraded the streets with actresses and chorus girls asking all for funds for San Juan. Through his brief career in politics he has practiced a sort of double talk, trying to leave the impression that he is democratic, pro-United States, and in favor of inter-American collaboration, while his acts tend to blot out that impression.

One of Perón's chief friends in the Cabinet is Orlando Peluffo, the Foreign Minister. Peluffo fenced in the 1936 Olympic Games at Berlin, where he grew so chummy with the Nazis that when he returned home the Argentine Sporting Confederation barred him from competition for five years. Now fifty, Peluffo still fences with agility, but he is a failure at fisticuffs. Once he angrily attacked Alberto Lovell, South American heavyweight boxing champion, and a blow from Lovell broke one of the Peluffo eardrums.

BY strange mischance the United States helped the development of this militaristic government. During the first years of the war, the White House grew increasingly irked because Argentina declined to break off relations with the Axis and to join with the other American republics in presenting a solid line-up favoring democracy. The Argentine president then was Ramon S. Castillo, a rich planter who had inherited the distaste for the United States which is common in Argentina.

Castillo was not a militarist. He was the customary South American dictator, managing the country for the benefit of the wealthy. The Army, inflamed by the hopes of great destiny and conquest, secretly plotted to overthrow Castillo. Thus came the revolution of June 4, whose object, General Farrell later said, was "not merely to change men, but also the system which previously existed."

The revolution also changed the nature of the international problem that Argentina presents. The Foreign Policy Association, a private research organization in the United States, has analyzed the difference in the neutrality of Argentina under Castillo and under the militarists. Its report, made last spring, said:

"Argentine neutrality under President Castillo had the full if unacknowledged sanction of British business interests in Argentina, and of the British consular service represented by the Board of Overseas Trade. The groups representing British capital felt that a break with the Axis would bring Argentina wholly into the Pan-American bloc and under the economic domination of the United States, a business rival of Britain for Argentina.

"The extreme nationalists who took power in 1943 are of a different stamp. They are against Britain because they feel that British capital has a first mortgage on their country. And they are against the United States because they fear American imperialism."

But neither Washington nor London at once understood the meaning of the change. Happy at the overthrow of Castillo, the United States in June, 1943, rushed in to recognize the new government too hastily. The question which has weighted down Washington ever since then is whether Argentina is really headed the way Germany, Japan, and Italy were headed, and the question before the public is whether, if the answer to the first question is yes, the government in Washington will act swiftly

(Continued on page 80)



Patriot, President —and penman!

General Washington, in dark days, led his country toward light. This peerless patriot was also a potent penman—wrote fiats and commands, ledgers, memorable memoranda, with quills of geese.

TODAY, the pen behind the sword is Inkograph—chosen by many generals, and hundreds of thousands of men in service. Easy flowing, precision-built, pointed to fit pressure of any hand, light yet durable, it is as dependable in the field, as in the office and home.

If your dealer is out of stock, please keep trying!

No mail orders; only dealers can supply you.

INK-O-GRAPH\$2

Inkograph Co., Inc., 200 Hudson St., N. Y. C. 13



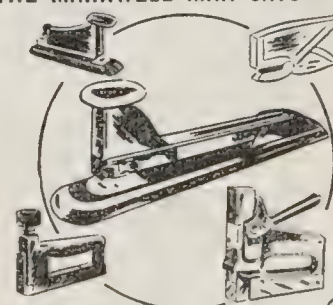
Join the War... AGAINST WASTE

MARKWELL

STAPLING MACHINES

Immediate Delivery

STAPLE SAM
THE MARKWELL MAN SAYS—



Write for Catalogue

We have a MACHINE and STAPLES for every OFFICE and INDUSTRIAL PURPOSE

MARKWELL

MANUFACTURING COMPANY, INC.
200 HUDSON ST., NEW YORK 13



Right
on tap
again...

Now that
**SCHICK BLADES
ARE BACK!**

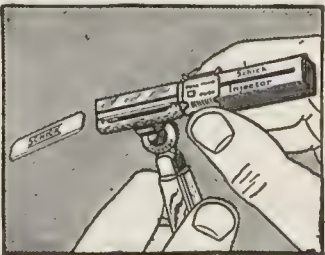
(Sorry—No New Razors Yet
Except for the Armed Forces!)

Look fellows! Starting tomorrow morning your Schick Injector Razor will be waiting by the pump—all ready to go to work for you! The reason is—Schick Blades are back again in force. So make sure you get those blades today—and tomorrow all will be smooth-shaving!

While we're still not able to get material for new razors, except for the Armed Forces, we are now able to supply civilian as well as military demands for Schick Blades. So get *your* Schick Injector Razor out of safe-keeping and once again enjoy these Schick Injector features... the only basic safety razor improvements in the past 40 years.

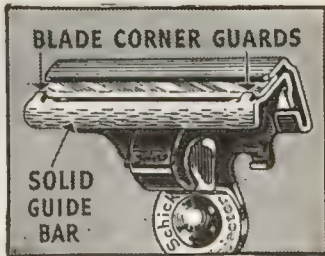
AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE

...an exclusive Schick Injector feature. A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart or re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges or messy paper wrappers.



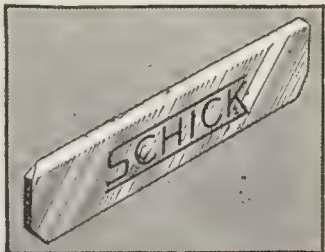
SOLID GUIDE BAR

... has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Pops up whiskers for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicks and scraping.



DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

... just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil packed in special cartridge, cutting edges are suspended in space.



**SCHICK INJECTOR
RAZOR BLADES**

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport 1, Conn.

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY



Governor Wilson, with his family and friends, receives news of his nomination.

WILSON

(Twentieth Century-Fox)
Alexander Knox, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Charles Coburn, Ruth Nelson

THE story behind the making of Darryl F. Zanuck's *Wilson* is an epic in its own right (*Liberty*, July 8); the picture itself (in splendidly controlled Technicolor) is one which few Americans can afford to miss. For almost incredible perfection of factual and material detail, as well as breadth, scope, and downright immenseness, it's tops. Zanuck and script-wizard Lamar Trotti have managed to crystallize in two hours and forty minutes the entire Wilson era, boldly authoring an entire chapter of popular American tradition. For the first time, a national legend has been created overnight. The result is the more impressive in that it connects directly with both our history-book past and today's vital international problems.

Wilson's farseeing idealism, his efforts to create a real League of Nations which would forever end the hideous necessity of war, are presented clearly and appeal-

ingly, with most of the confusing complexities left out. This same approach is used in depicting the character of the man himself; hence the Wilson you see here is not so much history as the composite, living idea of Zanuck, Trotti, and actor Alexander Knox. The splendid all-round performance of the latter is one of the high lights of the production, along with the glamorously authentic sets and costumes, the mammoth 1912 Democratic Convention, the sympathetic acting of the two Mrs. Wilsons (Ruth Nelson and Geraldine Fitzgerald), and the all-pervading dignity and grandeur.

This may not be your personal idea of Wilson—especially if you cherish your own firsthand impressions of the period—but it is an idea sufficiently strong, noble, and well-founded to take its place with other traditional Americana in the minds of most of us today.



President Wilson and his second wife entertain in state at the White House.



I LOVE A SOLDIER

(Paramount)
Paulette Goddard, Sonny Tufts, Beulah Bondi

THIS purports to set forth the difficulties of marriage in wartime, and from here, the prospects look pretty discouraging. First of all, a vivacious, patriotic, but down-to-earth young lady (Paulette Goddard) makes up her mind to do her welding job, entertain the boys—but steer clear of marriage for the duration. And what happens? Practically everything. Let's not go into this too thoroughly—but simultaneously and with no particular connection, Paulette's roommate (married to a soldier) has a baby, another friend (Mary Treen) marries another soldier (no baby), a sweet old lady (Beulah Bondi) loses her soldier nephew and cries over his medals, Paulette gets involved with *another* soldier



(Sonny Tufts), who's already married, the roommate's husband is reported missing, the sweet old lady turns her mansion into a canteen, Paulette keeps on frantically welding, and—Where were we?

In spite of the general confusion and frequent slapstick, a few of these stock wartime situations are close enough to real experience to be touching—for a minute or two. Then you're whisked off again into the maelstrom. One way to stave off a nervous breakdown is to keep watching for that rare little streetcar conductor. He's Barry Fitzgerald, and the brief scenes in which he appears take on a welcome reality. But what actually *happens* when anybody loves a soldier remains a mystery.



ABROAD WITH TWO YANKS

WHAT HO—Australia! And two American Marines (William Bendix and Dennis O'Keefe) off on a tear! Once you realize that cocksure O'Keefe has pranced through the entire war stealing the Bendix girl friends, you won't be surprised at anything that happens when they hit the Land Down Under. Bendix has an in with a lovely Australian, so O'Keefe (acting like Bendix) gets there first. From then on, nobody knows who's sane, but O'Keefe does a masterly job acting like a so-called schizophrenic (complete with gibbers), while Bendix remains considerably behind the eight-ball. One suitor sits on cactus, the other gets tucked away in a



(United Artists)
William Bendix, Dennis O'Keefe, Helen Walker

parrot cage, the two of them cavort madly in girls' clothes—and guess who finally gets the girl!

This is an out-and-out nonsensical farce, bolstered up with elegant production and fast direction—and it's really funny, if you don't start getting mental about it. All the old gags are there, but the O'Keefe ebullience, the Bendix befuddlement, and that up-to-date setting liven 'em up considerably. John Loder looks nice as an Australian with a strap under his chin, and Helen Walker serves as a well-molded incentive to action. If you liked Charley's Aunt and Up in Mabel's Room, you'll go all out for this.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

DOUBLE INDEMNITY (Paramount). Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck. Drama.

DRAGON SEED (M-G-M). Katharine Hepburn, Walter Huston, Aline McMahon.

A superb treatment of Pearl Buck's novel about wartime China.

GOING MY WAY (Paramount). Bing Crosby, Risö Stevens, Barry Fitzgerald. Drama with music.

HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO (Paramount). Eddie Bracken, Ella Raines. Comedy.

MR. SKEFFINGTON (Warner Bros.). Bette Davis, Claude Rains. Drama.

SINCE YOU WENT AWAY (United Artists). Claudette Colbert, Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten.

David Selznick's sentiment-filled panorama of the American home front.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Lustily, we roar for a guy named Spencer Tracy.

★ ★ ★ ★

And for a picture named "The Seventh Cross".

★ ★ ★ ★

Tracy was terrific in "Captains Courageous".

★ ★ ★ ★

Tracy was terrific in "Boys Town".

★ ★ ★ ★

Tracy was terrific in "Test Pilot".

★ ★ ★ ★

Tracy was terrific in "Keeper of the Flame".

★ ★ ★ ★

Tracy was terrific in "Woman of the Year".

★ ★ ★ ★

Tracy was terrific in "A Guy Named Joe".

★ ★ ★ ★

But—his latest is his *greatest!*

★ ★ ★ ★

It's "THE SEVENTH CROSS".



It's Tracy in love—Tracy in danger—Tracy doing things to your emotions that must be seen to be believed.

★ ★ ★ ★

The romantic interest is Signe Hasso. Watch this gal, she's moving up fast!

★ ★ ★ ★

Others abetting are Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, Agnes Moorehead, Herbert Rudley and Felix Bressart.

★ ★ ★ ★

Helen Deutsch did the screen play from Anna Seghers' novel. Fred Zinnemann directed; Pandro S. Berman produced.

★ ★

Seven is a magic number: there's M-G-Magic in "The Seventh Cross".

—Lea



SORE FEET FEEL FINE

When You Do This at Night

For 10 minutes tonight, soak your sore, raw, itching feet in the rich, creamy lather of Sayman Wonder Soap—and pat dry with a soft towel. Then smooth on plenty of medicated Sayman Salve—over the watery blisters, the painful cracks, the sore, raw skin. Do this for 10 nights and shout with joy for comforting relief. 25c and 60c. All druggists. Ask for

SAYMAN SALVE

Asthma Suffering

If choking, gasping, wheezing, recurring attacks of Bronchial Asthma rob you of sleep and energy, accept this liberal trial offer. Get **Mendaco**, a doctor's prescription, from your druggist; take exactly as directed and see for yourself how quickly it usually helps loosen and remove thick strangling mucus, thus promoting freer breathing and refreshing sleep. You be the judge. Unless delighted and entirely satisfied with results, simply return the empty package and your money back is guaranteed. Don't suffer another night without trying guaranteed **Mendaco**—only 60c.

FAST RELIEF FOR PAIN



WHEN you have Headache, Simple Neuralgia, Functional Monthly Pains, or Muscular Aches and Pains, you want relief—the quicker you get it the better you are suited. **Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills** can give fast relief. They are pleasant to take and do not upset the stomach. A single tablet is usually all that is needed. At your drug store. **Regular Package 25c, Economy Package \$1.00.** Read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

DR. MILES ANTI-PAIN PILLS

JOIN THE WAR AGAINST WASTE

do you WORRY?

Why worry and suffer any longer if we can help you? Try a Brooks Patented Air Cushion. This marvelous appliance for most forms of reducible rupture helps hold nearly every rupture securely and gently—day and night—at work and at play.

Thousands made happy. Light, neat-fitting. No hard pads or stiff springs to chafe or gouge. Made for men, women and children. Durable, cheap. **Sent on trial** to prove it. Never sold in stores. Beware of imitations. Write for Free Book on Rupture, no-risk trial order plan, and proof of results. All Correspondence Confidential.

Brooks Company, 210-C State St., Marshall, Mich.

Help Kidneys If Back Aches

Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, scanty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles—in such cases **Cystex** (a physician's prescription) usually gives prompt and joyous relief by helping the Kidneys flush out poisonous excess acids and wastes. Get **Cystex** from your druggist today. Take it exactly as directed and see the results in your own particular case. Under our guarantee unless completely satisfied you simply return the empty package and get your money back. So get **Cystex** today. Three guaranteed sizes: Only 35c, 75c, \$1.50

Cystex
Helps Flush Kidneys

at your druggist.

(Continued from page 77)

enough to frustrate the ambitions of the generals and colonels in Argentina.

While Washington, impeded by the doubts of some of its own officials and by the hesitation of other governments, was trying to make up its mind, the revolutionary regime was intensifying its tendencies toward militarism under succeeding presidents. General Arturo Rawson, the regime's first president, quickly gave way to General Pedro Ramirez. On February 25 the GOU, with Orlando Peluffo doing most of the badgering, forced out Ramirez because he had ordered the Axis diplomats out of Argentina. Fear that the United States might take serious steps against his country caused Ramirez to break Axis relations.

The change from Ramirez to Farrell gave the United States an opportunity to begin backtracking, and Secretary of State Cordell Hull announced that the United States would not recognize the Farrell presidency. But the hour was too late for such a simple action to disturb the militaristic government. Although the Axis diplomats were gone, Axis spies continued to report ship movements from Buenos Aires, and Argentine agents, hurrying forward the military plan, brought increasing pressure on Uruguay, a really democratic country which lies just across the Rio de la Plata from Buenos Aires, to cast its lot with Argentina.

In landlocked Paraguay, which can trade with the outside world only through Argentina, a revolution installed in the presidency a militarist sympathetic to the Perón aims. Young officers in Paraguay belong to El Frente de Guerra, which is similar to the Argentine GOU. Whenever a report reaches Buenos Aires that democratic sentiment is rising in Paraguay, Argentine soldiers conduct field maneuvers across the border from that little country.

In Bolivia, Argentina inspired the revolution which installed the militarist Gualberto Villarroel as president. Argentina has been unable to affect Chile, but the Argentine special emissary in Ecuador, the hard-boiled Martin Gras, induced the government to ship quinine to Buenos Aires even though Ecuador had contracted to sell all its quinine to the United States.

THE main objective of these maneuverings, according to persons in a position to understand them, is to overwhelm Brazil, the largest country in South America. Brazil has grown strong through lend-lease, and Argentina fears that Brazil will dominate the South American continent after the war. Brazil victoriously fought Argentina almost one hundred years ago when the Buenos Aires dictator Juan Manuel de Rosas tried to annex Uruguay.

Washington really awoke to the possibility of danger inherent in Argentine policy when Colonel Perón made his June 10 speech. Then he said: "All the best minds of the nation should strive to know war, to study and to understand it as the only way of reaching a complete solution of the problem that may be presented to us, and which we shall have to resolve if some day God should decide that the clarion call of war must resound on the banks of the Rio de la Plata." Since then the official view in the State Department has been that the Argentine government is a menace to the interests of the United States in world peace and Pan-American solidarity.

In response to Perón's belligerency, the State Department recalled our ambassador, Norman Armour, from Buenos Aires. Cordell Hull favored strangulation of the militaristic government by putting up an embargo against Argentine products. "Export or die," is the old slogan, and Ar-

"I'm sorry I invented
the pocket!"



IF I HAD KNOWN that some Americans I would be using pockets to hold all the extra money they're making these days I never would have invented them.

Pockets are good places to keep hands warm.

Pockets are good places to hold keys... and loose change for carfare and newspapers.

But pockets are no place for any kind of money except actual expense money these days.

The place—the *only* place—for money above living expenses is in War Bonds.

Bonds buy bullets for soldiers.

Bonds buy security for your old age.

Bonds buy education for your kids.

Bonds buy things you'll need later—that you can't buy now.

Bonds buy peace of mind—knowing that your money is in the fight.

Reach into the pocket I invented. Take out all that extra cash. Invest it in interest-bearing War Bonds.

You'll make me very happy if you do.

You'll be happy too.

WAR BONDS to Have

and to Hold



LIBERTY MAGAZINE

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement
—prepared under auspices of Treasury
Department and War Advertising Council

LIBERTY



ALLEN'S
GINGER
Liqueur

100
PROOF

A Treat Indeed!

... for a
**FRIEND
IN NEED!**

M.S. Walker, Inc.
BOSTON, MASS.



Marlin
**HIGH SPEED
BLADES**
EIGHTEEN for 25¢

TRY MARLIN SHAVE CREAM
Lather or Brushless

**SAVE YOUR WASTE
PAPER. IT IS URGENTLY
NEEDED FOR PACKING
FOOD, AMMUNITION,
MEDICAL SUPPLIES**

gentina has to export. But an embargo is no simple solution.

Argentina produces what the United States and Britain need to carry on the war. The beef which Allied soldiers in Italy eat comes from Argentina. So does the beef which the British people, severely rationed, eat. The only major substitute source of beef is the United States, which already has little for its civilians. Would Americans accept more rationing in order to squeeze out Farrell and Perón?

To the problem of beef was added the problem of Sumner Welles, former Under Secretary of State, whose views remained influential in the State Department, especially in the Office of the American Republics, long after his retirement from public life. For years Welles was the shepherd of the Good Neighbor policy. He represented the United States at the crucial Rio de Janeiro conference in 1942, when, after Pearl Harbor, the New World states came together for unified action to meet the threat of global war. Argentina tried to torpedo the parley, and has never fulfilled all the pledges it grudgingly made during it.

Nevertheless, Mr. Welles told an audience in New York in May that our failure to recognize the Farrell government was injurious to the whole inter-American cause. That sort of action, he said, will create resentments and "facilitate the efforts of such Fascist forces as may still linger on in other parts of the world after the Axis powers themselves are defeated, to sow dissension between us and to combat the strength of true democracy in the Americas."

MR. WELLES' argument was that our Argentine policy amounts to intervention in Argentine affairs. Instead of doing us any good, he said, it served only to unite the Argentinians behind their extremist government and to fill other American governments with fear that the United States would revert to its pre-Roosevelt character as "colossus of the North." Those persons in the United States government who favored a policy of dillydallying where Argentina was concerned found strength in the Welles arguments, and the Argentine government ordered the speech printed in Buenos Aires papers.

In time, however, Hull and his cohorts in the State Department routed the cautious government officials who lined up behind the Welles attitude. On the afternoon of July 26 Hull told newspapermen that Argentina had been giving "open" and "notorious" aid to the enemy, and he asked the other American republics to back him up in withholding recognition from Farrell and Perón.

Most of them agreed at once.

Many officials in Washington would like to go further and injure Argentina economically. But diplomatic isolation is the firmest pressure we can bring at the moment, because Britain hesitates to join in economic steps. Some officials wonder, too, if it would not be wise to adopt a policy aimed at squeezing out the braggadocio government on the Rio de la Plata instead of merely declining to change our policy until the regime abandons its pro-Axis policies. Perón is smart enough to toss over friendship for Germany in order to save his government and the chance of using the Military Plan.

THE END

*****★*****

The new Army miracle insecticide DDT, when sprayed on walls, leaves a film which is toxic to flies and mosquitoes. Its effect may last for months.



Crazy

LIKE A FOX

is the man who perks up his personality with well-groomed hair. Loose dandruff is completely banished and your hair is easy to manage when you massage daily with

JERIS

for Loose Dandruff

At all drug stores and barber shops



Do You Desire
A HAPPY HOME

Unite the members of your family more closely; establish common interests. Help overcome faults of character and develop dormant talents. Use the simple teachings of an age-old philosophy. Write for the Rosicrucian Free Sealed Book of details (not a religion). Address: Scribe V.G.N.

The ROSICRUCIANS

San Jose (AMORC) California

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS
(SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)
Use DERMOL

**MAKE THE ONE
SPOT
TEST**



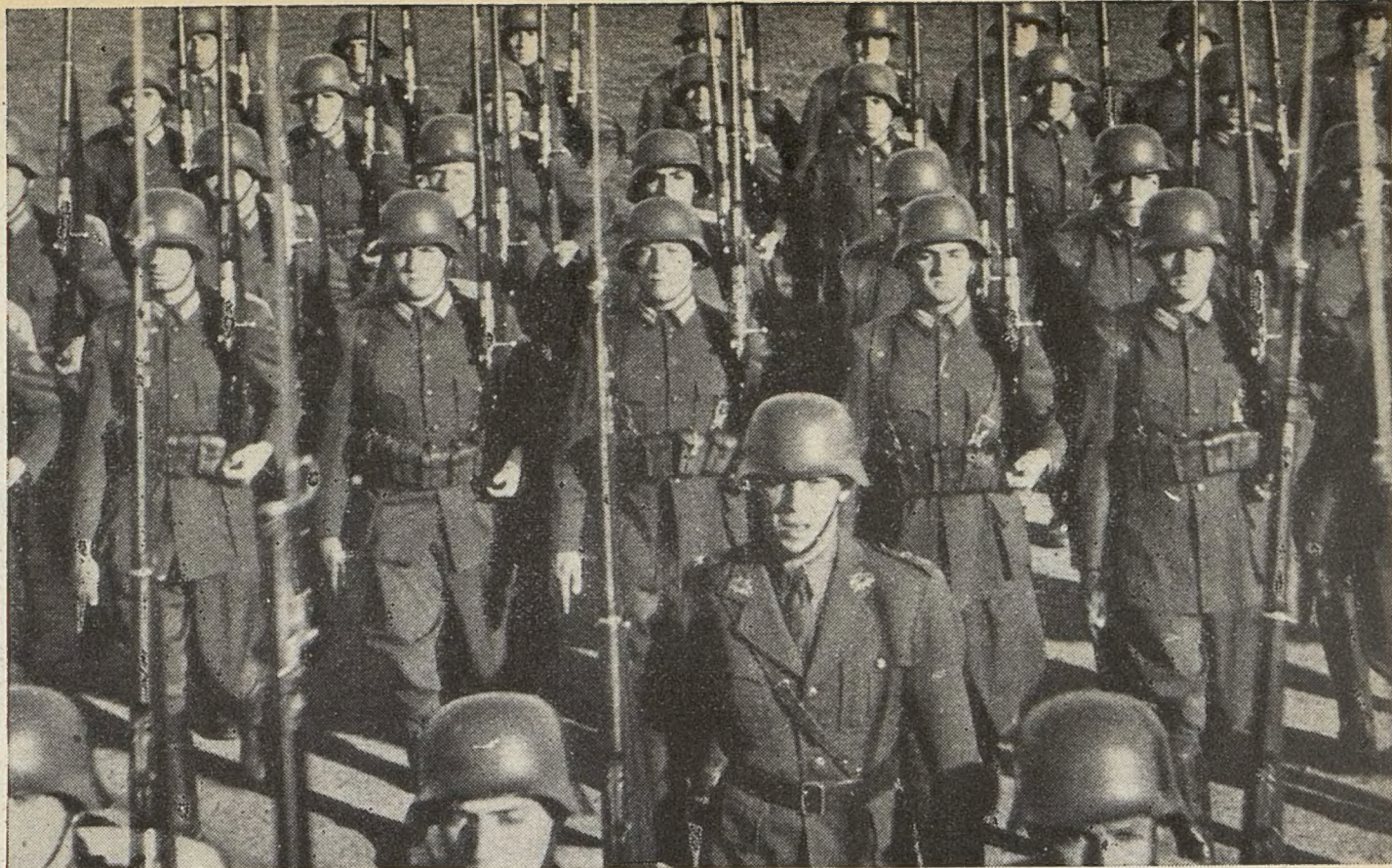
Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermol with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

**SEND FOR
GENEROUS
TRIAL
SIZE**

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermol. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermol is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 2224, Detroit 4, Mich.

SEPT. 16, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor



MARCH OF TIME "SOUTH AMERICAN FRONT—1944"

This picture of goose-stepping Argentine soldiers brings up memories that are altogether unpleasant.

IS ARGENTINA HEADING TOWARD WAR?

THE above question is discussed in some detail in the lead article in this issue of *Liberty* on page 17. It is repeated here because it is pertinent to every inhabitant of the Western Hemisphere.

Argentina, under a totalitarian regime, seems bent on repeating in this hemisphere the pattern set by Germany under the Nazis. If this is not stopped in time it is likely to lead to the same bloody results.

Yet, despite its bitter experience with aggressors, the world seems unable or unwilling to recognize history in the act of repeating itself. One would suppose that the German pattern of preparation for war would be so indelibly impressed upon the world that any nation trying it in the future would be stopped before it got started. However, we are witnessing the same peculiar unwillingness to recognize facts, the same fumbling uncertainty as to what to do about it all, the same feeling of helplessness and impotence, the same inability to believe that an aggressor actually intends to do what he says he is going to do.

There is the same tendency on the part of many otherwise intelligent people to proclaim that all this is none of our business and we should keep hands off. Mr. Sumner Welles, who should know better, thinks we should recognize the nondemocratic regime in Argentina and maintain diplomatic relations with it. His opinion is that if we do so, the Argentinians themselves will throw it out sooner or later. Well, a lot of folks thought that the Germans would throw Hitler and his Nazis out after a time.

The *Economist*, a conservative London fi-

nancial magazine, feels Britain might lose more than she would gain by applying economic sanctions to Argentina. This may be true, but we recall that somewhat the same excuses were given for failure to act in time against Japan and against Italy and against Germany. How does Britain's balance sheet stand now?

The Argentine militarists, unless checked in time, are going to launch aggressive war against neighboring countries. That is quite evident from their preparations. The whole continent of South America will be plunged into a conflict and it is sure to involve us.

What, then, should be done about it? It is a matter of concern to all countries of the Western Hemisphere, particularly those of Latin America. A conference should be called at once and the nations of the Western world, speaking with one voice, should ask the Argentinians some pertinent and direct questions. For what purpose are they converting their industry to war production, their men into soldiers, their women into docile breeders of more soldiers, their teachers into instillers of supernaturalist doctrines, their press into a controlled propaganda organ?

The nations of the Americas, acting with one will and voice, should serve an immediate cease and desist order on these saber rattlers and make no bones about their intention to see that no wars of aggression are started in this hemisphere.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
... FOR ALL

Rationing the modern way means A Fair Share to All



1864 FOOD TO WASTE in some sections, scarce and at sky-high prices in others, troops occasionally going hungry in the field . . . that was the picture during the War Between the States, when Corby's was a six year-old name in Canada.



1917 "BLACK DIAMONDS", the name given coal in World War I as people raided freight yards for fuel. Sugar hard to buy at 20 cents a pound, white bread almost unobtainable; there was no organized rationing in Corby's 59th year of whiskey fame.

A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME



PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

Good Americans "go along" on rationing, buy and use only what they are entitled to. With Corby's, which cannot be as plentiful in war as in peace, people now buy only a "sample" bottle from time to time. That's the fair way to insure that more people who want it can enjoy this light, sociable blended whiskey. And in most instances, an occasional "sampling" of Corby's now results in lasting preference for after Victory!

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits
Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.



1944 NO ONE NEED go hungry or without necessities. Official rationing spreads supplies to all, rather than too much to the few. It is a patriotic necessity to play square with rationing in Corby's 86th year as a grand old Canadian name.

... in the public service for 40 years



Build Your Future With War Bonds

From the very beginning, Reo has been designed to serve the public. It has grown up with commercial transportation, and over the years has pioneered many major features which contribute to efficient truck operation. Reo helped string the wires and lay the cables that brought light, power and communications to young towns

which are industrial centers today. In the public utilities field, as in many others, Reo assures a full measure of dependable, economical service. A limited quota of medium and heavy-duty Reo trucks has been released by war production officials for civilian use this year. Ask your Reo dealer for full details.

REO MOTORS, INC., LANSING 20, MICHIGAN

Factory Branches in Principal Cities



REO

1904 • AMERICA'S TOUGHEST TRUCK • 1944